THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ustrated Weekly
Fo[illegible] D[r] 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

FEB. 15, 1913 — 5cts. THE COPY

Beginning

The Sultana—By Henry C. Rowland

We Specialize on Style

We can hardly make Holeproof Hose *wear* any better. We pay an average of 74 cents a pound for Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton Yarn. Common yarn sells for 32 cents. We send to Japan for silk. Common silk won't do for "Holeproof." Our processes are the latest and best. Ninety-five per cent of our output has outlasted the guarantee for the past thirteen years.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Freschl

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(399)

For that sleep jinx

Big Ben

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THE SULTANA

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

MR. PETER FULTON, of New York, and Dr. Thomas Mills, of the same city, were lunching at the Hôtel Fabre-de-Piffard. They had left Monte Carlo for the run to Paris that same morning in Fulton's fast road car, but up to this time the two friends had scarcely exchanged a word. Even the meteoric flight over the wonderful white road, stretched like a tape across the country from the foot of the pine-covered Esterel to Avignon, had failed to sweep away the cobwebs of resentment spun between the pair. This unsocial silence was abruptly broken by Fulton, a very attractive-looking young man of about twenty-five, whose habitually impatient manner was principally due to an excess of time and money. While picking cattishly at his cold meats Fulton's eyes had suddenly become fixed on the powerful but well-shaped hand of his companion, a young man perhaps two years his senior but much older in appearance because of a heavy, mature frame and a face already stamped with certain lines of experience. Doctor Mills had recently graduated from a big New York hospital, and at Fulton's urgent invitation had agreed to be his guest for a three months' tour of Europe before establishing himself as a practitioner of medicine and surgery in New York.

Looking up suddenly Mills caught Fulton's intent gaze fixed upon his left hand, at that moment occupied with a most excellent salad. The blood rushed into the doctor's face. On his third finger a white annular depression was conspicuous against the tan.

"Where's your ring?" asked Fulton.

The Goose-Girl Returned His Admiring Scrutiny With the Calm, Unconscious Stare of a Family Portrait

Mills hesitated. Fulton leaned across the table, his eyes fairly boring into those of his guest. "Do you mean to say that you lost that too?" he demanded, rather sharply.

Mills' color deepened and he nodded gloomily. Fulton pushed back his chair with the gesture of one whose appetite is utterly ruined.

"And that ring a family heirloom!" he said so wrathfully that others in the room looked questioningly their way. "Why didn't you tell me, you big goop?"

"I didn't have the nerve," Mills answered meekly.

"Ho, you didn't, hey? By Jupiter, if that isn't the last straw! Felt you didn't know me quite well enough, I suppose? Thought that a slight acquaintance of several years at Andover, four years at Yale and occasional exchanges of hospitalities since hardly warranted your owning up? Come, bolt your chuck. We haven't much time."

"Much time for what?" Mills asked.

"To get back to Monte and take your ring out of soak, my gentle sucker. I don't suppose you sold it outright—what?"

He paused, horrified at the expression of his friend. Mills nodded.

"I wanted to get square with the game," said he defensively, "and there wasn't much time. As I was leaving the Casino a man who had been watching my game asked me if I wanted to sell any jewelry. He gave me twenty-five hundred francs for the ring."

"Why, you lollop, it was worth twice that. Do you mean you dropped that too?"

Again Mills nodded. "Yes," he answered. "You know how I get when I've been watching that cursed wheel go round."

Fulton leaned back with a look of ineffable anger and disgust on his face.

"Well," said he, "if that isn't the limit! And you as good as promised me not to play if I would wheel you down there ——"

"You needn't talk," growled Mills. "The understanding was that I should keep away from the tables and you should keep away from the girls. Who was the first to break the agreement? If you hadn't gone and spun that starry-eyed songbird over to Cannes for lunch I'd never have monkeyed with the beastly game. What did you expect me to do there all alone—sit on the terrace with the Frankfort trippers and English paralytics, sunning my shins and watching the motorboats chug past?"

Fulton snapped at a few mouthfuls of food, then said:

"Have you any idea who bought your ring?"

"No. Some shark of a dealer, I think. The price was really fair enough."

"Of course the fact of the ring having been in your family for several generations made no difference," said Fulton disagreeably. "Well, I've always held that gamblers were a batty bunch, but I did think that our friendship was worth a little more than that. I suppose you are cleaned out?"

Mills reached in his pocket and laid on the table a couple of two-franc pieces.

"They got all but that," he answered sadly. "If I could have raised another twenty sous I might have won back my wad, but you can't play less than five francs a throw."

Fulton gave a snort and proceeded with his lunch. Mills ate sorrowfully but in large quantity. The two finished the meal in silence, when Fulton called for the bill and led the way out to the garage, where the chauffeur, at a nod from Fulton, started the powerful motor. They were soon threading their way down the narrow street of the ancient little town, until at its end the splendid national route stretched out ahead of them.

By the time they had reached Lyons, where they planned to spend the night, the rush of air had to a great extent swept away Fulton's resentment. He had cut short by several days their stay in the Riviera, knowing as he did Mills' passion for gambling. Fulton himself took no interest in play. Though brilliant at cards and always quite willing to take a hand when requested, the hazard of gain or loss gave him no pleasure or emotion. Like most rich men who are fairly indifferent to the results of the game, he usually won. Fulton's weakness was the none too exceptional one of pretty faces, in which direction he usually gave the lie to the "lucky at cards, unlucky at love" sophistry.

In the present instance he was trebly annoyed. In the first place his conscience told him that if he had not left Mills to himself while he took a blooming young exponent of the Muses to lunch at the Reserve, Mills would probably have stuck to his good resolve; secondly, he knew that the young doctor could ill afford the loss he had suffered, being the son of a country physician in moderate circumstances. But what hurt Fulton the most was that his best friend should have lost a family heirloom and said nothing to him about it.

Fulton was still in a sore mood when they set out the following morning for the run to Paris. He had cut short their visit to the Riviera on Mills' account, and Fulton

detested Paris, especially at that season, as it was the middle of April and the weather not yet settled. They had still some time on their hands before the date of their proposed sailing, and Fulton was undecided how best to spend it.

As they were lunching at Avallon he came to a decision.

"Look here, Tom," he suggested, "what's the use of tearing back to rotten, rainy Paris? Suppose we strike across to the Loire, look at a château or two, then run down to Nantes and follow the Brittany coast round?"

"Whatever you like, Pete," answered Mills. "I'm a penniless foreigner in a strange land."

"Serves you good and right," growled Fulton. "Let's have a look at the map."

For some minutes they pored over different routes; then said Fulton:

"Let's hit one of these little bug routes. They're always good in France, and I'm sick of the everlasting big pike."

A small, departmental road seemed to offer a practical cut-off for Orleans, and this they decided to take, having no difficulty in finding where it left the *route nationale*. Before long they were winding up through an extended forest, which presently came to an end on the top of a plateau broken by little vales. Here and there a semi-ruined church, with a tiny surrounding hamlet, reared itself from a distant hill or nestled snugly in the valley. Presently the road forked, when the neat blue signpost provided for the junction of almost every rabbit track in France gave names not to be found on Fulton's road map.

"There's a girl tending some geese down the road," said Mills; "we might ask her, though I doubt if the simple peasant lass is up to the refinements of our college French."

Fulton moved ahead slowly, and at the distance of several hundred feet the girl discovered their approach and began to coax her flock off to the side. In one hand she held what looked like an ordinary bamboo fishing pole and in the other something that resembled a portfolio.

"There's a profession that ought not to give you brain fever," Mills observed. "Fancy spending your days as nursemaid to six geese."

But Fulton, whose eyes were keen for such objectives, answered in a tone of surprise:

"Say, just look at her, Tom; she's like a Watteau. And see how she's rigged out too. I didn't know that the peasants still wore costumes down here. And what pretty ankles she's got! Why, she's a raving beauty, upon my word!"

"There you go again," sighed Mills. "I suppose now you'll want me to wait here while you take her for a little joy ride."

"No fear. I'd come back and find that you'd been matching sous with some local sport and got trimmed of your last two francs; then put up the geese and lost them too—and I'd have to settle up. But just look at her, Tom"; he came slowly to a stop. "Did you ever see so much hair on a girl, and such a lot of eyes and teeth and things?"

The goose-girl had deployed her squad to the side of the road, where it had drawn up with military precision, fronting the car with ruffled necks and an occasional hiss of defiance. Conspicuous for size and animosity was a large, full-plumed gander, which seemed quite ready, if not restrained by the tip of the bamboo rod, to dispute the passage of the road with the car. The girl, tapping him gently on the side of his swelled neck, looked at the young men with an expression of such utter rustic vacancy as might have passed muster in the case of some slipshod young slattern of the soil, but would scarcely do on so charmingly shaped and featured a face. Her pose, too, was far from being that which one finds in a creature of the clod, for the shoulders were straight and trim, the lithe, supple body perfectly balanced, with no hint of the slumping attitude to be found in the peasant, but suggesting a young white birch swaying in a rush of air. Her skin, too, was fresh as a healthy child's, and a great mass of hair, which had the sheen and luster of a ripe horse-chestnut, was twisted round and round her head.

Fulton sat for a moment enjoying with the eye of a connoisseur the picture presented by the girl and her geese. That is to say, his appreciation was purely for the beauty of the tableau, and did not extend to the critical stage; otherwise he might have discovered something inconsistent between the girl and her occupation. Her slate-colored eyes with their black lashes and long delicate eyebrows, her pretty Grecian nose with its suggestion of a tilt, which seemed to draw the upper of the red, pouting lips after it, and the threat of a dimple at the left corner of her mouth, were not features commonly found on the faces of goose-girls in a country where such traits are so much appreciated as they are in France. Neither was the Greuze skin of the sort that could have endured sun and frost and rain without blemish.

But Fulton knew no more about the country and its people than does the average visitor who tears through it at the rate of seventy or eighty kilometers an hour, and even the simple though effective costume worn by the girl and suggesting the shepherdess on an old tapestry failed to put him on his guard. For a moment he sat and stared at her with a light in his blue eyes quite enough to bring blushes and confusion to the faces of most rustic maidens. But the goose-girl returned his admiring scrutiny with the calm, unconscious stare of a family portrait.

Fulton reached forward and snapped off the current.

"What are you up to?" Mills asked impatiently.

"Stopping the motor. I think that our back tires are a little soft."

"Your head's a little soft," snapped Mills. "What's the use anyhow? She can't understand you."

"She doesn't need to; I'll bet that I can understand her—and if I can't, I can appreciate her. There's been nothing so pretty as that in the scenery since we left the Riviera, and I'm not so ungrateful as to dash by without another look. Let me out, you busted woman-hater!" He glanced over his shoulder: "Connors, jump down and give us a little air behind, and if we don't need it, brush the dust off the mudguards and look to see if there are any nails in the tires and wipe the dead gnats off the motor."

The intelligent mechanic descended with a grin. Fulton pushed up his goggles and climbed down from his seat. The goose-girl was only a few feet away, and as the young man turned to her with the smile that had often stood him in such stead, the big gander moved threateningly toward him, swelled his neck, lowered his head and hissed.

"*Est-ce-qu'il est méchant?*" asked Fulton in pretended alarm.

To his utter astonishment the answer came promptly in purest English:

"Yes, rather. He doesn't like other geese."

Fulton's lean jaw dropped. Mills gave a cackle, to which the geese replied. The gander drew himself up imposingly and stood with swaying head.

"Upon my word," gasped Fulton, "have you just stepped from the Königskinder?"

"No," answered the girl calmly; "nor do I think that you had better try to step into it. You had better get back into your car though. Napoleon is growing angry."

"I don't blame him," said Fulton. "I should feel the same way in his case. He is—ah—a very handsome fowl."

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the young girl—"direct you on your road perhaps?"

"I wish that you would be kind enough to give me a little information," Fulton said humbly. "We should like to know who you are that speaks our almost forgotten tongue and tends geese in the wilds of Central France; also, why you are, and if you don't think that the ties of race and blood ought to forgive us for asking; and," he went on hurriedly, seeing in the girl's face a gathering frown that drew her full brows down over the outer corners of her slaty gray eyes, "where does this road go?"

"This road goes to Saint Amand," said the girl evenly, "and as it is getting late and there is no good place to stop until arriving there, I should advise that you start at once—especially as you may have to stop a number of times to pick nails out of your tires and wipe dead gnats off the motor."

Mills blatted in a way to bring another unanimous reply from the geese. Fulton grew rather red. A ready wit, a more than commonly attractive personality and a large fortune had not disciplined him to this sort of treatment, and he resented it, especially before others.

"Very well, if you insist," he answered, and poked a gaitered foot at Napoleon. "Do you like to tend these silly things?"

"They are not silly," she answered, "and they always attend strictly to their own affairs."

Napoleon, enraged at the insult, hissed like a python, slightly raised his wings, and circled into the middle of the road as if to maneuver for defensive and offensive action.

"He is not attending to his own affairs now," said Fulton, "but yours. I don't think that I ever saw so impudent an expression on a gander's face."

"That is mockery," said the girl.

Mills' snicker was answered by the females of the band. Fulton turned to his chauffeur.

"Connors!" said he sharply.

"Yes, sir."

"Are the tires all right?"

"All right, sir."

"And in your professional opinion the dead gnats in the cylinders will not seriously interfere with combustion?"

"Couldn't answer for that, sir," replied Connors, and coughed.

"Well, then, crank up." He got back into his seat. "Goodby, Gretchen. Call Napoleon; he seems to underrate the strength of modern artillery."

Napoleon, in the middle of the road, had apparently found something to displease him in the gaze of the twin searchlights on which the low sun struck redly; but the girl gave a little toss to her pretty head.

"Don't delay on Napoleon's account," said she saucily.

"Just the same you'd better call him," said Fulton, and reached for his brake, for he had stopped on a slight downgrade.

"No fear," answered the girl.

Her assurance, however, was scarcely justified, for as Fulton moved ahead Napoleon trumpeted with rage, lifted his wings and made a dash at the brilliant glass and brightwork. What immediately followed happened so quickly that there was no chance to prevent the accident. Fulton had barely started ahead when Napoleon gave his war cry and rushed at the moving wheel. To avoid running over him, and being far on the right of the road, Fulton tried to catch him between the wheels, swerved to the left and braked. At the same instant there was a flutter, a scream, a startled honk from Napoleon, and Fulton's horrified eyes fell on the goose-girl as she darted directly under his wheels, her bare forearms flashing as she snatched for the silly gander. There was a choked cry, a slight jar, and the girl was rolling in the dust of the road.

A yell of horror burst from Fulton. The car had practically stopped before the girl struck it, but the inward swerve had tricked her as she reached for the gander. Fulton flung on his handbrake, snapped off the current and sprang down after Mills. The girl was lying in a huddled heap, limp and inanimate. Her face was turned upward, and from under the tumbled chestnut hair a little red stream was creeping like a snake across her white temple.

"Good Lord!" Fulton gasped, sinking to the road beside her. "Is she dead?"

Mills, without answering, gathered her in his strong arms and carried her to the grassy roadside, where he laid her down gently and proceeded to loosen the throat of her blouse. Fulton, with trembling hands, pushed back her hair and exposed a contusion where the white skin was slightly broken, high on the side of the forehead. Mills, holding the girl's wrist between his thumb and middle finger, examined the abrasion critically.

"She hit her head a good bump," said he, "but it hardly seems enough to have stunned her. We'd practically stopped. Must have struck the rim of the searchlight. Anyhow, the parietal bone is solid there. Look here—the mudguard or something caught her on the shoulder. Get the brandy."

Connors had already anticipated this order and was unbuckling the straps of the kit-bag. Mills rolled the girl gently on the uninjured side. The light stuff of her blouse was torn, exposing the shoulder, on which was a long scratch. Mills manipulated the joint, and as he was doing so the girl gave a little moan and opened her eyes. For a moment they looked dazedly into the anxious ones of Fulton, who was leaning over her, flask in hand.

"How do you feel?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"Did you run over Napoleon?" she asked.

"No, he's all right. Here, drink a little of this."

She pushed the flask aside; then sat up.

"*Aïee!* My shoulder! Is it broken?"

"No," answered Mills; "merely bruised."

The girl looked from one to the other of the anxious faces bending over her. The color had not yet returned to her cheeks. She smiled, and a dimple formed itself at the corner of her mouth.

"It was my own silly fault," she said; "I ought to have got Napoleon off the road. When he rushed at the car I lost my head."

Fulton was mopping his brow and beginning to breathe again.

"Where do you live?" he asked. "We'll take you home. My friend can look you over there—he's a doctor."

"Very well," she answered. "I do feel a little bit queer. Take me to the old château just at the bottom of this hill."

They helped the girl into the car, placing her in the seat beside Fulton, Mills sitting on the floor at her feet. Nobody spoke as they rolled down the gentle grade at the foot of which ran a long high wall. As they drew up before the big gates Mills jumped down and tugged at the bell-pull, when the big bronze bell clamored out from almost over his head. It was answered by a chorus of barks and yelps from inside the inclosure, and a moment later they heard the clatter of wooden shoes coming down the drive. The heavy iron gates swung open with a whine and a clang and a white-haired gardener with a rake in his hand appeared on the threshold. As Fulton moved ahead to enter, the old man hobbled aside, touching his cap.

The drive led straight up an avenue of ancient linden trees with huge, knotted trunks and closely trimmed branches, which looked curiously distorted in their leafless state. At the end of the avenue rose an ancient house, and Fulton saw that the place was one of the later medieval château farms so common in France. He was about to draw up before the door when with a rush and clamor of yelps there poured out of a little path leading into the bushes a pack of basset-hounds, and directly after them came a young girl in a short tweed skirt and high walking boots, carrying a dog whip in her hand. At sight of the car and its occupants she paused for an instant, then came on quickly.

Mills was already lifting down the goose-girl. She struggled from his arms to her feet and stood rather unsteadily, her hands pressed against her temples and her face very white. The bassets were leaping about her with little squeals.

"Virginia," cried the girl in the short skirt, "what has happened?"

"We hit her with the car," said Fulton. "She'd better be looked after right away. My friend is a medical man."

The girl shot him a swift, angry look, and even in his disturbed condition Fulton observed that she was uncommonly pretty and undoubtedly a young person of consequence. Stepping to the side of the porch she tugged at an iron bell-pull similar to that at the entrance to the grounds, and the noisy summons had scarcely died away when there appeared an elderly butler and two maids. By this time the victim of the accident appeared to have recovered her strength.

"I'm all right," said she rather shortly, and declining all assistance went up the steps and into the house, followed by her friend and Mills. Scarcely had they disappeared when Fulton saw coming toward him from the direction of the farm buildings a portly old gentleman in a peasant blouse and a straw hat, and wearing a pair of enormous, shell-rimmed spectacles. In one hand he had a pair of pruners, and the front of his long blue frock was white with lime. As he drew near, Fulton recognized to his great surprise that it was none other than the Baron Vilzhoven, a retired banker of Budapest, whose acquaintance he had made at a dinner and bridge party in Paris about a month before.

"How do you do, Baron Vilzhoven?" said the young man.

The baron gave him a keen look over the rims of his spectacles.

"Well, upon my word," said he, in good but rather thickly accented English, "it is Mr. Fulton. So you have stopped in to wish me *bonjour?* I am delighted."

Fulton in a few brief words explained what had led to his being there. The old nobleman puffed and shook his head when told of the accident.

"You motorists!" said he. "But no doubt it was not your fault. Now that you are here you must stop the night. It is late, and besides your friend is a physician. Come, let us go into the house. I will send the butler to show your man where to put the car."

He led Fulton up the steps, through a spacious antechamber and into a big, dimly lighted room hung with ancient tapestries and furnished with heavy Empire pieces. In this stately salon the baron made a quaint picture in his stained blouse and heavy, hobnailed boots. But in the craggy face one recognized the mark of caste, for though rough and weatherbeaten, the contour of the brows, the keen, commanding eyes and the many lines of character portrayed the man of birth and worldly knowledge. There was severity about the mouth and jaws, yet kindliness and humor, and at this moment his expression held that genial hospitality to be found in the face of the noble landholder of remote localities.

"Who is this young girl?" asked Fulton, as the baron was rummaging in a sideboard for glasses and a decanter.

"You may well ask, my friend, finding her so on the roadside tending geese. She is Miss Virginia Lowndes, an American, of California. Her father is very rich, but an old fool, and they have quarreled. He did not wish her to sing in opera and would do nothing for her, but when she comes of age, which will be next year, she shall inherit a million dollars or so from her mother. My daughter is also studying music of the same teacher, and they became bosom friends. She has come to visit us; to rest and study the score of the goose-girl in the Königskinder, this opera of Humperdinck's. But it is a little embarrassing for me, as now she wishes to marry a guest of ours who is stopping here."

"The deuce she does," said Fulton. "Who is that?"

"The Count Strelitso. He is of the Baltic provinces and a very nice fellow, but not the husband that I would choose for Miss Virginia. He is wild, and I think not too easily tamed. I am very much worried. Try some of this vodka. This accident has upset you."

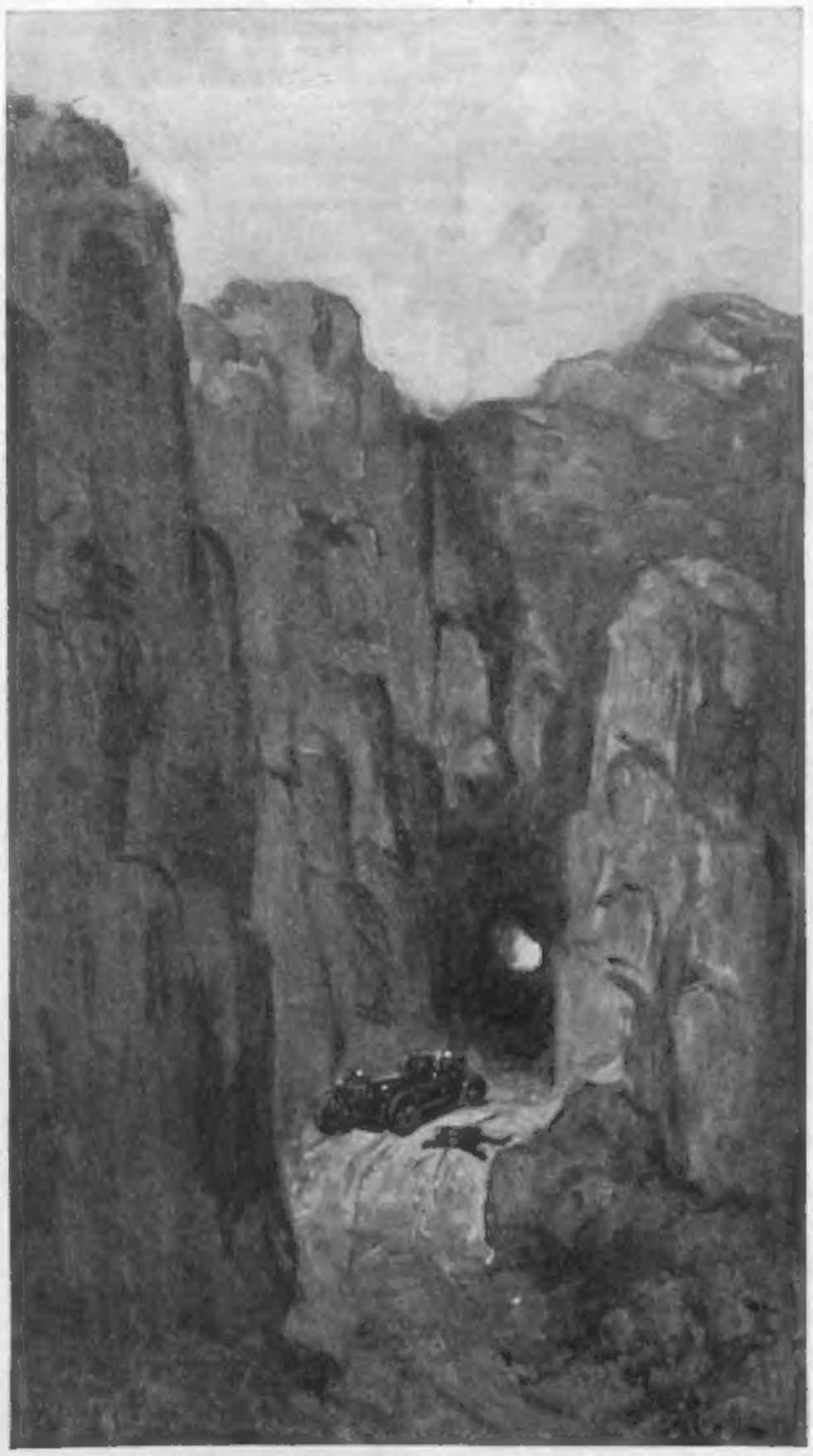
II

MR. ROBERT SAUTRELLE was a young man of American birth and French extraction, who occupied a well-paid position as designer of jewelry in the well-known establishment of Kalique, in the Place Vendôme.

Robert's father was the descendant of a family that for many generations had carried on a highly respectable goldsmith trade on the Quai des Orfèvres, so that the young man's profession was largely influenced by a strong, hereditary talent. His father had emigrated to America as a youth, married an American girl, and had allied himself with one of the leading manufacturing jewelers of New York. By thrift and ability he had amassed a large fortune, and while his son was studying in the Beaux Arts had allowed him enough to permit of his living like a young gentleman of wealth and fashion. Robert had his prettily furnished apartments, his valet, motor and saddle horse, and belonged to several of the best clubs and was a welcome guest at many well-known houses, among them that of Baron Vilzhoven, the rich, retired banker of Budapest.

But although a young man exceedingly fond of gayety, Robert was very far from being an idler, and was never so happy as when hard at work in the ateliers of Kalique, designing and constructing some exquisite triumph of the jeweler's art. He possessed a real passion for gems, not for their intrinsic value or for his own personal adornment, but as objects of art and beauty, especially when so arranged as to combine the native quality of the jewel with a design that might captivate the eye. His reputation at twenty-eight was unusual for a person of this age, and the more to his credit as it was thoroughly merited and not the result of any personal influence.

Mr. Kalique quite appreciated the good fortune that had brought him so able a designer as Robert, for he considered



The Whole Hillside is Honeycombed With Caves and Grottoes

the young man not only a skilled artist, but a person in whom he could repose all trust, the son of a prominent business colleague and heir to a large fortune, all of which had its importance in the case of a person to whose hands were often confided gems of great value. The only drawback, from the jeweler's point of view, was the fact that he knew Robert to be a young man of rather extravagant tastes.

One morning in February Robert arrived at the ateliers, and had just slipped on his linen working blouse when one of the salesmen from the showrooms came up to say that Mr. Kalique would like to see him at once in his private office. Robert went down without bothering to take off his blouse, for the relations between him and the head of the house were rather those of fellow-artists than of employer and employee. He found Mr. Kalique in conference with a smartly dressed young fellow whose speech and manner proclaimed him to be English.

"Mr. Sautrelle," said the jeweler, "permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Halsey, the secretary of our friend and client, the Baron Rosenthal, of Budapest."

The two young men bowed. Turning to Mr. Kalique, Robert observed that his manner was slightly agitated.

"Mr. Sautrelle," said the proprietor, "we have been honored with a very interesting commission, and you, Mr. Sautrelle, are to execute it. Our esteemed client requests that the work be undertaken by myself with my own hands. I have, however, just explained to this gentleman and shall further explain to the Baron Rosenthal that—all professional pride removed—I feel that the interest of our client can be no better served than by yourself."

Robert grew red with pleasure. He was, in fact, really touched, for Mr. Kalique had been for years the acknowledged head of his profession. Robert was really a modest young man, and the pride he took in his work was less for himself than for his art. Mr. Kalique stepped in front of him, raised his two hands, in which he held a morocco leather case about four inches square, and snapping open the lid offered the contents to Robert's inspection.

"Look," said he, in the hushed voice of a high priest about to present to one of the initiate a sacred relic.

Robert looked, and under his eyes lay such a diamond as he had never seen, barring not even the Regent or Pitt diamond in the Louvre. It was not the size that was so impressive, for this stone was not a third as large as the Regent, but the marvelous purity and the color of pronounced blue, such as Robert had never before beheld.

"It must be the Sultana!" he gasped

"It is the Sultana," said Mr. Kalique in a solemn tone, "recut and fresh from the hands of the lapidary in Amsterdam. As you observe, it is of the brilliant form. The most interesting thing about it is the marvelous blue color, which is in reality a pure tone, not merely a tint."

"Baron Rosenthal, who is a connoisseur of gems," observed Mr. Halsey, in good French but with a strong British accent, "said that not one person in fifty would pronounce the stone a diamond at first glance. The fifty-first, who happened to know, would sell his soul for it. That's what gives it its great value."

"The baron is right," said Mr. Kalique. "I have never seen such a stone." He turned to Robert.

"The baron," said he impressively, "secured this stone, meaning to add it to the valuable collection of the Baroness Rosenthal. For certain sentiments of strong personal friendship they now wish to prèsent it as a wedding gift to the daughter of the Duke d'Irancoy."

"It is the gift of a sovereign," said Robert, unable to take his eyes from the magnificent stone.

Mr. Halsey cleared his throat. "The Duke d'Irancoy," said he, "once performed a service for Baron Rosenthal which the latter feels that he can never repay. He now wishes to present the stone to Mademoiselle d'Irancoy as a token of his undying affection for the family."

Mr. Kalique turned to his young assistant. "Now, Mr. Sautrelle," said he, "we have carte blanche to mount this stone in a tiara in any manner that may appeal to us as most artistic. It is, however, the baron's idea—and in this he shows himself to be a person of the highest artistic perceptions—that such a wonderful gem entirely alone and without embellishment of any kind is far too striking, in fact almost terrifying, as a personal ornament. He thinks, and I quite agree with him, that the wonderful qualities of the stone should be modulated, while yet enhanced, by surrounding gems artistically arranged. His idea, Mr. Sautrelle, as no doubt you have already perceived, is that which influenced such peerless creatures as the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, the Sultana Roxalana, or, to be more modern, the Queen Elizabeth, of England, to surround themselves by a galaxy of lovely handmaidens—the loveliest to be found—if for no other reason than to give the admiring observer the opportunity to compare the unequaled beauty of the mistress with her ravishing satellites, thus to realize the beauty of the former." He waved his hands.

"Mr. Kalique," observed Mr. Halsey, "has entirely appreciated Baron Rosenthal's idea. He considers that the Sultana should be surrounded by other gems of as pure water, though naturally of lesser size. He leaves the arrangement of the whole entirely to Mr. Kalique, only limiting the total expense of these other jewels and the workmanship to the sum of a million francs."

"What a gift!" Robert muttered.

(Continued on Page 40)

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

A Crook's Crook—By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Alderman Waldubbel Was on the Doorstep Waiting for Him!

JINGLE BELLS knew it was coming. Huddled forward in his new suit as if he were cold, he kept in the center of the well-lighted alley, casting his black-circled eyes furtively to the right and left. Just in front of the side entrance to Jameson's clubhouse Destiny overtook him, using forty-five-caliber bullets for the purpose.

Jingle Bells made no appeal against Destiny's decision. He slid over on the clubhouse doorstep and died.

"By snoops, they got him!" yelled little Tom Boles, and dashed round the corner in time to see two undersized figures jogging up the alley.

"It's a murder!" gasped Tom's companion, who was a clean-cut man with a dented brow and a cleft in his chin.

"No, Hollister," corrected Tom, as he stooped over the sprawling object; "it's just a killing. I thought they'd croak this poor little sleigh rider."

Other people had streamed in from the alley mouth, and "Deacon" Jameson himself came out from the side entrance of his exclusive gambling resort, followed by a group of well-dressed "club members."

"What is it this time?" asked Jameson, visibly annoyed.

"They got Jingle Bells," explained Tom Boles.

"That's the limit," complained Jameson. He was a severe-looking man in a black suit and a white bow tie, and he was entirely out of patience. "I don't mind these cheap crooks shooting each other up, but when they use my side entrance it's too much."

A robust-looking man with black hair and a wide, full-lipped, flexible mouth stepped out from behind Jameson and, stooping over to take a look at the cadaverous face, hurried back upstairs for his hat and cane.

"Here's where Flint gets another case," observed Tom Boles, ranging up on the steps with Jameson.

The Deacon turned to glance up the stairway after the retreating Flint, but with no softening of his expression.

"Satterly's slow in cleaning up this coke gang," he stated. "They're a disgrace to the town."

Hollister shuddered.

"It's awful!" he said to no one in particular.

A big policeman came puffing down the alley, with his helmet on the back of his head and the perspiration standing on his red face. Though agitated he was the majesty of the law and the master of all situations.

They made way for him with a sense of relief, falling back from the silent huddle on the steps with a feeling that their responsibility for the Thing was over.

The officer stooped and made a hasty inspection.

"Jingle Bells," he said, and there seemed in his voice to be a loss of interest. "Did you call the wagon?"

"No, Tadd; but I will," cheerfully replied Tom Boles. "Dead as a shy deck—ain't he?"

"Sure," grunted the officer, producing his notebook.

Hollister followed Tom Boles upstairs and through the brilliantly lighted faro and roulette rooms to the telephone.

"It's awful!" he said again.

"It's rotten!" corroborated Tom indignantly. "The Deacon's trying to conduct a first-class place for the business men of this town and these tin-horn guns hand us a jolt like this."

"Yes," agreed Hollister thoughtfully. "Say, why did they call that fellow Jingle Bells?"

"Coke sniffer," explained Tom. "They call cocaine crystals snow and a coke user is a sleigh rider. This poor little gink was never off the toboggan."

"So they called him Jingle Bells," mused the shoe merchant, smiling, though rather wanly. "I understood there was a strict law against that stuff."

"There's a law against betting on the ace," Tom reminded him.

"That's so," considered Hollister, who was partial to the ace. "Why did they kill him?"

Tom's particularly keen eyes shot at the "member" a quizzical glance.

"He was able to pay for his coke."

II

SQUINT BROWN and Fritz the Frisk heeled it up the alley with a virtuous sense of duty well done and struck straight out for the Redbird Saloon, where they entered a ten-cent pool tournament with keen zest and no preoccupation.

Thirty minutes later Officer Kennedy came in for his customary look round, and mentally called the roll.

"Heard there was a killing at Jameson's," remarked the bartender, setting Kennedy's drink down beneath the end of the bar. The new Chief Satterly was still a little strict about rules.

"It was outside," reported Kennedy indifferently. "Only a coke by the name of Jingle Bells; but the guns that croaked him are in bad."

Squint Brown missed an easy shot for a corner pocket.

"How's that?" inquired the bartender, vigorously mopping the top of his mahogany bar.

"The chief's after it himself," stated Kennedy. "Ten minutes after the news came in he had the irons on Tanner and tossed him in at the warden."

Fritz the Frisk put up his cue.

"Sergeant Tanner?" asked the bartender incredulously.

"The sarge," replied Kennedy with some satisfaction. "The chief says Tanner framed the killing."

Fritz the Frisk strolled nonchalantly out of the door, and the second it closed behind him he started up the street on a dead run! The door slammed again and Squint Brown shot out!

It was only because Fritz stumbled that Squint caught up with him, but when he did there was no conversation. Each professional young man bent sternly to his work; for this was a matter of life or death!

Side by side they raced the ten blocks away, with occasional fruitless attempts to trip each other. They jostled up the steps of Kriegler's Café. They wedged back through the narrow passage and burst into the bowling alleys.

"Where's Gil Johnson?" panted the rounder-chested Fritz, while Squint wheezed for breath.

"Out of town," reported the lanky scorekeeper, coolly chalking up a spare. "Won't be back till Monday."

"Well, you tried to turn me up—didn't you?" snarled Fritz, outside on the corner.

"Didn't you?" panted Squint.

"Naw, I didn't!" denied Fritz. "Gil promised me a little piece of coin tonight and I got to have getaway money."

"You're a liar!" cried Squint. "You chased out here to turn me up to the city prosecutor and be the star witness."

"Now nix, buddy," protested Fritz. "We're both in bad. We'll go see Flint."

Squint hesitated.

"That guy don't even say 'set down' till he sees green. If Tanner's pinched there's no fall money."

It was Fritz' turn to hesitate.

"I got fifty bucks," he finally confessed.

Squint almost opened his eyes.

"Well, maybe that'll do some good," he admitted. "Come on."

Late as it was they found Lawyer Flint in his office; but they were not surprised, for Flint made it a practice to go to his place of business the minute he heard of a murder.

"Jingle Bells?" inquired Flint crisply as they came in.

Both boys nodded promptly. They did not presume to sit down before this broad-chested, black-haired and black-eyed lawyer. They stood, bare-headed and lop-shouldered. Squint had worn a cap and now he twisted it.

Flint patted the palm of his hand significantly on the corner of his desk.

"Dig up that fifty!" growled Squint.

Fritz, with an appealing glance at his partner, reached down through a hole in the lining of his vest and secured the tightly folded and much-crinkled wad of oily bills.

"Now tell me about it," ordered Flint, stuffing the money carelessly into his pocket. "Give it to me straight or I'll let you swing. I won't take the case."

"Jingle Bells was turning up coke evidence for Satterly," explained Fritz. "The coke graft was Sergeant Tanner's, but Satterly wasn't sure. Well!"

"That's enough," remarked Flint, not caring to have them tell him, in so many words, that Police Sergeant Tanner had ordered the killing of Police Chief Satterly's spy.

"I Don't Mind These Cheap Crooks Shooting Each Other Up, but When They Use My Side Entrance It's Too Much"

"Tanner's pinched," stated Squint dolefully. "Now we don't even cop our getaway money."

"Then it looks bad for you," declared Flint coldly. "You boys will have to dig or swing."

III

"AND a split it is!" yelled Tom Boles, who was none of your depressed and gloomy faro dealers. "Ace wins and ace loses, and the electric-light bill gets a chance!"

"I'll put mine on the high, Tom," directed P. J. Hollister, who was still partial to the ace.

"That's right, Holly," accepted Tom. "Be a regular sport and take your last chance to the limit. Are you all set, boys?" And Tom, rubbing his fingertips on his thumbs, leaned back and surveyed his dozen absorbed friends with a jovial eye.

"Lift that winning ace!" ordered the round voice of Flint.

"All right, Eddie," agreed Tom accommodatingly, though he cast a quiet glance over in the direction of Jameson. Tom wore, in addition to his regulation evening clothes, a straw hat with the lid knocked out, in place of an eyeshade, and he pushed this on the back of his head. "You will notice that I wear no whiskers to deceive you," he gayly went on, and took the ace carefully by both corners, lifting it and twirling it, front and back.

"That's what I thought!" hotly charged Flint. "The jack of hearts was under that ace before this split. You'll find it one card down."

Tom's keen eyes narrowed.

"I think you'll find yourself mistaken, Mr. Flint," he announced; "but I can tell you one thing right now: At the end of this little investigation either you quit playing or I quit dealing!"

"You're wrong, Flint," expostulated young Arnold Shively, who sat across from him. "That jack of diamonds was there all the time."

"Thanks, old man," said Tom, and lifted the jack of diamonds. The six of clubs lay under it!

Flint gathered his chips toward him and rose from the table.

"I apologize," he grudgingly observed.

"No you don't!" flared Tom. "You're going to stay and see this out! Gentlemen, count these two stacks!" And he tossed the winning and the losing piles to Hollister and to Shively.

Flint stood where he was until the cards were counted and watched narrowly for the jack of hearts.

"Now we'll find it." And Tom jerked the remaining cards of the deck from the faro box. He spread them on the layout and pointed out the jack of hearts in the middle.

Flint slowly sat down again.

"I'd have sworn you slipped two cards with that first ace," he declared.

The white face of Jameson bent over him.

"Cash in your chips!" ordered the Deacon. "You're barred from this club."

Tom, who had risen from his chair and cast off his ventilated eyeshade, now sat down and put on his hat again.

"You're a little hasty, Deacon," Flint protested with the smile of diplomacy. "It was an honest mistake on my part."

"That's three you've made since we opened this club," insisted Jameson. "I didn't want your play in the beginning and I won't have it now."

"I guess I'm lucky at that," retorted Flint, pushing over his chips. "I don't know anybody who's grown rich from sitting at your tables."

"No piker has," charged Jameson.

"Go to him, Deacon!" exulted little Tom Boles; and half a dozen of the interested crowd smiled with him.

"I won't stand for insult!" warned Flint, reaching for the money Tom threw across to him.

"You'll stand for anything, you crook's crook," returned Jameson, lowering his voice in place of raising it. "We're going to clean the town and you'll follow your clients."

Flint stuffed his money into his pocket.

"So you're the highly moral party who is back of the mayor and Chief Satterly's anti-vice crusade!" he sneered. "No wonder the mayor's building a new house!"

"Whoop-ee!" yelled little Tom Boles. "This is a business administration, Flint. Goodby, and take a drink as you pass out."

Flint's face was livid, and his mobile lips twitched as he turned to go.

"So you're going to clean up the town," he said, more to himself than to Jameson; and in sheer moral bravado he walked across to the sideboard and took a drink before he went out.

IV

"BETTER ride with Pet and me," urged little Tom Boles as they left the club at four A. M. "Pet's just honing for a little sprint out the avenue—ain't you, baby?" He patted the long-nosed gray roadster affectionately on the nozzle as he cranked up.

"No, I think I'll walk this morning," returned Jameson, glancing at the sky. "Looks like rain."

"Pet doesn't mind the dark," laughed Tom as he climbed into his seat. "Better come along."

"I need the exercise," insisted Jameson, and watched the disappearing Pet with a smile.

He heard footsteps behind him, but did not recognize the tall figure in the darkness, and started briskly ahead. He was just abreast of the narrow passageway between two brick tenement buildings when a shot boomed out so close to him that it startled him, and for a moment he did not feel the sharp sting in his shoulder.

He was just becoming conscious of it when the tall man who had been walking behind him ran up and dashed into the passageway. Jameson, recognizing Chief Satterly, followed and reached the back yard in time to see a very tall man succeed in pulling a small, wiry figure off a fence.

"Why, it's our old friend Squint Brown," chuckled the chief. "You're out shooting early this morning, Squint."

"All right, chief," whined Squint. "I was just back in here getting a drink out of the hydrant when I hears a shot and a chunky guy comes tearing back through and jumps the fence. You can't prove nothing on me."

"I don't intend to try to prove anything on you, Squint," grinned Satterly. "I'm just going to send you over."

"You see what a chance a guy's got if the bulls once get it in for him!" whined Squint, appealing to Jameson. "You know I ain't nothing against you, Deacon."

Jameson, holding his shoulder and satisfying himself that it was nothing more than a skin wound, merely laughed; and Satterly pushed Squint out to the sidewalk in the most approved fashion.

"Hold this fellow while I call for the wagon—will you, Jameson?" he asked. "Here, grab him this way. He can't get away."

"I won't make no break," promised Squint. "I suppose I got to see this thing through now. Send for my lawyer, chief."

"Flint?" asked Satterly with a smile.

"Sure!" bragged Squint. "He'll take my case."

Jameson went to the station with them and listened at a 'phone in the offices while Squint talked to his lawyer.

"Say, Flint, this is Squint Brown," was the introduction to that conversation. "I'm at the Central Station."

"What's the matter?" demanded Flint, his voice not that of a man called out of bed.

"I was in a back yard up on Teller Street getting a drink when some guy shoots at Mr. Jameson, runs through the yard and jumps over the fence, and they grabbed me," Squint carefully recited. "Say, what do you think! The chief himself made the pinch!" And there was pride in Squint's voice.

"I've told you guns before not to drag me out of bed!" snapped Flint, knowing not less than two or three police ears were taking in this conversation. "I won't take your case."

"You won't what!" gasped Squint. "That ain't on the level, Flint?"

"I mean just what I say," returned the cold voice of Flint. "I won't take your case."

Squint paled, but he clung desperately to the idea that this was only a stall to deceive the official listeners.

"All right, Flint," he gave in. "Come round and see me in the morning anyhow—won't you?"

He had no answer though. Flint had hung up.

"He'll come round all right," Squint confidently predicted, though with dry lips; and he went quietly enough to his cell.

On the following day, however, Flint did not call and Squint, furious, sent for Satterly.

Flint, he explained, quivering with imprecations, had promised to take their case in another affair only on condition that he and Fritz the Frisk put away Jameson; and that was to be their fee.

"But what chance have we got against a guy like that!" cried Squint, choked with emotion. "Fritz is down one passageway and me another so as to be sure and get the Deacon; but nobody'll believe us against Flint! Why, that guy's got money!"

Half an hour later, after Fritz the Frisk had been brought in, Jameson and Satterly and young Mayor Birchland held a quiet consultation in the chief's office.

"Squint puts it right," said Jameson. "We can't do anything with Flint in these courts so long as he has sixty thousand dollars in the bank. We'll have to break him."

"It's for the best interests of the town," agreed the mayor, who was just beginning to get a good grip on his business administration. "Still I don't like to enter a conspiracy to swindle anybody."

"We won't swindle him; we'll just take his money," corrected Satterly, his deep blue eyes quite placid. "To begin with we have to protect Jameson. The Deacon pays us more privilege money than any ten people in town."

"Twenty per cent of the net," corroborated Jameson. "I've been figuring over Flint all morning. He's made some of his money through a pull with the city council—hasn't he?"

"Forty thousand of it," Satterly informed them.

"Didn't you tell me you'd swung an alderman?" asked Jameson of the mayor.

"Two of them now," smiled the mayor, who felt rather pleased with himself. "My best one is Waldubbel."

"For such an innocent-looking kid you're going some," commented Satterly. "Waldubbel is supposed to be on the other side till he dies."

"I got him at a bargain," explained young Birchland, whose clothing and manner were as stiff as a floor-walker's. "He has been careless with his money, and I loaned him ten thousand dollars in such a way that I can take his saloon any minute. Without that saloon he loses his ward."

The Deacon favored the mayor with a friendly smile.

"We can frame Flint without a bit of trouble," he decided. "After he's away we can clean the town of the thug element. They're bad for my business and for the general prosperity of any town; so I'm against it. That's why Flint sent after me."

"You Boys Will Have to Dig or Swing"

"I only wish I could frame Tanner as easily," worried Satterly. "If I don't get some good evidence pretty soon I'll have to turn him out."

"Didn't you have any when you pinched him?" questioned Jameson.

"Nothing but a hunch," admitted blue-eyed Satterly. "Say, Deacon, if you let Flint go until we break him you'll have a hard time fixing this charge on him. It'll be cold."

"Don't worry about a charge," chuckled Jameson. "When we break this boy we can pinch him on a hunch and hand him a ten-year stretch for it."

V

PLAYGROUNDS for the little children! It was young Mayor Birchland who first started that broadminded movement—Birchland, that sterling young friend of reform who, with the new Chief of Police Satterly, was doing so much to rid the city of its worst element and place it on a clean business basis!

In the congested districts whole blocks were to be torn away, shadetrees planted, and sandpiles, swings and other innocent pastimes put in for the children of the poor!

The newspapers took up that proposition with joy—such of them as had helped elect the mayor. Women's clubs quivered about it and ministers spoke of it in their sermons in the tones of highest commendation!

The city council responded nobly to the young mayor's impassioned appeal on behalf of the poor children, and appointed the mayor one of a committee of three to select suitable blocks for condemnation.

Three days after this committee had been appointed Alderman Waldubbel called on Edward Flint.

"Got a melon for you," said Waldubbel, half whispering, though there was no one else in the room.

"Have a cigar," smiled Flint.

"Thanks," accepted Waldubbel, who was a huge bulk of a man, so big as to be shapeless. "You know this playground salve the mayor's been spreading? Well, I can slip you the info on the first block that's to be condemned. Can you swing a sixty-thousand-dollar turn?"

"I can if I don't have to tie up my money too long," considered Flint. "Cash is the best property I know."

"You wouldn't have this tied up over two weeks," Waldubbel exultingly assured him. "On next Saturday morning the mayor recommends the purchase of this block and we condemn it. It has a lot of tenement shacks on it now, and you can pull it in for sixty thousand dollars, if you go there before Birchland makes his committee report. You can dump fifty dollars' worth of bricks and mortar and scaffolding down there to show the improvements you're going to make. Then we'll condemn the property for a hundred and twenty thousand dollars—thirty thousand to the good for you and thirty for us. Pretty soft—eh?"

"Well, of course you can't swing it yourselves," speculated Flint. "I'd hate to tie up my money in dump property like that, though, and have it stick."

"Turn it down!" flared Waldubbel. "I'll find a ready-money boy in five minutes that'll jump at this chance! When did I ever sting you?"

"Don't get huffy, old man," soothed Flint, whose besetting sin was avarice. "I'll grab it and say 'Thank you!'"

"Well, you ought to seem more tickled about it," grumbled Waldubbel. "Now I'll tell you where the block is."

On Saturday morning Mayor Birchland, so neatly tailored that he was open to the suspicion of being neatly

(Continued on Page 53)

THE INFALLIBLE GODAHL

The Outposts of This House Were as Safely Guarded as the Vault of the United States Mint

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

OLIVER ARMISTON never was much of a sportsman with a rod or gun—though he could do fancy work with a pistol in a shooting gallery. He had, however, one game from which he derived the utmost satisfaction. Whenever he went traveling, which was often, he invariably caught his trains by the tip of the tail, so to speak, and hung on till he could climb aboard. In other words he believed in close connections. He had a theory that more valuable dollars-and-cents time and good animal heat are wasted warming seats in stations waiting for trains than by missing them. The sum of joy to his methodical mind was to halt the slamming gates at the last fraction of the last second with majestic upraised hand, and to stroll aboard his parlor car with studied deliberation, while the train crew were gnashing their teeth in rage and swearing to get even with the gateman for letting him through.

Yet Mr. Armiston never missed a train. A good many of them tried to miss him, but none ever succeeded. He reckoned time and distance so nicely that it really seemed as if his trains had nothing else half so important as waiting until Mr. Oliver Armiston got aboard.

On this particular June day he was due in New Haven at two. If he failed to get there at two o'clock he could very easily arrive at three. But an hour is sixty minutes, and a minute is sixty seconds; and, further, Mr. Armiston, having passed his word that he would be there at two o'clock, surely would be.

On this particular day, by the time Armiston finally got to the Grand Central the train looked like an odds-on favorite. In the first place he was still in his bed at an hour when another and less experienced traveler would have been watching the clock in the station waiting room. In the second place, after kissing his wife in that absent-minded manner characteristic of true love, he became tangled in a Broadway traffic crush at the first corner. Scarcely was he extricated from this when he ran into a Socialist mass-meeting at Union Square. It was due only to the wits of his chauffeur that the taxicab was extricated with very little damage to the surrounding human scenery. But our man of method did not fret. Instead he buried himself in his book, a treatise on Cause and Effect, which at that moment was lulling him with soothing sentiment:

"There is no such thing as accident. The so-called accidents of every-day life are due to the preordained action of correlated causes, which is inevitable and over which man has no control."

This was comforting, but not much to the point, when Oliver Armiston looked up and discovered he had reached Twenty-third Street and had come to a halt. A sixty-foot truck, with an underslung burden consisting of a sixty-ton steel girder, had at this point suddenly developed weakness in its off hindwheel and settled down on the pavement across the right of way like a tired elephant. This, of course, was not an accident. It was due to a weakness in the construction of that wheel—a weakness that had from the beginning been destined to block street cars and taxicabs at this particular spot at this particular hour.

Mr. Armiston dismounted and walked a block. Here he hailed a second taxicab and soon was spinning north again at a fair speed, albeit the extensive building operations in Fourth Avenue had made the street well-nigh impassable.

The roughness of the pavement merely shook up his digestive apparatus and gave it zest for the fine luncheon he was promising himself the minute he stepped aboard his train. His new chauffeur got lost three times in the maze of traffic about the Grand Central Station. This, however, was only human, seeing that the railroad company changed the map of Forty-second Street every twenty-four hours during the course of the building of its new terminal.

Mr. Armiston at length stepped from his taxicab, gave his grip to a porter and paid the driver from a huge roll of bills. This same roll was no sooner transferred back to his pocket than a nimble-fingered pickpocket removed it. This again was not an accident. That pickpocket had been waiting there for the last hour for that roll of bills. It was preordained, inevitable. And Oliver Armiston had just thirty seconds to catch his train by the tail and climb aboard. He smiled contentedly to himself.

It was not until he called for his ticket that he discovered his loss. For a full precious second he gazed at the hand that came away empty from his money pocket, and then:

"I find I left my purse at home," he said with a grand air he knew how to assume on occasions. "My name is Mister Oliver Armiston."

Now Oliver Armiston was a name to conjure with.

"I don't doubt it," said the ticket agent dryly. "Mister Andrew Carnegie was here yesterday begging carfare to One-hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and Mister John D. Rockefeller quite frequently drops in and leaves his dollar watch in hock. Next!"

And the ticket-agent glared at the man blocking the impatient line and told him to move on.

Armiston flushed crimson. He glanced at the clock. For once in his life he was about to experience that awful feeling of missing his train. For once in his life he was about to be robbed of that delicious sensation of hypnotizing the gatekeeper and walking majestically down that train platform that extends northward under the train-shed a considerable part of the distance toward Yonkers. Twenty seconds! Armiston turned round, still holding his ground, and glared concentrated malice at the man next in line. That man was in a hurry. In his hand he held a bundle of bills. For a second the thief-instinct that is latent in us all suggested itself to Armiston. There within reach of his hand was the money, the precious paltry dollar bills that stood between him and his train. It scared him to discover that he, an upright and honored citizen, was almost in the act of grabbing them like a common pickpocket.

Then a truly remarkable thing happened. The man thrust his handful of bills at Armiston.

"The only way I can raise this blockade is to bribe you," he said, returning Armiston's glare. "Here—take what you want—and give the rest of us a chance."

With the alacrity of a blind beggar miraculously cured by the sight of much money Armiston grabbed the handful, extracted what he needed for his ticket, and thrust the rest back into the waiting hand of his unknown benefactor. He caught the gate by a hair. So did his unknown friend. Together they walked down the platform, each matching the other's leisurely pace with his own. They might have been two potentates, so deliberately did they catch this train. Armiston would have liked very much to thank this person, but the other presented so forbidding an exterior that it was hard to find a point of attack. By force of habit Armiston boarded the parlor car, quite forgetting he did not have money for a seat. So did the other. The unknown thrust a bill at the porter. "Get me two chairs," he said. "One is for this gentleman."

Once inside and settled, Armiston renewed his efforts to thank this strange person. That person took a card from his pocket and handed it to Armiston.

"Don't run away with the foolish idea," he said tartly, "that I have done you a service willingly. You were making me miss my train, and I took this means of bribing you to get you out of my way. That is all, sir. At your leisure you may send me your check for the trifle."

"A most extraordinary person!" said Armiston to himself. "Let me give you my card," he said to the other. "As to the service rendered, you are welcome to your own ideas on that. For my part I am very grateful."

The unknown took the proffered card and thrust it in his waistcoat pocket without glancing at it. He swung his chair round and opened a magazine, displaying a pair of broad unneighborly shoulders. This was rather disconcerting to Armiston, who was accustomed to have his card act as an open sesame.

"Damn his impudence!" he said to himself. "He takes me for a mendicant. I'll make copy of him!"

This was the popular author's way of getting even with those who offended his tender sensibilities.

Two things worried Armiston: One was his luncheon—or rather the absence of it; and the other was his neighbor. This neighbor, now that Armiston had a chance to study him, was a young man, well set up. He had a fine bronzed face that was not half so surly as his manner. He was now buried up to his ears in a magazine, oblivious of everything about him, even the dining-car porter, who strode down the aisle and announced the first call to lunch in the dining car.

"I wonder what the fellow is reading," said Armiston to himself. He peeped over the man's shoulder, and was interested at once, for the stranger was reading a copy of a magazine called by the vulgar The Whited Sepulcher. It was the pride of this magazine that no man on earth could read it without the aid of a dictionary. Yet this person seemed to be enthralled. And what was more to the point, and vastly pleasing to Armiston, the man was at that moment engrossed in one of Armiston's own effusions. It was one of his crime stories that had won him praise and lucre. It concerned the Infallible Godahl.

These stories were pure reason incarnate in the person of a scientific thief. The plot was invariably so logical that it seemed more like the output of some machine than of a human mind. Of course the plots were impossible, because the fiction thief had to be an incredible genius to carry out the details. But nevertheless they were highly entertaining, fascinating and dramatic at one and the same time.

And this individual read the story through without winking an eyelash—as though the mental effort cost him nothing—and then, to Armiston's delight, turned back to the beginning and read it again. The author threw out his chest and shot his cuffs. It was not often that such unconscious tribute fell to his lot. He took the card of his unknown benefactor. It read:

MR. J. BORDEN BENSON
The Towers New York City

"Humph!" snorted Armiston. "An aristocrat—and a snob too!"

At this moment the aristocrat turned in his chair and handed the magazine to his companion. All his bad humor was gone.

"Are you familiar," he asked, "with this man Armiston's work? I mean these scientific thief stories that are running now."

"Ye—yes. Oh, yes," sputtered Armiston, hastily putting the other's card away. "I—in fact, you know—I take them every morning before breakfast."

In a way this was the truth, for Armiston always began his day's writing before breakfasting.

Mr. Benson smiled—a very fine smile at once boyish and sophisticated.

"Rather a heavy diet early in the morning, I should say," he replied. "Have you read this last one then?"

"Oh, yes," said the delighted author.

"What do you think of it?" asked Benson.

The author puckered his lips.

"It is on a par with the others," he said.

"Yes," said Benson thoughtfully. "I should say the same thing. And when we have said that there is nothing left to say. They are truly a remarkable product. Quite unique, you know. And yet," he said, frowning at Armiston, "I believe that this man Armiston is to be ranked as the most dangerous man in the world today."

"Oh, I say ——" began Armiston. But he checked himself, chuckling. He was very glad Mr. Benson had not looked at his card.

"I mean it," said the other decidedly. "And you think so yourself, I fully believe. No thinking man could do otherwise."

"In just what way? I must confess I have never thought of his work as anything but pure invention."

It was truly delicious. Armiston would certainly make copy of this person.

"I will grant," said Benson, "that there is not a thief in the world today clever enough—brainy enough—to take advantage of the suggestions put forth in these stories. But some day there will arise a man to whom they will be as simple as an ordinary blueprint, and he will profit accordingly. This magazine, by printing these stories, is merely furnishing him with his tools, showing him how to work. And the worst of it is ——"

"Just a minute," said the author. "Agreeing for the moment that these stories will be the tools of Armiston's hero in real life some day, how about the popular magazines? They print ten such stories to one of these by Armiston."

"Ah, my friend," said Benson, "you forget one thing: The popular magazines deal with real life—the possible, the usual. And in that very thing they protect the public against sharpers, by exposing the methods of those same sharpers. But with Armiston—no. Much as I enjoy him as an intellectual treat, I am afraid ——"

He didn't finish his sentence. Instead he fell to shaking his head, as though in amazement at the devilish ingenuity of the author under discussion.

"I am certainly delighted," thought that author, "that my disagreeable benefactor did not have the good grace to look at my card. This is really most entertaining." And then aloud, and treading on thin ice: "I should be very glad to tell Oliver what you say and see what he has to say about it."

Benson's face broke into a wreath of wrinkles:

"Do you know him? Well, I declare! That is a privilege. I heartily wish you would tell him."

"Would you like to meet him? I am under obligations to you. I can arrange a little dinner for a few of us."

"No," said Benson, shaking his head; "I would rather go on reading him without knowing him. Authors are so disappointing in real life. He may be some puny, anemic little half-portion, with dirty fingernails and all the rest that goes with genius. No offense to your friend! Besides, I am afraid I might quarrel with him."

"Last call for lunch in the dinin' cy—yah—aa," sang the porter. Armiston was looking at his fingernails as the porter passed. They were manicured once a day.

"Come lunch with me," said Benson heartily. "I should be pleased to have you as my guest. I apologize for being rude to you at the ticket window, but I did want to catch this train mighty bad."

Armiston laughed. "Well, you have paid my carfare," he said, "and I won't deny I am hungry enough to eat a hundred-and-ten-pound rail. I will let you buy me a meal, being penniless."

Benson arose, and as he drew out his handkerchief the card Armiston had given him fluttered into that worthy's lap. Armiston closed his hand over it, chuckling again. Fate had given him the chance of preserving his incognito with this person as long as he wished. It would be a rare treat to get him ranting again about the author Armiston.

The Keen Eyes of Armiston Followed the Bright Knob Like a Cat

But Armiston's host did not rant against his favorite author. In fact he was so enthusiastic over that man's genius that the same qualities which he decried as a danger to society in his opinion only added luster to the work. Benson asked his guest innumerable questions as to the personal qualities of his ideal, and Armiston shamelessly constructed a truly remarkable person. The other listened entranced.

"No, I don't want to know him," he said. "In the first place I haven't the time, and in the second I'd be sure to start a row. And then there is another thing: If he is half the man I take him to be from what you say, he wouldn't stand for people fawning on him and telling him what a wonder he is. That's about what I should be doing, I am afraid."

"Oh," said Armiston, "he isn't so bad as that. He is a—well, a sensible chap, with clean fingernails and all that, you know, and he gets a haircut once every three weeks, the same as the rest of us."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mister—er——"

Benson fell to chuckling.

"By gad," he said, "here we have been talking with each other for an hour, and I haven't so much as taken a squint at your card to see who you are!"

He searched for the card Armiston had given him.

"Call it Brown," said Armiston, lying gorgeously and with a feeling of utmost righteousness. "Martin Brown, single, read-and-write, color white, laced shoes and derby hat, as the police say."

"All right, Mr. Brown; glad to know you. We will have some cigars. You have no idea how much you interest me, Mr. Brown. How much does Armiston get for his stories?"

"Every word he writes brings him the price of a good cigar. I should say he makes forty thousand a year."

"Humph! That is better than Godahl, his star creation, could bag as a thief, I imagine, let alone the danger of getting snipped with a pistol ball on a venture."

Armiston puffed up his chest and shot his cuffs again. "How does he get his plots?"

Armiston knitted his ponderous brows. "There's the rub," he said. "You can talk about so-and-so much a word until you are deaf, dumb and blind. But, after all, it isn't the number of words or how they are strung together that makes a story. It is the idea. And ideas are scarce."

"I have an idea that I have always wanted to have Armiston get hold of, just to see what he could do with it. If you will pardon me, to my way of thinking the really important thing isn't the ideas, but how to work out the details."

"What's your idea?" asked Armiston hastily. He was not averse to appropriating anything he encountered in real life and dressing it up to suit his taste. "I'll pass it on to Armiston, if you say so."

"Will you? That's capital. To begin with," Mr. Benson said as he twirled his brandy glass with long, lean, silky fingers—a hand Armiston thought he would not like to have handle him in a rage—"To begin with, Godahl, this thief, is not an ordinary thief, he is a highbrow. He has made some big hauls. He must be a very rich man now—eh? You see that he is quite real to me. By this time, I should say, Godahl has acquired such a fortune that thieving for mere money is no longer an object. What does he do? Sit down and live on his income? Not much. He is a person of refined tastes with an eye for the esthetic. He desires art objects, rare porcelains, a gem of rare cut or color set by Benvenuto Cellini, a Leonardo da Vinci did Godahl steal the Mona Lisa, by-the-way? He is the most likely person I can think of—or perhaps a Gutenberg Bible. Treasures, things of exquisite beauty to look at, to enjoy in secret, not to show to other people. That is the natural development of this man Godahl, eh?"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Armiston, his enthusiasm getting the better of him.

"Have you ever heard of Mrs. Billy Wentworth?" asked Benson.

"Indeed, I know her well," said Armiston, his guard down.

"Then you must surely have seen her white ruby?"

"White ruby! I never heard of such a thing. A white ruby?"

"Exactly. That's just the point. Neither have I. But if Godahl heard of a white ruby the chances are he would possess it—especially if it were the only one of its kind in the world."

"Gad! I do believe he would, from what I know of him."

"And especially," went on Benson, "under the circumstances. You know the Wentworths have been round a good deal. They haven't been overscrupulous in getting things they wanted. Now Mrs. Wentworth—but before I go on with this weird tale I want you to understand me. It is pure fiction—an idea for Armiston and his wonderful Godahl. I am merely suggesting the Wentworths as fictitious characters."

"I understand," said Armiston.

"Mrs. Wentworth might very well possess this white ruby. Let us say she stole it from some potentate's household in the Straits Settlements. She gained admittance by means of the official position of her husband. They can't accuse her of theft. All they can do is to steal the gem back from her. It is a sacred stone of course. They always are in fiction stories. And the usual tribe of jugglers, rug-peddlers, and so on—all disguised, you understand—have followed her to America, seeking a chance, not on her life, not to commit violence of any kind, but to steal that stone.

"She can't wear it," went on Benson. "All she can do is to hide it away in some safe place. What is a safe place? Not a bank. Godahl could crack a bank with his little finger. So might those East Indian fellows, laboring under the call of religion. Not in a safe. That would be folly."

"How then?" put in Armiston eagerly.

"Ah, there you are! That's for Godahl to find out. He knows, let us say, that these foreigners in one way or another have turned Mrs. Wentworth's apartments upside-down. They haven't found anything. He knows that she keeps that white ruby in that house. Where is it? Ask Godahl. Do you see the point? Has Godahl ever cracked a nut like that? No. Here he must be the cleverest detective in the world and the cleverest thief at the same time. Before he can begin thieving he must make his blueprints.

"When I read Armiston," continued Benson, "that is the kind of problem that springs up in my mind. I am always trying to think of some knot this wonderful thief would have to employ his best powers to unravel. I think of some weird situation like this one. I say to myself: 'Good! I will write that. I will be as famous as Armiston. I will create another Godahl.' But," he said with a wave of his hands, "what is the result? I tie the knot, but I can't untie it. The trouble is, I am not a Godahl. And this man Armiston, as I read him, is Godahl. He must be, or else Godahl could not be made to do the wonderful things he does. Hello! New Haven already? Mighty sorry to have you go, old chap. Great pleasure. When you get to town let me know. Maybe I will consent to meet Armiston."

Armiston's first care on returning to New York was to remember the providential loan by which he had been able to keep clean his record of never missing a train. He counted out the sum in bills, wrote a polite note, signed it "Martin Brown," and dispatched it by messenger boy to J. Borden Benson, The Towers. The Towers, the address Mr. Benson's card bore, is an ultra-fashionable apartment hotel in lower Fifth Avenue. It maintains all the pomp and solemnity of an English ducal castle. Armiston remembered having on a remote occasion taken dinner there with a friend, and the recollection always gave him a chill. It was like dining among ghosts of kings, so grand and funereal was the air that pervaded everything.

"How Did You Find Out About That Infernal Contraption?"

Armiston, who could not forbear curiosity as to his queer benefactor, took occasion to look him up in the Blue Book and the Club Directory, and found that J. Borden Benson was quite some personage, several lines being devoted to him. This was extremely pleasing. Armiston had been thinking of that white-ruby yarn. It appealed to his sense of the dramatic. He would work it up in his best style, and on publication have a fine laugh on Benson by sending him an autographed copy and thus waking that gentleman up to the fact that it really had been the great Armiston in person he had befriended and entertained. What a joke it would be on Benson, thought the author; not without an intermixture of personal vanity, for even a genius such as he was not blind to flattery properly applied, and Benson unknowingly had laid it on thick.

"And, by gad!" thought the author, "I will use the Wentworths as the main characters, as the victims of Godahl. They are just the people to fit into such a romance. Benson put money in my pocket, though he didn't suspect it. Lucky he didn't know what shifts we popular authors are put to for plots."

Suiting the action to the word, Armiston and his wife accepted the next invitation they received from the Wentworths.

Mrs. Wentworth, be it understood, was a lion hunter. She was forever trying to gather about her such celebrities as Armiston the author, Brackens the painter, Johanssen the explorer, and others. Armiston had always withstood her wiles. He always had some excuse to keep him away from her gorgeous table, where she exhibited her lions to her simpering friends.

There were many undesirables sitting at the table, idle-rich youths, girls of the fast hunting set, and so on, and they all gravely shook the great author by the hand and told him what a wonderful man he was. As for Mrs. Wentworth, she was too highly elated at her success in roping him for sane speech, and she fluttered about him like a hysterical bridesmaid. But, Armiston noted with relief, one of his pals was there—Johanssen. Over cigars and cognac he managed to buttonhole the explorer.

"Johanssen," he said, "you have been everywhere."

"You are mistaken there," said Johanssen. "I have never before tonight been north of Fifty-ninth Street in New York."

"Yes, but you have been in Java and Ceylon and the Settlements. Tell me, have you ever heard of such a thing as a white ruby?"

The explorer narrowed his eyes to a slit and looked queerly at his questioner. "That's a queer question," he said in a low voice, "to ask in this house."

Armiston felt his pulse quicken. "Why?" he asked, assuming an air of surprised innocence.

"If you don't know," said the explorer shortly, "I certainly will not enlighten you."

"All right; as you please. But you haven't answered my question yet. Have you ever heard of a white ruby?"

"I don't mind telling you that I have heard of such a thing—that is, I have heard there is a ruby in existence that is called the white ruby. It isn't really white, you know; it has a purplish tinge. But the old heathen who rightly owns it likes to call it white, just as he likes to call his blue and gray elephants white."

"Who owns it?" asked Armiston, trying his best to make his voice sound natural. To find in this manner that there was some parallel for the mystical white ruby of which Benson had told him appealed strongly to his super-developed dramatic sense. He was now as keen on the scent as a hound.

Johanssen took to drumming on the tablecloth. He smiled to himself and his eyes glowed. Then he turned and looked sharply at his questioner.

"I suppose," he said, "that all things are grist to a man of your trade. If you are thinking of building a story round a white ruby I can think of nothing more fascinating. But, Armiston," he said, suddenly altering his tone and almost whispering, "if you are on the track of *the* white ruby let me advise you now to call off your dogs and keep your throat whole. I think I am a brave man. I have shot tigers at ten paces—held my fire purposely to see how charmed a life I really did bear. I have been charged by mad rhinos and by wounded buffaloes. I have walked across a clearing where the air was being punctured with bullets as thick as holes in a mosquito screen. But," he said, laying his hand on Armiston's arm, "I have never had the nerve to hunt the white ruby."

"Capital!" exclaimed the author.

"Capital, yes, for a man who earns his bread and gets his excitement by sitting at a typewriter and dreaming about these things. But take my word for it, it isn't capital for a man who gets his excitement by doing this thing. Hands off, my friend!"

"It really does exist then?"

Johanssen puckered his lips. "So they say," he said.

"What's it worth?"

"Worth? What do you mean by worth? Dollars and cents? What is your child worth to you? A million, a billion—how much? Tell me. No, you can't. Well, that's just what this miserable stone is worth to the man who rightfully owns it. Now let's quit talking nonsense. There's Billy Wentworth shooing the men into the drawing room. I suppose we shall be entertained this evening by some of the hundred-dollar-a-minute songbirds, as usual. It's amazing what these people will spend for mere vulgar display when there are hundreds of families starving within a mile of this spot!"

Two famous singers sang that night. Armiston did not have much opportunity to look over the house. He was now fully determined to lay the scene of his story in this very house. At leavetaking the sugar-sweet Mrs. Billy Wentworth drew Armiston aside and said:

"It's rather hard on you to ask you to sit through an evening with these people. I will make amends by asking you to come to me some night when we can be by ourselves. Are you interested in rare curios? Yes, we all are. I have some really wonderful things I want you to see. Let us make it next Tuesday, with a little informal dinner, just for ourselves."

Armiston then and there made the lion hunter radiantly happy by accepting her invitation to sit at her board as a family friend instead of as a lion.

As he put his wife into their automobile he turned and looked at the house. It stood opposite Central Park. It was a copy of some French château in gray sandstone, with a barbican, and overhanging towers, and all the rest of it. The windows of the street floor peeped out through deep embrasures and were heavily guarded with iron latticework.

"Godahl will have the very devil of a time breaking in there," he chuckled to himself. Late that night his wife awakened him to find out why he was tossing about so.

"That white ruby has got on my nerves," he said cryptically, and she, thinking he was dreaming, persuaded him to try to sleep again.

Great authors must really live in the flesh, at times at least, the lives of their great characters. Otherwise these great characters would not be so real as they are. Here was Armiston, who had created a superman in the person of Godahl the thief. For ten years he had written nothing else. He had laid the life of Godahl out in squares, thought for him, dreamed about him, set him to new tasks, gone through all sorts of queer adventures with him. And this same Godahl had amply repaid him. He had raised the author from the ranks of struggling amateurs to a position among the most highly paid fiction writers in the United States. He had brought him ease and luxury. Armiston did not need the money any more. The serial rights telling of the exploits of this Godahl had paid him handsomely. The book of Godahl's adventures had paid him even better, and had furnished him yearly with a never-failing income, like government bonds, but at a much higher rate of interest. Even though the crimes this Godahl had committed were all on paper and almost impossible, nevertheless Godahl was a living being to his creator. More—he was Armiston, and Armiston was Godahl.

It was not surprising, then, that when Tuesday came Armiston awaited the hour with feverish impatience. Here, as his strange friend had so thoughtlessly and casually told him, was an opportunity for the great Godahl to outdo even himself. Here was an opportunity for Godahl to be the greatest detective in the world, in the first place, before he could carry out one of his sensational thefts.

So it was Godahl, not Armiston, who helped his wife out of their automobile that evening and mounted the splendid steps of the Wentworth mansion. He cast his eye aloft; took in every inch of the façade.

"No," he said, "Godahl cannot break in from the street. I must have a look at the back of the house."

He cast his eyes on the ironwork that guarded the deep windows giving on the street.

It was not iron after all, but chilled steel sunk into armored concrete. The outposts of this house were as safely guarded as the vault of the United States mint.

"It's got to be from the inside," he said, making mental note of this fact.

The butler was stone-deaf. This was rather singular. Why should a family of the standing of the Wentworths employ a man as head of their city establishment who was stone-deaf? Armiston looked at the man with curiosity. He was still in middle age. Surely, then, he was not retained because of years of service. No, there was something more than charity behind this. He addressed a casual word to the man as he handed him his hat and cane. His back was turned and the man did not reply. Armiston turned and repeated the sentence in the same tone. The man watched his lips in the bright light of the hall.

"A lip-reader, and a dandy," thought Armiston, for the butler seemed to catch every word he said.

"Fact number two!" said the creator of Godahl the thief.

He felt no compunction at thus noting the most intimate details of the Wentworth establishment. An accident had put him on the track of a rare good story, and it was all copy. Besides, he told himself, when he came to write the story he would disguise it in such a way that no one reading it would know it was about the Wentworths. If their establishment happened to possess the requisite setting for a great story, surely there was no reason why he should not take advantage of that fact.

The great thief—he made no bones of the fact to himself that he had come here to help Godahl—accepted the flattering greeting of his hostess with the grand air that so well fitted him. Armiston was tall and thin, with slender fingers and a touch of gray in his wavy hair, for all his youthful years, and he knew how to wear his clothes. Mrs. Wentworth was proud of him as a social ornament, even aside from his glittering fame as an author. And Mrs. Armiston was well born, so there was no jar in their being received in the best house of the town.

The dinner was truly delightful. Here Armiston saw, or thought he saw, one of the reasons for the deaf butler. The hostess had him so trained that she was able to catch her servant's eye and instruct him in this or that trifle by merely moving her lips. It was almost uncanny, thought the author, this silent conversation the deaf man and his mistress were able to carry on unnoticed by the others.

"By gad, it's wonderful! Godahl, my friend, underscore that note of yours referring to the deaf butler. Don't miss it. It will take a trick."

Armiston gave his undivided attention to his hostess as soon as he found Wentworth entertaining Mrs. Armiston and thus properly dividing the party. He persuaded her to talk by a cleverly pointed question here and there; and as she talked, he studied her.

"We are going to rob you of your precious white ruby, my friend," he thought humorously to himself; "and while we are laying our wires there is nothing about you too small to be worthy of our attention."

Did she really possess the white ruby? Did this man Benson know anything about the white ruby? And what was the meaning of the strange actions of his friend Johanssen when approached on the subject in this house? His hostess came to have a wonderful fascination for him. He pictured this beautiful creature so avid in her lust for rare gems that she actually did penetrate the establishment of some heathen potentate in the Straits simply for the purpose of stealing the mystic stone. "Have you ever, by any chance, been in the Straits?" he asked indifferently.

"There Was a Million Dollars' Worth of Stuff in That Room"

"Wait," Mrs. Wentworth said with a laugh as she touched his hand lightly; "I have some curios from the Straits, and I will venture to say you have never seen their like."

Half an hour later they were all seated over coffee and cigarettes in Mrs. Wentworth's boudoir. It was indeed a strange place. There was scarcely a single corner of the world that had not contributed something to its furnishing. Carvings of teak and ivory; hangings of sweet-scented vegetable fibers; lamps of jade; queer little gods, all sitting like Buddha with their legs drawn up under them, carved out of jade or sardonyx; scarfs of baroque pearls; Darjeeling turquoises—Armiston had never before seen such a collection. And each item had its story. He began to look on this frail little woman with different eyes. She had been and seen and done, and the tale of her life, what she had actually lived, outshone even that of the glittering rascal Godahl, who was standing beside him now and directing his ceaseless questions. "Have you any rubies?" he asked.

Mrs. Wentworth bent before a safe in the wall. With swift fingers she whirled the combination. The keen eyes of Armiston followed the bright knob like a cat.

"Fact number three!" said the Godahl in him as he mentally made note of the numbers. "Five—eight—seven—four—six. That's the combination."

Mrs. Wentworth showed him six pigeon-blood rubies.

"This one is pale," he said carelessly, holding a particularly large stone up to the light. "Is it true that occasionally they are found white?"

His hostess looked at him before answering. He was intent on a deep-red stone he held in the palm of his hand. It seemed a thousand miles deep.

"What a fantastic idea!" she said. She glanced at her husband, who had reached out and taken her hand in a naturally affectionate manner.

"Fact number four!" mentally noted Armiston. "Are not you in mortal fear of robbery with all of this wealth?"

Mrs. Wentworth laughed lightly.

"That is why we live in a fortress," she said.

"Have you never, then, been visited by thieves?" asked the author boldly.

"Never!" she said.

"A lie," thought Armiston. "Fact number five! We are getting on swimmingly."

"I do not believe that even your Godahl the Infallible could get in here," Mrs. Wentworth said. "Not even the servants enter this room. That door is not locked with a key; yet it locks. I am not much of a housekeeper," she said lazily, "but such housekeeping as is done in this room is all done by these poor little hands of mine."

"No! Most amazing! May I look at the door?"

"Yes, Mr. Godahl," said this woman, who had lived more lives than Godahl himself.

Armiston examined the door, this strange device that locked without a key, apparently indeed without a lock, and came away disappointed.

"Well, Mr. Godahl?" his hostess said tauntingly. He shook his head in perplexity.

"Most ingenious," he said; and then suddenly: "Yet I will venture that if I turned Godahl loose on this problem he would solve it."

"What fun!" she cried, clapping her hands.

"You challenge him?" asked Armiston.

"What nonsense is this!" cried Wentworth, coming forward.

"No nonsense at all," said Mrs. Wentworth. "Mr. Armiston has just said that his Godahl could rob me. Let him try. If he can—if mortal man can gain the secret of ingress and egress of this room—I want to know it. I don't believe mortal man can enter this room."

Armiston noted a strange glitter in her eyes.

"Gad! She was born to the part! What a woman!" he thought. And then aloud:

"I will set him to work. I will lay the scene of his exploit in—say Hungary, where this room might very well exist in some feudal castle. How many people have entered this room since it was made the storehouse of all this wealth?"

"Not six besides yourself," replied Mrs. Wentworth.

"Then no one can recognize it if I describe it in a story—in fact, I will change the material details. We will say that it is not jewels Godahl is seeking. We will say that it is a ——"

Mrs. Wentworth's hand touched his own. The tips of her fingers were cold. "A white ruby," she said.

"Gad! What a thoroughbred!" he exclaimed to himself—or to Godahl. And then aloud: "Capital! I will send you a copy of the story autographed."

The next day he called at The Towers and sent up his card to Mr. Benson's apartments. Surely a man of Benson's standing could be trusted with such a secret. In fact it was evidently not a secret to Benson, who in all probability was one of the six Mrs. Wentworth said had entered that room. Armiston wanted to talk the matter over with Benson. He had given up his idea of having fun with him by sending him a marked copy of the magazine containing his tale. His story had taken complete possession of him, as always had been the case when he was at work dispatching Godahl on his adventures.

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Getting Good Value in New York

How to Move Safely Round the Big Spending Machine

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE lunchcheck came to only ninety-five cents, though I had eaten all I wanted and the restaurant was a first-class place uptown. I handed the waiter a two-dollar bill. He was a Swiss waiter, and some secret sorrow seemed to rest upon his soul and make him surly. Perhaps business was dull and his tips that morning had not come up to the ratio needed to maintain his system of thrift. The noon rush would not begin for half an hour yet, and at the time I was his only customer.

There were four quarters and a nickel on the tray when he brought back my change, and after setting it down he turned his back in an ultimate sort of way. It was a simple bluff. He knew that ten or fifteen cents was a fair tip for service, but played for one of those quarters on the chance that I would be afraid to leave him the nickel—which is the winning chance with nine customers out of ten in that part of New York.

I promptly picked up all four quarters and went on with my pie. He was a well-trained waiter, but he could not suppress a shudder when he saw that five-cent piece out of the corner of his eye. You could hear the *"Ach, Himmel!"* burst inside him, and then he stalked away majestically to the other end of the room and turned his back completely. When I finished my pie he brought no finger-bowl, and as I rose nobody rushed to help me on with my coat. So I put it on alone, and before departing picked up the nickel and took that too.

Next day at just about the same time I went to that restaurant for lunch again and sat down at the same table. Without letting the waiter have time to strengthen his resentment left over from the day before, I wished him good morning pleasantly, asked him how he felt today, if he hadn't noticed that something in the weather yesterday made everybody cross. As a matter of fact the day before had been a fine one. He saw the point and took special pains in serving my lunch. The check came to an even dollar. I handed him a two-dollar bill, and he brought me back three quarters, two dimes and a nickel and stood waiting with my coat and hat. I left thirty cents on the tray. We have been good friends ever since.

Three Classes of Spenders

A GREAT many persons complain about New York prices and particularly New York tips, and wonder that anybody can afford to live there. After nearly fifteen years' residence in New York and an experience covering much of its surface life, I constantly marvel that prices are so moderate and tips so reasonable, considering the values received. I do not believe there is another city in the world where such value can be bought for money, provided one knows where to look for value—but of course one must know the town.

Surface New York, the uptown section of costly hotels and glittering amusements known as the Great White Way, is a big spending machine organized for the free circulation of easy money. It is always full of pleasure-seekers and spenders. It is the best-advertised institution of its kind in the world, constantly figuring in news and special articles read the country over. Several hundred thousand visitors pass through it daily to go home and talk of its wonders, and so it has made its mark on every sizable American city. For the hotel promoter has followed up this advertising most industriously during the past five years, and today every important city in the United States has its hotel on the New York model, with the same gilded luxury, the same Swiss waiters and mongrel Franco-German school of cooking, and the same swift spending pace.

It is only human nature to be drawn into New York's spending machine, and not always a simple matter to get out whole. At the same time I hold that any man with an average income who lives in New York long enough to see how the spending machine works and the spending pace is maintained, will ultimately cease pitting himself against the tremendous odds against his pocketbook.

New York spending is a plain business affair.

From time to time the gilded youth with inherited money flashes into the Great White Way; but he is largely incidental. Most people see the folly of even trying to compete with him.

There are three other varieties of spenders not so easily seen through however. First, seller and buyer. A merchant comes to town to select goods, an investor to see a promoter, a manufacturer to consult with his advertising agent, attorney or representative, a client to confer with his broker. After a year of hard work and normal living at home the buyer combines business with relaxation, and the seller, knowing what the buyer wants, manages to show him a typical section of New York's gay surface life in a few evenings. The taxicab fares, theater boxes, dinners and tips run up beyond all conscience; but they are covered by a trifling percentage on the business transaction involved, and when the thing is over the buyer goes back home and the seller too. Both return to normal living. Neither would dream of keeping up such a pace. The man who has lately come to live in New York may try to keep it up for a time, but eventually common sense shows him that competition is foolish, because the pace is maintained by endless relays of buyers and sellers.

Second, there is the occasional pleasure-seeker. The young couple on their honeymoon see New York for once in their lives. Tourists on their way to or from Europe stop for a few days. Well-to-do people from everywhere visit the metropolis at intervals to shop, to be entertained or instructed, to brush up generally. These occasional pleasure-seekers' expenses for a brief whirl of New York life may run from a hundred dollars up to almost any figure. Usually they pour their money into the spending machine with little regard to values. Theater tickets at the last moment at high prices, taxicabs where they would walk at home, a dime or a quarter to the bellboy who wishes them a pleasant "Good morning"—it is all once in a blue moon, and they let go of money as they would let go of it nowhere else. This variety of spending, too, is maintained by endless relays of visitors.

Finally come resident spenders and those who, though living elsewhere, maintain a regular contact with New York. Here the spending is based on a somewhat different idea, for with this third class extravagance is the American substitute for caste.

In Europe everybody has a definite social position fixed by birth and education. Individuals pass from one social level to another with more facility than is thought. Yet the vast mass of Britons, Frenchmen, Germans, and so forth, pass their lives on the social level where they were born. Position is fixed. Their compatriots place them at a glance. This caste makes for contentment. There is hardly any temptation to spend for appearance, because such spending will not lift them into a higher order. The social values are not easily falsified. Thus two merchants of the same class will have retired with incomes earned in business. They live in the same suburb. One has twenty thousand a year and keeps an automobile. The other has only five thousand, and for him an automobile is out of the question. Yet their families associate with little envy on one side or pretentiousness on the other, and to the man with five thousand a year it would seem madness to try to maintain a touring car for the sake of appearing as well off as his neighbor with four times the income.

In the United States, on the contrary, the absence of fixed social levels tends to encourage lavish spending. People try, by appearance and the possession of mere things, to give themselves fictitious social values. This social counterfeiting, though common in every American community, reaches its highest development among the third class of New York's spenders. Elsewhere people seem to feel that the thing is successful if they can put themselves into circulation as twenty-dollar banknotes. But the metropolitan standard of social counterfeiting is to pass yourself off as a safe-deposit box full of gilt-edge securities.

Good Living on Two Dollars a Day

SUPPOSE, however, that you have lived in New York long enough to see the futility of trying to compete in any of these classes. Very likely you earn the money you spend and want to get value for it. Maybe you have discovered that this world of reckless spending is not only expensive, but also rather empty.

Well, let me tell you what you can do. You may put a two-dollar bill in your vest pocket every morning and for that reasonable sum buy more than you will want to eat all day. You not only can breakfast, lunch and dine in good surroundings and on good food, but several times a week you can afford lunch or dinner in the most famous and expensive hotels in town. If you have the Continental habit of breakfasting on coffee and a roll you may visit the famous places oftener. And you may do this day after day, year in and year out, living on the greatest variety and never exceeding your allowance. In doing so you will pick up a knowledge of New York that cannot be acquired by throwing money away at the expensive resorts.

When it comes to restaurants no city in the world has resources like New York. Only a few of the world's largest capitals have such a number, and New York, by the motley character of its population, beats them all for cosmopolitan variety. You will find restaurants in every street and of every nationality and class. Perhaps nine out of ten are cheap lunchrooms; but the odd one is likely to be first-class in every respect, serving food that is well cooked and good, in clean surroundings and at moderate prices. There are innumerable places where an excellent lunch can be had for forty to sixty cents, and a full table-d'hôte dinner at fifty to seventy-five cents. There are eating places of German, Hungarian, French, Italian, Jewish, Spanish and other nationalities, serving dishes of their many countries, and they have an atmosphere of leisure and sociability that is lacking in the big resorts uptown. The waiters know the customers and the customers know each other. You can take your family there or introduce a friend, confident that they will be taken care of as though you had put them up at your club.

Some night you go to a big banquet uptown. It is the annual dinner of the jobbers' association at a famous hotel. You are oppressed by the expensive surroundings and the

strange faces before the affair gets under way. You feel like nobody in your clawhammer clothes. Suddenly you find that you have at least one good friend there. He is right behind your chair and calls you by name, and maybe is not too formal to shake hands with you. For he is Fritz, your own waiter in the German restaurant downtown where you eat lunch every noon, and he sees that you get personal attention at that banquet. Next day, back in the café, Fritz has an increased respect for your social position, and at the same time suggests that you are probably glad to be back again where things are more homelike.

Most of the moderate-price restaurants are on side streets, tucked away in old residences, or behind bars, or down underground in basements. That is the secret of their good values. For every New Yorker who eats about in public places—and every New Yorker has to—is certain to eat a great deal of rent with his food every year. In the big places on the big thoroughfares the percentage of rent included in the dinner check is high. At the less pretentious places on side streets it is correspondingly low. Plan to eat less rent and the problem of New York living is simpler—so far as table expense is concerned anyway.

It takes time to build up an acquaintance with these smaller restaurants. Not one stranger in a hundred ever hears of them. To many persons who live in New York they are more or less unknown. But the man who takes the trouble to investigate will find them everywhere, and building up an acquaintance with them is somewhat like getting into society. Today you go to lunch with a business man in the downtown district. The first instinct of the New Yorker in the company of a stranger is to take him to a costly restaurant and buy him an elaborate meal. Your host starts for some downtown place where prices are highest. But just intimate that you are not very hungry, that you are tired of French cooking, that you would find some quiet little café more enjoyable. Just pave the way, as it were, and he will take you to the fifty-cent lunch place where he probably eats when he has nobody lunching with him. It will be one of the best of its class in that neighborhood and worth knowing about. Next day, perhaps, you lunch with a business man uptown and he takes you to a similar place in his district. And so you go, picking up an acquaintance with good restaurants in different neighborhoods. Almost every New York block is a neighborhood to itself in this respect, the man who knows half a dozen likely places within three minutes' walk of his own office being unable to find one when taken to some other locality.

In the matter of reasonable hotel accommodations, too, New York is not surpassed by any city in this country or abroad. A New York hotel manager was coming home from Europe. Among the passengers with whom he got acquainted was a family party of British people bound for a sightseeing tour of the United States. While talking with them about their plans he found that they had arranged to go straight from the steamer to the railroad, not stopping over in New York even for a night. Their reason for this was, they said, the extortionate charges of New York hotels, concerning which they had heard many stories and received innumerable warnings.

"Suppose you could get a room in a clean, quiet hotel, with heat, private bath, light, attendance and telephone all for eight-and-six a day?" asked the hotel man. "Should you consider that unreasonable?"

"Indeed, no," replied the Britons. "Quite the contrary."

"Well, then, stay over and see something of New York. Come to my hotel; I will give you a room of that kind for two dollars a day, single, or three dollars for two persons. Those are my regular rates. If you don't find my neighborhood convenient then I'll send you to another hotel with the same rates. Many of the stories you hear about New York prices are pure fiction."

There are numerous hotels in New York where a good room with a bath may be had for two dollars a day. If taken for a month or longer the rate is twelve dollars and fifty cents a week. These are thoroughly modern houses in streets handy to theaters and shops, right at the center of New York life. A room with a private bath in what is known as a "family hotel" can be had for as little as a dollar and a half a day. Even in the big, famous and expensive hostelries—the last word in hotel accommodation—it is possible to get a single room for three dollars a day.

New York hotels are remarkable, not so much for their ten-thousand-dollar beds and the large sums that are freely paid for luxury, as for the value that is rendered for a very little money. Take the two-dollar-a-day room with bath as an illustration, which may be had for fifty dollars a month. Even an ordinary apartment house in New York is rented on the basis of ten dollars per month per room unfurnished. At that price the rooms will be small and the neighborhood not fashionable. Therefore the hotel room and bath renting for fifty dollars a month cost the proprietor not far from fifteen dollars a month in rent alone unfurnished. He has to provide furniture, linen, service and maintenance, and take his chance of the room being vacant a certain portion of the year. It is doubtful if his profits average more than fifteen per cent of the whole price paid by his patron. For the three dollars a day paid for a single room in one of the newest and most famous hostelries the space, fittings and service are in proportion. More than that, if chance brings you to one of these hotels late at night without baggage the house makes you comfortable by putting toothbrush, toilet essentials and a nightshirt in your room and makes no additional charge.

Tips make up another item of New York expense about which visitors loudly complain, and New Yorkers, too, and often with good cause. Yet there is excellent value in tips if you take the trouble to get it. Personally I divide tipping into two main branches, rational and irrational. Rational tipping is your direct payment, on a well-understood scale, for personal service. Irrational tipping is handing out quarters and half dollars with no relation to service, to meet the demands of servants who have organized to scare it out of you.

Ten per cent of my lunch check in the case with which this article begins would have been a rational tip. The quarter that the waiter tried to extort by a familiar trick would have been an irrational tip. Once upon a time he would have got it from me, but not now!

In the brilliant uptown section of New York the machinery for squeezing out unearned tips is very complete. The hat-boy who takes your overcoat as you go into the dining room of a big hotel expects his dime and usually gets it. The other day a New Yorker found that, though he spent only three dollars and a half for a hat that lasted him six months, he was paying hat-boys at the rate of about five dollars a month to brush it. The hat-boy is an imposition, however, like the line of uniformed servants who welcome a new guest to one of the big hotels. One opens his cab,

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THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

By Mary Master Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

NO, I DON'T quite remember it! But I am told that my birth created quite a ripple in the flock my father tended. "Yes, my dear," said one of the congregation to me, "you were a sensation, arriving as you did just as your sister was entering college and your brother the preparatory department. I shall never forget your father!" She stopped to chuckle. "I had a cousin visiting me from California when your father came in to pay his regular pastoral call. Of course the topic of conversation was the new baby at the parsonage. We talked about you so much that, as your father rose to go, my cousin said: 'Is this your first child, Doctor Williams?' The little twinkle that we all remember so well danced in his eyes for a moment. Then, drawing his heels together, he made a courtly bow and very impressively answered: 'No, madam, it is my last!'"

So as the last and most rebellious child of a Methodist minister's family I entered my itinerant pilgrimage attached to the Evangelistic train service of the Methodist Discipline. And in those days it was a train service! We might possibly, if the parishioners desired it, stay three years in one place—but no more. So the Discipline declared, and the Discipline was as inexorable as the forefathers' constitution. Naturally, therefore, memory had not swam into my ken before my father was due at another place. And out of the darkness that enveloped this next charge there is one flash of memory. It is my sister's wedding. This was to be a large affair, not so much because my sister desired it as because the members of the church must be invited. Neither in weddings nor in funerals could there be any privacy or any favoritism shown on the part of the minister's family as to those invited. So as the day approached, in the midst of other and more important preparations, two dresses were brought home for me—two—and the first important decision was to be made at the bar of my baby mind. Perhaps only members of a Methodist minister's family can fully appreciate this. Whatever other major or minor decisions we had to make in our much beplaided career, this choice between two garments for the same occasion was not a frequent one. No doubt it was the intensity of this decision that made it a memorable flash out of the darkness.

When I was four years old my parents moved. They knew they had to move, because their three years were up. Our furniture was all packed when my father started that fall for conference; but the destination was not marked. There would be a week of suspense before that label could be attached. The thing that was certain was the assurance that there would be a destination. One thing only a Methodist minister knows—he will have a church. It may pay forty dollars a year or much more; but a church he will have. For every minister a church; for every church a minister.

I Leaped From My Seat Before My Mother Could Stop Me

It was in our next station that my responsibility as a member of a minister's family first began to press. For it was here that I began to hear that statement used as an all-inclusive reason and excuse for things that I must do and for things that I must not do—that ever-haunting statement: "You are a Methodist minister's daughter, you know." Did I know? Well, only time could tell how well I grew to know just what that entailed!

One doesn't necessarily say that a certain person is the lawyer's daughter, or the merchant's daughter, or the butcher's daughter, or the milkman's daughter, but one always says: "She is the minister's daughter." Eating, walking, sleeping, sobbing, laughing, I was always "the minister's daughter." As well try to get away from that as from Omnipresence itself. Whither I went it went, too, and what I did the minister's daughter did!

For churchly subjects, I found, are devised churchly excuses. My mother rued the day when she was forced to acknowledge me a tomboy. Then Providence came to her aid in the matter of a story about Frances Willard. When my mother discovered that she, too, had shown the same propensities for climbing trees and shooting off toy guns and such indecorous proceedings, she made good use of her "example." At church suppers or missionary meetings, when I manifested any desire to regard chairs as prancing steeds and banisters as toboggan-slides, my mother, between whispered admonitions not to forget that I was the minister's daughter, mortified, but too proud to show it, would explain: "She is a Frances-Willard girl." And for some occult reason known only to the initiated, the excuse seemed to work.

It was here also that I had my first Christmas tree. The Sunday-school gave it. Oh, the never-to-be-forgotten excitement of that night! When I heard my name read off, the first one on the

list, I hurried down the aisle to get my present. It was a hat—green, with a red parrot on it—for a child of six! I was delighted, and I smiled down metaphorically on the cheering and nodding people as I bore it back to my mother. There was a strange look on her face, but this had disappeared when the women later crowded round to hear her appreciation. I had to wear that hat! I had to wear several others given me at successive Christmas trees. So it wasn't long before the trees lost some of their glamour, for verily I knew them by their fruits!

Now this particular hat didn't match very well with a red-silk dress that had been given me shortly after we had moved to this church. And here was a complexity. It wouldn't do not to wear the dress, for its donor was a member of the church; it wouldn't do not to wear the Christmas hat. Yet the two were far from harmonizing! It was the first—but not the last—time that I had to be a scarecrow because I was "the minister's daughter." Somehow it seems to be on the consciences of parishioners that they must give to the minister's family. To be sure, some of them charged the gifts off against their money pledges; but some of them gave gratuitously. As I grew older I used to wonder whether they didn't work it as a sort of confessional—feeling that by clothing the minister's family in gift garments they were offering up sacrifices that would in some way curry favor with Heaven and redound to their welfare.

They didn't redound to the welfare of the minister or his family. I learned that lesson well! After a good many years of these gifts it is humiliating to relate that I found myself expecting people to give me things; in fact I rather held it as a personal grievance when they didn't "come through." I wasn't very young when at one critical time I thought I was to be prevented from going to a party because I had no dress that was suitable. I complained to my mother.

"Well, I think I'll go to see Mrs. Wright. She has such loads of clothes. I think she ought to give me something."

The Advent of Jerry

MY MOTHER looked at me for a full moment. "Do you mean"—and I shall never forget her tones, they were so cool and crisp—"Do you mean that you would ask Mrs. Wright to give you anything?"

"Well, no," I answered, "I wouldn't exactly ask her, but I might ——"

My mother finished the sentence for me.

"Hint!" And when she said it I felt very diminutive.

She disappeared in my father's study, and not long afterward I was called in. Very gently but very firmly my father talked to me; and young though I was I detected the trace of sadness in his voice. This was something that he had feared, he explained—the effect of this gift system. He feared it not only for his children but for himself. The effect of giving was subtle! The effect of some giving was invidious! And when it was established in a system it grew degrading and belittling.

"You know, my dear little girl, that you must never think that it is the duty of anybody to give to you. I want you to watch this very carefully. As you grow up you will find that it is blessed to serve; but it is humiliating—oh, shameful!—to think that others ought to clothe you and feed you and serve you for nothing."

I didn't understand it all, of course, but somehow I did understand the sorrow and the humiliation. And as I grew older, and sometimes still had to wear hideous hats and cast-off clothing so as not to offend the women who gave them, this warning acted as an antidote to the effect of this subtle and slow but deadly poison—a poison that attacks no other family in the same position in the social scheme as it does the minister's family.

But Jerry was a gift I valued. Jerry was my dog—the only dog I ever had. One of the members of the church gave him to me when he was a puppy and I loved him very dearly. As I was the only child in a long city block of many houses oftentimes Jerry was my only playmate. He stayed by my side all day, and at candlelight time, when I was sent to bed, Jerry went along and curled up at the foot of my cot and comforted me in the dark. For it was only after Jerry came that I would let my mother turn out the light. He made me feel safe from the queer shapes in the corners and the strange noises under the bed. And in the morning his little cold nose woke me up.

My father's health had been failing, and it was decided that he should take a small church for a year at least, where his responsibilities and duties would be less wearing. As I climbed over the boxes of books and the chairs wrapped up in paper, to sleep for the last time in this house in my little bed, Jerry, as was his custom, followed me. He seemed to know that something was going to happen, and instead of sleeping at the foot of the bed he curled beside me on the coverlid. I was just old enough at that time to begin to feel the separation from my friends. When we had moved before it was like a glad adventure to me, but that night I felt a little homesick. So I flung my arms round Jerry's neck and said: "At least I'll have you to play with, Jerry."

My mother, who had just come into my room, sat down on the edge of my cot, and with tears in her eyes said:

"But Jerry can't go, my dear."

I sat straight up, gathered Jerry in my arms and cried: "Can't go! Why not?"

There was a lump in my mother's throat as she said: "Oh, my dear, it would never do for the minister's family to go to a new place with a dog! You know that some member of the church always entertains us until we can get settled in our home, and no one would want a dog! It would hurt your father."

Here was just another penalty of being in a minister's family. I didn't argue about it. I didn't question it. For I had begun to recognize that the laws of the position were inexorable. I just cried. And Jerry licked away my tears as they rolled down my cheeks most of the night.

It seems like a little thing to most people, I suppose; but it was a very real tragedy to me—one of those tragedies that differentiate the home life of the minister's family. And the remembrance of it still retains a good bit of poignancy. In the lonesome, homesick days that followed I missed more than anything the sympathetic touch of Jerry's cold nose on my cheek. I never had another dog. The price was too high.

Oftentimes Jerry Was My Only Playmate

The next station of our pilgrimage was a town of about eight hundred. Most of the members of the church lived in the country, and the salary recorded in the minutes was four hundred dollars—a parsonage and a donation party. What this last meant occupied a great deal of my thought. The word "party" sounded very exciting, for to my thinking it meant ice cream. When questioned, however, my mother said that there would be no ice cream at this party. Then, turning to my father, she exclaimed: "How I hate it! Can't we get along without this humiliation?"

"We could, my dear," answered my father; "but they couldn't."

"Well, at any rate let's not talk about it," replied my mother.

When two weeks later it was announced from the pulpit that the annual donation party would be held at the parsonage on Wednesday evening, I looked forward to it with mixed feelings. For two days my mother swept and cleaned and polished. "There'll not be a crevice that will escape them," she affirmed. When the morning of the day arrived the sisters who lived in the town trooped in, most of them followed by their husbands bearing tables. These were placed round the room. "Oh," I exclaimed, "it is like my sister's wedding! Those tables are for the presents." And they were. In the evening they were covered with hams, eggs, cabbages, salt pork—oh, yes, much salt pork!—potatoes, jellies, carrots, everything that farm or garden produced. On the top of every gift, in no mistaken lettering, was the name of the donor. The round of the tables was made many times by all. This seemed to constitute the ceremony of "paying their last respects." For in many ways this donation party was the highest monument of the gift system. Not a carrot escaped their notice. The presents interested me, too, very much—particularly a bag on one table that I had seen placed there by an old class-meeting leader whom I disliked. I disliked him because he scolded me every Sunday for wiggling. So during a lull I went up to the table and stuck one finger through the paper, whereupon one onion after another rolled on to the floor. "H'm," I said, "Mr. Perkins has brought onions and we never eat them." My mother whisked me away. Again I had violated that "minister's daughter" edict.

Before they left they offered up prayer and thanksgiving for this contribution, and then three men made the circuit and examined each gift. Afterward I learned that it was the committee appraising the donations. How the market jumped that evening! Eggs purchased at the grocer's for twelve cents leaped, soared, to twenty-five cents. Cabbage sprang to fifteen cents a head, and so on through the list of donations. For by this method they hoped to bait and keep the higher-priced ministers.

I do not eat salt pork now and I rather scorn cabbages. Eggs perished at the rate of five dozen in two days. Like the wrath of Heaven, the donation party descended upon us at one swoop. We didn't dare to sell or give away its products, so half of them spoiled and the other half palled.

No Place for Plain People

IT WAS in this place, too, that I had my first lesson in class feeling. The leading member of the church was a banker; in fact, most of the wealth of the church seemed to be concentrated in him. He was not much liked by the other members of the church, but he was much feared, especially by the members of the official board, who looked largely to him for the sustenance of the church. The poor people in the church—and out of the church, for that matter—seemed to regard him as their foe. With primitive, dramatic frankness they had manifested this by means of drawing a picture of a coffin on his front porch shortly before our arrival. We heard about this the first day that we were there, and so to me he was an object of awe, for he seemed to be playing the leading part in some great drama. The church was his hobby and he was very devoted to my father, averring often that it was "ill health that blew no one some good."

Whenever he came to the parsonage I tagged 'round him in the firm belief that something was sure to happen.

One morning he came to the door in a state of great excitement. "Where is your father?" he demanded of me as I ran to let him in.

"In his study," I said. "I'll show you," and I ran ahead, confident that something was going to be doing this time. He didn't stop to offer any greeting.

"What does this mean, Doctor Williams?" he asked, refusing the chair my father had offered him.

"What do you mean?" replied my father, smiling.

"Why, I hear that you told the Parkses that they could have the church and the service tomorrow for the funeral of old Jacob Parks."

"Yes," was the quiet answer.

"Well, don't you know that that means that all the old clodhoppers from the country will come in with their great big boots and tramp over our carpet? And it's just new!" he thundered. "They'll ruin it—ruin it completely! And what's more—[here he pounded the desk with his hand]—And what's more, we can't take up a collection!" That was where the shoe seemed to pinch the hardest.

My father stood up. "Well, Mr. Nixon, what can we do? It has been the custom for many years in this town, I understand, to give over the Sunday morning service for a funeral if the friends desire to have a church service. Mr. Parks was a member of this church."

"You should have prevented it! You should have prevented it!" roared the irate banker, as he turned on his heels and left the house.

About half an hour had elapsed when I opened the door again—this time to three members of the official board. I ushered them to my father. I wanted to be in on the fireworks! After the preliminary greetings there fell a pause, a rather awkward one, but one my father did nothing to

relieve. He only waited. Then, clearing his throat, one of the board began:

"Mr. Nixon has been to see us." My father nodded. "He's much disturbed." Again my father nodded. The second member broke in:

"About the funeral! It is true, you know, Doctor Williams, that the church has just been renovated, and Mr. Nixon gave the most money for the new carpet and—and ——"

The third member came to the rescue: "And we do need the collection, and of course we can't take one up at a funeral!"

This brought them to the crux of the whole matter, which the first one stated. "I think that you'd better tell them that they can't have the funeral in the church."

My father wheeled round in his chair. "Gentlemen," he said. "Gentlemen, you might as well close the doors of your church! If your church stands for no more than a carpet and a collection, I repeat—you might as well close its doors."

Well, the carpet was mud-stained, and the collection boxes remained dusty, and Mr. Nixon's pew was empty. After dinner, of which my father ate little, I heard him say to my mother: "I couldn't do differently; I wouldn't do differently! It is a little thing, but it may make a great difference to us. You must be prepared for that. Mr. Nixon is very powerful in the church. If he tells the bishop that I am a failure it will mean a poor appointment next year."

The bulky shadow of Mr. Nixon didn't darken our doorway for several weeks. But he finally held out the olive branch in the form of a sleigh-ride behind his "magnificent bays." And in some way the experience seemed to bear fruit. Gradually he acquired a different viewpoint. His manner toward "the poor" changed. He began to like them and he began to help them. And the ill wind that had blown to him from their quarters shifted into a balmier breeze.

It Was the First—But Not the Last—Time That I Had to be a Scarecrow

I Become a Presiding Elder's Daughter

NEVER before had my father been on such a small charge with so many people from the country in his congregation. As he came to know these better, he found the church members needed a wider horizon and more sunshine in their existences. Many of them, he found, had never been more than thirty miles away from their homes. They had never seen street-cars. They were unacquainted with the power that throbbed from modern inventions in the large cities. So he suggested to the Sunday-school that an excursion be organized to go to the capital of the state, about fifty miles away, and that the proceeds be given to the Sunday-school library. In those days the railroads rented out coaches for a stated sum, and there was no limit—except that of space—to the number that could be crowded into one of these. Every one was enthusiastic about the idea—every one but Mr. Nixon. He thought it folderol! Just why, no one knew, unless it violated the established order of things and threatened his pocketbook. "You'll make no money," he prophesied. "And if you come out at the little end of the horn don't call on me."

Very early in the morning of that day I was up, too excited to sleep. I ran to look out of the window. It was a dreary sight. A cold drizzle was falling. I called to my mother, and when she saw it she, too, groaned. "Oh, dear," she said, "now the country people can't come in, and they've bought their tickets and they'll feel mean over the whole thing!" But even as she said it we heard the rumble of wagon wheels going into the livery near the churchyard. One after another the country parties came; and when the engine pulled out of the station it puffed hard under its extraordinary load. The sun came out, too, and for many of our people it proved to be a truly great day.

When, on the following day, my father handed to the treasurer, Mr. Nixon, one hundred and twenty-five dollars, the banker's face glowed and his eyes gleamed.

"Didn't we do well?" he exclaimed. And my father, thinking of something other than the money, seconded him in full accord.

When the time for conference rolled round again most of our furniture was packed and waiting. Health had returned to my father, and my mother vowed she would not face another donation.

No doubt there was much lying awake at nights, much speculation and many prayers as to our future geographical and ecclesiastical position; but the new appointment was an illustrious one. My father was recognized as a man of strength. And although we found in later years that not always is the race to the strong, in that appointment we enjoyed one of the first positions, for in no diplomatic career is rank more firmly established than in this religious organization. And it was always a triumph to be a presiding elder!

I remember this next place with particular vividness. My father had to be away from us most of the time; for the function of the presiding elder was to preside over a certain number of churches; to visit them as often as possible, to straighten out their tangles; in short, to be the bishop of his district. It was considered an honor to entertain the presiding elder, and the women vied with each other as to who should do it. In the many years of this work he often came home with severe colds, contracted by sleeping in the spareroom, which frequently was unoccupied, unaired and unheated for months at a time. Sometimes he was forced to drive twenty miles or more to get to his charge. This to say nothing of the meals he had to eat!

This appointment, too, meant that my mother and I were left to loneliness. Moreover, this was augmented by fear. The presiding elder's parsonage was a tumble-down affair since converted into a very fair specimen of a Colonial house, but then unpainted and unheated, except here and there by stoves. But that was the least of its evils.

We hovered under the eaves of the Baptist church on one side of it. We shivered from the winds that swept over our backs coming from the orchard across the street at our left. We looked at the sunset through the windows of the Episcopal church that faced us. Our nearest neighbor lived catercornered from us. My mother, troubled by tramps all through the day, would often sit up until two and three o'clock in the morning too afraid to sleep, and when she did come to rest she would lock us in the room by means of shears forced through the rickety latches of the door. When my father discovered this he hired the minister's son to sleep in the house, as a suggestion, at least, of protection to my mother.

A Narrow Escape From Episcopalians

IT WAS here that I clothed myself with that false pride that, it seemed to me, should attend the seats of the mighty. I reveled in being the presiding elder's daughter. I was proud of being one of a Methodist minister's family. I like to look back on that now, for in perspective it seems to me that this was the only place in which I could have been a comfort to my father's position. Remembering the days of stress that followed and my attempts to make an adjustment, I hold fast to the remembrance of this devotion.

Indeed I was so partisan that the Episcopal minister, when he stopped to play with me, amused himself by saying: "I'll have to make an Episcopalian out of you." I would shake my head and stamp my foot and then run away for fear he would. If I saw him blocks away I would take to my heels to avoid meeting him and risking that worse than disgrace of becoming an Episcopalian! One Easter my mother announced that she was going to the vesper service at the Episcopal church. I begged to be allowed to stay at home, but she was too strong for my pleas and my arguments and fearfully I followed her. I slunk down in the seat behind a big hat, so that the minister might not see me and spiritually kidnap me. When he asked all those that were to be baptized that Easter to come forward it was too much for me. I leaped from my seat before my mother could stop me, darted out of the church and, unable to get in our house, crouched on the doorstep, waiting for sanctuary against Episcopalian waters!

In two years my father was sent to a much larger district; and they changed the term that we might stay to six years—six! Here it was that we had our first home. Oh, the luxury of that stationary feeling when we could settle back in our home and forget the motion of the train! This is not the least of the tragedies that darken the life of the minister's family. Those who have watched the acorns planted on their lawns grow into sturdy oaks; those whose homes vibrate in every corner, in every crevice and cranny, with memories and associations of youth and age, of laughter and sorrow, can never know what it means to be housed but homeless, to be wandering and never free. Six years in one place seemed to me like a lifetime!

(Continued on Page 61)

I Began to Notice on the Part of My Dearest Friends That "Collection-Box" Attitude

The Saint and the Second Nail

"'Sure, There's Consylation for Ahl the Ills o' Life in a Fight'"

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

MR. MULREADY, Nestor of the McGonigal Flats, sat on the front steps of that eminent edifice, smoking his after-supper pipe. The evening breeze, pungently flavored with ship-chandlery from the river and soft-coal smoke from the yards, stirred the venerable white whiskers that fringed his slightly simian jowl. His eyes twinkled humorously as he raised them to the disconsolate looking figure of the young man in the calico shirt, who was hesitating at his elder's obstructing legs.

"There's no rush about ut, Jamesey," said Mr. Mulready. "There'll be lashin's an' l'avin's an hour from now. Sit ye down. The longer ye wait for ut the more ye'll enjye ut."

"Whatcha talkin' about?" demanded the young man in the black calico shirt somewhat surlily, but stopping nevertheless.

"I'm referrin' to whativer ut is ye're gettin' in the habit av takin'," replied the little bald man easily as he took his legs out of the way and leaned against the cement column of the doorway. "Sit ye down an' listen to the word I have for yer private ear. That's right! Now l'ave me tell ye there's betther ways than dhrownin' ut. The best I know is workin' ut to death, hut I'll not say that's plisint or that I'd do ut mesilf. I'd forget ut. Annyway, 'tis not a good thing to let the gyurl think she showed good sinse whin she turned ye down. 'Tis like she's consated enough ahlready."

"That's no lie," agreed the young man as he lighted a cigarette.

"Go putt on your gay garmints an' pick ye out another wan, Jamesey," counseled the old man, wrinkling amiably.

Jamesey shook his head.

"To blazes with them!" he said bitterly.

"Now ye're talkin'!" commended Mr. Mulready. "That's the beginnin's o' wisdom, as manny the lad has found out. I have hopes av ye. I'll go bail ye niver heard tell av Teague O'Rorke an' Saint Senanus! In coorse ye didnut. Well, there's a case in p'int, as ye might say, though ut happened before Fin McCoul wint to work on the Big Road, an' that's an age to putt gray in annybody's galways. Well, this Teague was a fine, upstandin', sthrappin', good-lookin' lad like yersilf, wid a soft heart an' a head that was none av the hardest; an' what does he do but fall under the curse av Adam's race by rayson av a slip av a gyurl wid the light av desthruction in the gray eyes of her, an' a tongue that was sharp as the sting av a bee whin ut wasnut dhrippin' honey like the crayture's bag. I'll tell ye about ut.

"Wan fine mornin' afther a ristless night, Teague stips lightly down the boreen from Slieve Cullane, wid his head up an' whistlin' The Black Rogue till he comes to the cottage where the gyurl lived; an' there was she, settin' by the door, shellin' peas into a crock, an' she looked up at him wid her gray eyes under her black brows an' smiled.

"'What are ye smilin' at, alanna?' says Teague.

"'At nothin',' says she wid her white teeth showin' even as the peas in the pod. '"Tis a way I have, Hivin help me!'

"'Do ye think av nothin'?' Teague axes her wid meanin'.

"'Not whin I've somethin' ilse to think av,' she makes answer.

"'Will ye know the thought I do be havin'?' says Teague.

"'I'd not know much,' says she.

"'Modesty is a jool, an' there ye have ut,' Teague says. 'My thought is av ye, acushla—sleepin' an' wakin', night an' mornin'. 'Tis you that fills the heart an' mind an' eye av me, an' I'll know nayther peace nor aise till ye give thim to me.'

"'Sure, I've none av aythor to spare whin ye're round.' She frowned as she said ut and Teague felt his heart sink. But, thinks he to himsilf, there's no tellin' till ye're tould, an' thin not always.

"'Eileen, asthore, will ye marry me?' he axes her.

"'Teague, ma bouchal, I will not!' she replies.

"'An' what's the rayson?' says he.

"She arched her black brows at him. 'Hear to the gomerel!' says she. 'He wants a rayson. Well, thin, first, your nose is in the middle av your face; an' nixt, wan av your feet folleys the other whin ye walk; an' third, an' the best rayson av ahl, 'tis bekase I will not; so be off wid ye, Teague O'Rorke, an' l'ave me luk at the pigs.'

"So, wid that, me poor Teague turns about an' up the boreen he goes, wid his chin on his bristbone an' black sorrow beneath that, ontil, afther walkin' some ways, he comes to a piper sittin' by a cromlech an' blowin' Carolan's Lament on his pipes, wid a jimmyjohn convaynient to his elbow.

"'God save ye kindly, avick!' says the piper. 'An' what ails ye that ye hang your head an' drag your feet on a clare May mornin'—ye, wid a whole coat to your back an' the down soft on your lip?'

"'Tis the feet is the throuble, good man,' says Teague. 'Whin I walk wan av thim folleys the other!'

"'Sure, thin, ye've putt the first wan in the wrong road,' says the piper. 'I'll go bail there was a colleen at the ind av ut!'

"'To the back av that, me nose is in the middle av me face,' says Teague.

"The piper handed him the jimmyjohn. 'Putt ut over the nozle av that,' he says. 'Ye'll feel betther. Talk av the corjal that shparkled for Helen! Hers was a fiction; this is reality, praise be! Take enough av ut an' your feet'll go in conthrary directions intirely; so there's wan throuble the less.'

"Wid that, Teague takes a swig. Right poteen ut was, Jamesey, an' that's what ye'll niver get at Gazzoli's. Ut will grow hair on a man's chist an' take ut off the back av his hand. Ut goes down like ile an' honey, an' ut rises up in the gall av bittherness an' takes the top av your head wid ut the nixt mornin'—an' that Teague was to find, for wan dhrink led to another, an' ut was turn an' turn about wid the both av thim, wid illegant discoorse bechune, till the moon kem up behind Slieve Cullane an' the piper cud not tell the chanter from the drone.

"'So, by that token, ut's time to rest, Teague,' says the piper, blowin' his last wind into the bag. 'I do this, as ye see,' he says, 'an' thin I lay me head on ut. By the time the screech is squeezed out I'm anorin', as ye'll notice!'

"Teague was asleep ahlready, though, so the screech made no differ to him. But whin he woke —— 'Sure, I'll go down to the Shannon, an' if the tide's at ebb I'll get fair wather enough to slack me thirst,' he reflicts wid his head in his hands. Thin, gettin' up, he addhresses the piper, who was still in the arms av Murphy. 'Ye mean well,' he says, 'but a headache atop av a heartache is no good thing. Ye've l'arned me that; so good luck to ye!'

"So he wint down to the Shannon, where the town av Kilrush wid its bathing machines is to this day; an' he tuk a big dhrink, an' another an' yet another, till he'd slacked his thirst. Thin he rensed his head in the cool wather till he'd rejooced ut to near the ordinary size av feelin', but whin he sthraightened up the pain at his heart was as sharp as iver.

"'Ochone!' says he. 'What will I do at ahl at anl!'

"Just thin he lukked across to the little island av Scattery, an' he tuk notice av the roof av a little stone house that was like a garage for a motycycle, wid the round tower beyant; an' at the sight he slapped his leg.

"'Bejackers! I'll go see Saint Senanus,' he says. 'He'll tell me what to do.'

"Now in thim days Saint Senanus was ahlmost as big a man as Saint Patrick himsilf through County Clare, though, in coorse, he hadn't the reppitation outside. Just thin he was livin' alone on Scattery, contemplatin' the vanity av earthly things, which I have a habit av doin' mesilf on me off days. Well, Teague borrys the loan av a fisherman's boat an' rows over; an' the first thing he sees is a sign:

KAPE OUT!

THIS MANES YE, MADAM!

"An' alongside was another:

BEWARE AV THE MOUSE!

"'Sure, that's a quare thing!' says Teague. But he walks up the path that there was through the woods an' prisintly he kem to the little stone house; an' there, settin' on a bench before the door, wid a goold-headed crook across his knees, was a mighty ugly-lookin' ould gintleman, wid a sharp nose an' a long, billygoat beard that reached down to his bare toes.

"'Well,' says the ould felly, scowlin' at Teague, 'what's wanted?'

"Teague pulled off his caubeen an' made a leg. 'So pl'ase your riverence,' says he, 'I've come to ax advice av your wisdom an' ixpayrience if ye're the gintleman I think ye are.'

"'I'm Saint Senanus,' says the ould boy. 'If ye want good advice ye've come to the right shop for ut. Shpit ut out, avick, an' we'll see what's to be done.'

"'Father,' says Teague, 'I'm in sore throuble by rayson av a gyurl wid gray eyes an' a hard heart. I've nayther peace nor aise for the want av her; nor have I had for manny the doleful day an' ristless night. She's a fever in the marrow av me bones, a hunger in me midriff, a lump in me throat, an' a tormint to me sowl.'

"'They're ahl that way, bad cess to thim!' says Saint Senanus, mighty savage. 'To the back o' that, they're a snare to the feet, a delusion to the eye, and rank pizen to the mind, so they are! They're peril by land an' say, an' pestilence stalkin' abroad; they're blight an' desthruction an' famine an' flood; they're witchcraft an' black magic an' consumin' fire an' howlin' timpest—an' more—an' worse,' says he, 'if I cud only think av ut.'

"'Baitherahin! Ye don't tell me!' says Teague. 'Sure, I niver consayted ut wor that bad. But what will I do to aise me, your riverence?'

"'Do!' says Saint Senanus as cross as two sticks. 'Do annything ye pl'ase, ye bodach! D'ye think there's no divarsion in life but wid wimmen? If ye can't be a saint an' keep away from thim, be a man! Get dhrunk—in moderation. Trail your coattails where some brisk lad will be glad to stip on thim. Sure, there's consylation for ahl the ills o' life in a fight, an' there's spoort in the winnin' av wealth. 'Tis ahl vanity an' vixation; but there's a power av fun in ut till ye l'arn betther.'

"'Thank ye kindly, your riverence,' says Teague; 'but I've thried the dhrink, an' divil resave the consylation there is in that—savin' your prisince. As for fightin', I've bate sivinteen av the tightest lads in the barony that kem a-coortin' Eileen, an' me nose is still in the middle av me face. I'll not spake av goold money, for that wud be to rub grease on a fat pig—sure, I've land an' goold both; but me heart is heavy widin me for the light in Eileen's gray eyes an' the quirk av her smile an' the mockin' music on her tongue.'

"'Ye're a big fool intirely!' says Saint Senanus whin he'd heard ahl this.

"'Thrue for ye!' says Teague. 'But cud I not be a saint? Wud that not aise me?'

"Saint Senanus looked at him an' clawed at his beard. 'I dunno,' he says—'I dunno. Well, ye might thry ut. Pick ye out a nice little islet av your own an' build ye a cell an' give ut a thrile; but ye'll be sure to kape the foot av woman from uts sod. Get ye a snuff-colored gown like I'm wearin'—an' ye'll need a crook; ut's handy as a sprig

av blackthorn whin ye get the hang av ut. Ye'll ate acorns an' blackberries, an' hips an' haws, an' the like, in coorse; an' ye'll dhrink wather. Thim's the rules.'

"'How'll I pass the time?' Teague axes him.

"'Miditate,' says the saint. 'Sit an' miditate. The more a man does that an' the less he says, the betther ut is for him; an' so the top av the mornin' to you, avick!'

"'Will ut bring me peace an' aise?' says Teague.

"'Ut has brought peace an' aise to me,' the good saint makes answer.

"So Teague gets into his boat an' rows down strame till he comes to a shootable island, an' there he wint to work an' built him a little cell on the patthern av the wan Saint Senanus lived in; an' he gives ut out to the fishermen that he's l'arnin' to be a saint himself an' wants no inthrusions on his primises. 'An' that goes double for wimminfolks,' says he. 'I want that understood clarely by ahl.'

"While he was busy, wid his mind on the stones an' clay that wint into the four walls av the cell, he felt aisier, an' bein' dog-weary at the close av the day he slept betther; but whin the work was ahl done an' he sat him down an' begun to miditate, divil a thing ilse kem into his head but the gyurl, Eileen. He'd putt in a mornin' miditatin' on the sheen av her hair an' the little sthray curls av ut that twined round her pink ears; an' the afthernoon he'd spind miditatin' on the color av her poutin' lips an' the line av ivory that flashed bechune thim whin she spoke or smiled; an' there was the turn av her white ankle to consider, an' the lift av her eyebrows, an' the things that she had said to him.

"A month an' a day was Teague miditatin' there, wid his bowils pullin' at him for the mainland ivery wakin' minute av the time, not to spake av the difficulty av accustomin' himself to the acorns an' blackberries. Now an' thin he'd row over an' collogue wid Saint Senanus, but that didn't help him much. Still, he tould himself he'd stick if ut killed him, so he was shut av the sorrow. Meanwhile his fame had spread abroad, an' ivery now an' thin he'd have to go down to the beach an' pelt rocks at a boatload av fair young faymales who was makin' for the island for the curiosity av ut. But he cuddent be on watch ahl the time, an' so ut kem that wan day as he sat wondherin' what Eileen was wondherin' about him—if she'd not forgotten intirely—he heard a rustle in the bushes, an' as he lukked up his heart jumped to the throat av him an' stuck there, hammerin' at his Adam's apple.

"His first thought was that ut was an angel; but there was no wings to the crayture, an' there was a glint in her eye, as she stud there lukkin' at him, that no angel iver had, though 'tis common among mortal gyurls. She was tall, an' she was like a kippeen av the willow, for the sthraightniss an' soupleniss av her; an' her neck an' bosom an' arms was like milk for their whiteniss. She was dhressed in a sky-blue robe, wid a goold girdle about her slim waist; an' there was goold bracelets on her arms; an' a thin goold band, wid blue stones, on her head, houldin' her hair from fallin' about her face; an' the slippers on her bits av feet was cloth av goold. But, ye'll mind me, the goold av her hair was beyant annything iver dug from a mine for brightniss an' richniss, an' ut hung as far behind as the beard av Saint Senanus did in front; an' you'd niver luk twice at the blue stones in the crowneen bekase av the blue av her eyes, which was deeper an' cl'arer an' sparkled like the sunbeams on Shannon wather. An' whin she spoke it sounded like the brown thrush in the rowan tree.

"'I am seekin' the saint that lives on this island,' says she to Teague.

"Sure, 'twas a hard thing for a young man to luk at her cowld an' scornful—so ut was—but Teague frowned nivertheless. 'Faymales is not allowed on these primises!' he says. 'If I'd not been too much occupied on me miditations to take notice av your boat I'd have pelted ye off wid rocks,' says he, 'ere iver ye landed. Begone,' he says, 'an' ahtop pollutin' the sacred sod wid your woman's fut!'

"She laughed an' raised the hem av her robe just about an inch—no more—for to luk at her slipper.

"'Sure, you're not the saint!' she says.

"'Why wuddent I be?' says Teague.

"'Your shouldhers are too broad an' your cheeks have the red blood in thim,' she says. 'Your nose is sthraight an' your mouth still turns up at the corners; your hair curls thick on your head an' ye lack a beard, an' ye're washed as late as this mornin'. Thim's the signs I go by.'

"'Tis dhry weather we do be havin',' Teague makes answer. 'I'm ahl the saint ye're like to find here. Will ye pl'ase to go?'

"'Why don't you like wimmin?' she goes on, ignorin' his request.

"'Begone Wid Ye, Shameless Gyurl! Begone From Me Island!'"

"Teague had to scratch his head a momint at that. 'Bekase ——' says he. 'Bekase —— Sure, ut's bekase they're calamity an' ruin an' the abomination av desolation,' he says; 'they're Dead Say fruit an' a thorn in the flesh; they're the wellspring av woe, the infirmity av otherwise sthrong minds; they're—they're the very divil!'

"'They niver paid the ixtry penny for manners to the schoolmasther that l'arned ye,' says she. 'So I'm ahl that, am I?'

"'Ye're a woman,' says Teague.

"'An' I hoped to find ye a man,' she says. Thin she wrung her hands an' a tear like a crystal bead ran down the side av her pretty little nose. 'Wirra!' she cried. 'There's no help for me! I must marry that red-headed Turloch McQuin—an' I always liked a black-headed man! Listen, ye big silly gossoon: I am Sheila, Princess av Thomond.'

"'If I wor on the mainland me knee wud be on the ground before ye,' says Teague. Thomond, ye'll understand, was the ould ancient name for County Clare. 'Me knee wud be on the ground before ye,' says he; 'but here 'tis different, an' I'll break me rules for no woman. An' ye're a woman!'

"'In throuble,' says she, coaxin' wid her bright eyes.

"'I'll not help ye,' says Teague, the frown still on his face. 'Why do ye come to me?'

"'Sure, there's nobody ilse they'd l'ave me go to,' she says, 'but a saint! Where's the harm? A saint will not fight, an' the man I need must fight.'

"'I'll not help ye,' says Teague. 'Why wud I? An' how cud I?'

"'Ye can come into me father's hall a week from this day an' there ye'll find Red Turloch, wid the cup in his hand an' the bottle at his elbow,' says the princess. 'Ye'll know him, bekase he will be a head an' shoulders above the tallest man in the room; an' he has the teeth av a wolf, an' the eye av a snake, an' me girdle wuddent span his arm. Ahl ye have to do is ax him to fight, an' thin—kill him.'

"'An' what thin?' Teague axes her.

"'Thin I'll marry who I pl'ase,' says she, smilin' innocent as a child. 'Wud ut be agreeable to ye if I married yoursilf?'

"Teague stipped back an' turned the palm av his hand to her. 'Begone wid ye, shameless gyurl!' says he. 'Begone from me island!' An' bekase his knees was weak undher him he turns an' rushes into his cell an' slams the door—an' thin putts his eye to a chink in ut.

"The princess stud for wan momint where he'd left her, her hands held to her face that showed rosy red bechune the slim white fingers. Thin she turned an' walked slowly away; an' somehow ut seemed to Teague as if the light av the sun had folleyed afther her.

"Ye'll note that ut niver rains but ut pours. Teague had scarce miditated for an hour afther the princess had left him whin there comes a rap on the door, an' whin Teague opind ut who wud be there but Eileen! At the sight av her Teague wondered, for—lo an' behould yez!—his pulse was as even as the tick av an eight-day clock, an' the weight that had been on his bosom was lifted intirely. As for Eileen, there's no tellin' what was in her mind; but her face was pale an' her black brows were drawn sthraight across her forrid till they ahlmost met.

"'Save ye kindly, Teague O'Rorke,' she says wid a smile av her lips. 'An' is ut yersilf in the brown frock an' sandals! Sure, ut's a pity ye've not shaved your head—so ut is. A fine figure av fun ye luk—be good to us!'

"Teague blushed to the tips av his ears, but if his face was hot his voice was cowld.

"'I'll not say "Kindly welkim," for there's no welkim to wimminkind here,' he says. 'What have ye come for?'

"'Suppose I've come for the curiosity av ut?' says she.

"'Thin ye may luk your fill on me brown frock an' me sandal feet an' go back the way ye kem,' says Teague.

"She bit her lip at that, an' thin she smiled like the light from behind a dun cloud. 'Suppose 'tis to ax your pardon for hard words I didnut mean?'

"'Thin I grant ye grace,' says Teague; 'an' ye may go back wid ut on the same path.'

"'Ye've a hard heart for a round cheek an' a bright eye,' says she.

"'Tis thim have the hardest,' Teague made answer. 'Praise be! I've l'arned from a withered cheek an' a bleared eye, an' the ache is gone from me brist an' the aise is soft in ut.'

"Her black brows arched an' her eyes was like cowld steel. 'Was that the word ye gave the fine princess?' says she.

"Wanst more Teague blushed. 'I bade her go,' says he; 'an', havin' manners an' knowin' well I scorned ahl wimmin, she wint.'

"'For why wud ye scorn wimmin?' says she.

"'Bekase they're desayt an' delusion,' says Teague. 'Bekase they're light as the breeze-blown down from the rush, an' they're heavy as the nether millstone to drag man to

(Continued on Page 49)

"'By the Time the Screech Is Squeezed Out I'm Snorin', as Ye'll Notice!'"

THE POLITICIAN'S PARADISE

The Divisions of the Two Grand Bodies are Minute

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

A CITIZEN of Paris, writing to his deputy—or, as we would put it, his member of Congress—said: "Monsieur, from the bottom of my heart I thank you for procuring for me the position I sought, and I pledge you my eternal support and the support of my relatives and friends!"—and so on for three pages.

The deputy replied: "Monsieur, though it is true that I obtain many excellent positions for my constituents, it so happens I have forgotten the case of which you speak because of the great number of fine billets I have secured for those who support me. However, I am delighted to know that the position I obtained for you is satisfactory, and I receive your assurances of support, by yourself, your relatives and friends, not only with gratitude but as a tribute to my great success in providing remunerative places for those who are my friends"—and so on to the extent of four pages, mostly given over to telling how he loads up the French governmental payroll.

This over, the deputy promptly printed the whole correspondence in a Paris newspaper, showing everybody that he is the boy who can get jobs for those who support him, and soliciting the continued suffrages of the voters of his district on that account—not because he saves the money of the people, but because he spends it freely for the benefit of his partisans!

There you have the bottom and the top—the front and the back—of French politics. Playing skillfully on the universal French desire for a little distinction compounded with the French idea that government title and salary, or a government decoration, however small, gives that distinction over less fortunate neighbors, the French politician literally buys his continued officeholding by patronage of this and other kinds. Once he gets in, if he is lavish with his job giving and his order bestowing, he can stay in as long as he likes. And for this reason France is loaded down with an army of petty placeholders, and jammed with men who have minor decorations to wear proudly, thus showing their superiority over their neighbors; and the politician goes along, gets his salary and perquisites, enjoys his various grafts—and lives in clover!

Lack of Interest in the Presidency

THE professional politician is not highly regarded in France. The industrious workers, the merchants, the professional men and, of course, the aristocrats look on him as a sort of declassed person—necessary, but not nice. It is quite true there are a number of men in France who are professional politicians—and who strive to be known as statesmen in some instances—who are of the highest grade both as to abilities and integrity; but the usual run of the politicians, the men who hold the bulk of the good offices, who do most of the legislating, are known for exactly what they are—professional politicians of the rawest sort, using patronage to maintain themselves in power.

The people as a whole take little interest in politics. Six weeks from the day this is written there will be a presidential election in France. A president to succeed M. Fallières is to be chosen. It is true the voters as a whole have no direct voice in the selection of their president—but their direct representatives, the senators and the deputies, do; and the President of France holds office for seven years and gets two hundred and forty thousand dollars a year, salary and allowances. Moreover, he is supposed to be the chief magistrate of a populous and prosperous country and much outlying territory. France is one of the great powers and a member of the Triple Entente with England and Russia. It would seem to an outsider that the President of France should be quite a chap.

Still, with a presidential election only six weeks away, the people of France are taking not the slightest interest—and will take no interest. Nothing appears in the papers about the coming election, save a casual paragraph now and then stating that the friends of So-and-so think he might do. So far as the people are concerned it is doubtful whether half of them know there is to be a presidential election, and it is quite true that not a quarter of them care! It is the same with the other elections. The people as a whole do not concern themselves with politics. Politics, they seem to assume, is the business of the politicians. Wherefore let the politicians attend to their business; and if, perchance, there is a vast increase in petty officeholders, and a bit of grafting now and then, the French people shrug their shoulders and content themselves with the reflection that these things go with the game and therefore are to be endured. The abuse of patronage and the use of office for personal enrichment are what politics is for, and Frenchmen who are not in politics keep out and let things go as they will. Besides, there is always the hope that they may get a job or get a minor decoration, and thus be enabled to have a ribbon to wear or a title to put on a card or letterhead—and why spoil a good thing?

Thus this country is the paradise of the politician. He does about as he pleases. He loads down the payroll with jobholders, secure in the knowledge that not only those jobholders but all their relatives and friends, who reflect the glory of the member of the family who has the distinction conferred by a title as a minor officeholder, or by a button or ribbon of a minor order, will continue to support him every time he runs for office. When a general election comes the candidates paste circulars on the walls calling attention to their virtues in the most extravagant language and detracting from their opponents in equally excessive terms; and the people pay no attention to the matter, but vote or not as it happens. The deputies and the senators and the ministers do what they please, enjoy their power and perquisites—and the Frenchman takes it all as a matter of course!

Speaking broadly, the politics of France is divided into two parties—Radical and Conservative; but the divisions of the two grand bodies are minute. Of itself a party designation means little in France, for parties are born and die with amazing frequency, just as newspapers come and go in Paris and other great cities. A man who holds political views can form himself into a party and, if he has a little money, start a newspaper to uphold those views. He may get somewhere or he may not. The French like novelty; and those who take any interest in politics are not likely to be bound by any particular party ties. If they approve of the new man's propaganda they are likely to join him with momentary enthusiasm—and then forget all about it the next day and join another man who has another set of ideas. These are but bubbles. At bottom the political divisions are Radical and Conservative. The Radicals, who are now in control of the government, and who are likely to remain in control for some time, are the Radicals *per se* and Socialist-Radicals. The governments are chiefly chosen from these parties—that is, when a ministry falls the new ministry is made up from the majority forces; for in France, differing from England, when a ministry—which is the government—falls it does not mean there must be a general election, a return to the people for indorsement. The powerful politicians simply pick out a new cabinet or ministry, and that collection of statesmen sees what it can do under the circumstances.

The Line-Up in the Chamber

THE real exemplification of the political divisions in the country is in the Chamber of Deputies. The Chamber is roughly divided into the "left," the "center" and the "right." The left is composed of types of Radicals who in the bulk compose the majority. There is the "democratic left" which is made up of the independent Socialists and the unified Socialists. The unified Socialists, led by Jaurès, are really the Socialists of France. They sit on the left, but rarely vote with the government except on a measure that has Socialist tendencies. Also, there are other minor divisions—one-man and two-men and five-men parties—who particularize about their tenets and differentiate themselves in minute degrees, but act usually with the majority.

The right consists of the Imperialists, the Royalists and the Bonapartists, who are frequently both clerical and Catholic, and who favor the return of the empire. They are never in power and always vote against the government. The center holds the Independents, the stormy petrels, who style themselves *progressistes* and *indépendants*, and who have neither right nor left affiliations, but vote as they see fit.

The ministry represents the apotheosis of political power in France. The chief political ambition of the country—among the professional statesmen—is to be called to the ministry. They have the largest power and, what is more to the point, the greatest amount of patronage at their disposal. The ministry is the government. The prime minister is France so long as he can hold his job. The senators are dignified and dodoish, and the real, practical politician is the deputy, who corresponds to our representative. He gets fifteen thousand francs a year, or three thousand dollars in our money—a good salary for France—rides on the railroads for practically nothing; and he has the jobs to give out. Also there are plenty of contracts; and do not think for a moment that a French politician does not know exactly what to do and exactly how to do it when there is a contract to be given out—nor a senator or a minister either. They are all expert and have eagle eyes to the main chance.

Ranging down from the ministers, the senators and the deputies, are the local governments. In these the great genius of the patronage dispenser is shown, for they are divided and subdivided, and again divided into the most minute sections, each with its large corps of officeholders.

Editor's Note.—Six weeks after this article was written Premier Raymond Poincaré was chosen to succeed President Fallières.

The unit of government is the commune, each with its municipal council and mayor. There are 36,222 of these. The 36,222 communes are divided among 2911 cantons and the 2911 cantons among 362 arrondissements. Cantons have their governments and so do arrondissements. This arrangement, it would seem, provided a good many places for French politicians; but they needed more. Thus the arrondissements are divided into eighty-six departments, each with a departmental council. Prefects, having great powers, govern the departments, and subprefects govern the arrondissements.

The prefect represents the central government. At the risk of making you dizzy, let me give you a look at the scheme: The president is controlled by the ministry. The ministry, working with the majority politicians, appoints the prefects and the subprefects. The deputies and the senators have much to say as to these appointments. Thus the prefect and the subprefect, owing their places to the ministry, influenced by the senators and the deputies, who assume control of their own departments, work on down through until the man who sits in the humble council of one of the 36,222 communes is—indirectly, at least—at the behest of the minister, the senator or the deputy; and so are his relatives and friends.

Take all that into consideration, and then consider the innumerable places in the national government, the attachés of the various governing bodies, the great army of placeholders in the capital and in the capitals of the departments—and you will see why I have called France the paradise of the politician. The people not directly concerned in the job getting and holding, who have their own businesses or employments, do nothing but pay for all this. They have no voice in it and take no interest in it. The politician can do as he pleases. Small wonder the Paris deputy forgot the particular case I cited at the beginning of this article; because he had given out so many jobs it was natural a few of them should escape his memory. Nor is it curious that they go along year after year and get away with their operations. The people who want jobs are a part of the scheme, and the people who do not get jobs have no concern—except better luck next time.

Women in French Politics

THE higher politics revolves about the ministry. If a French politician can get a place as a minister he is fixed forever, even if his ministry lasts but a year or so. And while he is in power he is the Grand Mogul! Also any man who becomes a minister may some day be prime minister. Then he is the greatest man in France by virtue of his place—and if he has ability he is really the greatest man in France while he lasts. All the scheming of the upper strata of politics has for its end the ministry. The minister is It! As is the case with the American Cabinet, the ministers need not be members of the Chamber or of the Senate, but can be chosen from any walk in life.

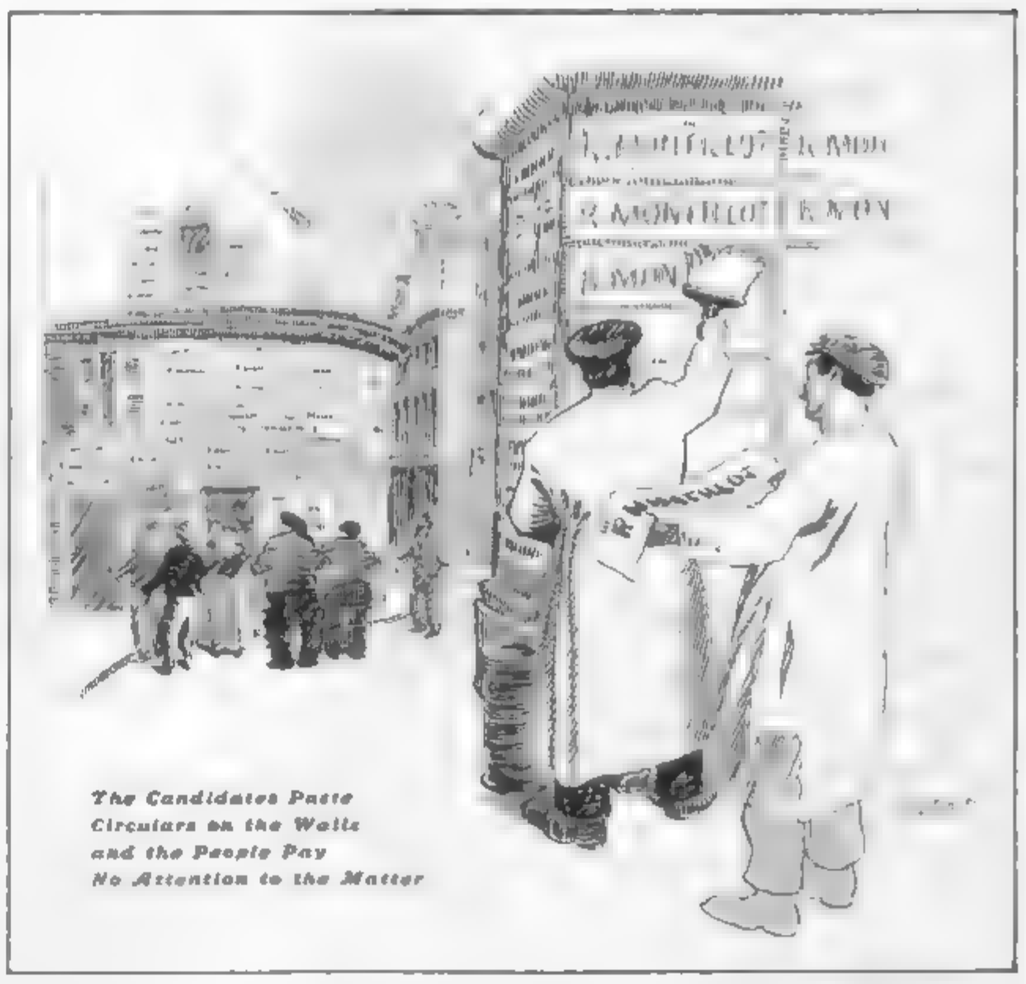
In connection with the scheming to get into the ministry the women of France play a great part. The women of France, indeed, exercise a tremendous influence in the higher politics. In most cases the French wife has the greater share of the domestic ambition, but she likes to shine through the elevation of her husband, not personally, and keeps in the background while doing her scheming for place for her lord and master. The main ambition of every Frenchwoman whose husband is in politics is to be the wife of a minister. To be sure, to be the wife of a prime minister would be better; but being the wife of a minister is pretty good. However, it is distinctly in bad taste to be known publicly as a female politician; so these ambitious women work in secret. They contrive and plot to overthrow ministries in order that they may be powerful directly in the new ministry, and naturally, if they are in power through their husbands or friends in a ministry, they work desperately to maintain that power.

"Find the woman!" is the secret of getting anything done politically in France, either with the ministers or with the other high governing bodies. This is so well known it excites no comment. It is accepted as a matter of course. I know of a case where an important appointment was wanted. Another man had been decided upon. The ministry had gone so far as to vote upon the matter. Still, the friends of the aspirant "found the woman"; the decision of the ministry was reversed and the desired appointment secured—and it was no small appointment either!

Nor has the old political salon passed completely out. Two women extremely powerful in French politics are Madame Bartet and Madame Sorel, of the Comédie Française. They have salons to which the politicians of the higher grade flock to find out what is going on and what other politicians are doing. These women are most competent actresses and are greatly admired on the stage of the national theater. It is said they have made and unmade governments—these and other equally brilliant women. Whether or not that be so, and making due allowance for the exaggerations of the French, there is no doubt that the female influence in French politics, especially in the higher French politics, is very great—and it has been for centuries.

Thus the French politician gets his place largely through the use of patronage and holds it—to some extent at least—through the influence of women. It must not be thought there are not Frenchmen of large ability in public life. Poincaré, the prime minister, for example, is a great man. And there are many scholars and statesmen—in the real sense of the word—in both Senate and Chamber; but as a statesman the French politician is a pretty cheap sort of proposition, and his brand of politics is as cheap as he is. He has no standing with the people; but he doesn't care particularly—for does he not gather in his fifteen thousand francs a year and ride free on the railroad trains? And are there not contracts and perquisites of various kinds and proportions from the salaries of those he appoints? There are—indeed there are! And the people let him alone! That is the main point.

The French are in no way peculiar in their use of patronage or in the desire of the voters to get on the payroll. The United States will discover that presently, when those Democrats get after President Wilson! Still, there are refinements of patronage over here that make our rush for office seem very rough and rude. In the first place, you must remember that the average French farmer or wine grower, or small shopkeeper, is ambitious for his sons. It is hard for a boy to be other than his father was in France. If a lad's father is a baker it is likely the lad will be a baker, and so on. The struggle to get along is almost hopeless. Therefore, when a peasant tilling a few acres, or a vineyardist, or a small shopkeeper, or any other man entitled to a vote, finds that, by the bestowal of that vote and the vote of his relatives and friends, either he or his son may become a petty officeholder, may get a petty title to put on his card, he eagerly bestows all the votes he can control in order that the distinction above his neighbors may be his. It does not take much of a job to make a French son, either in the departments or in Paris or in the other cities, attain a better position—for the family, mind you—than the father has attained; and this desire is especially keen among the middle class—the tradesmen and the other bourgeois. They want to get distinction.



The Candidates Paste Circulars on the Walls and the People Pay No Attention to the Matter

Decorations Traded for Votes

KNOWING this, the job is used in the less important cases; but the important alliances are made through the decorations—the Legion of Honor and the Mérite Agricole, and so on down. Hang a decoration on a Frenchman and he is yours for life. The ministry has a great say in deciding on the decorations of the Legion of Honor. These run from the fifth, or lowest—the chevalier—to the highest—the Grand Cordon—which the president and other supreme dignitaries have. Suppose, for instance, there is a man in Lyons or Marseilles who is important politically, and possibly rich. He controls votes. His influence is needed. The deftest way, the subtle way, of getting at this man in order to control him and his votes indefinitely is not to offer him a job or money, but something—the only thing, by the way—a Frenchman prizes higher than a job or money—a decoration! If the case is urgent, and the senator or deputy or minister is in favor, he can obtain a Legion of Honor decoration for that man. This is the sublimation of flattery and attention, from the Frenchman's point of view. It is easy enough to fake up a reason for the decoration. Any supposed service to France or her art, literature, the state—or what not—is sufficient. The order is bestowed. The man becomes a chevalier of the Legion of Honor or maybe an officer therein; and he is promptly informed of the identity of the politician who secured the decoration for him, and his eternal gratitude and support are insured. In lesser cases the lesser orders are used. Happy politicians with such instruments for self-perpetuation at hand!

The President of France is elected for seven years, and the process of choosing him is as simple as our process is complicated. Every seven years, on January seventeenth or thereabout—usually on that date—the Senate, which numbers three hundred members, and the Chamber of Deputies, which numbers five hundred and ninety-seven members, meet at Versailles and elect a president. There are no primaries, no conventions, no campaigns, no speeches, no parades, no electoral college. The senators and the deputies, sitting as the National Assembly, elect a president. That is all there is to it! After the meeting has been called to order the suggestion is made that a president shall be elected. Then the members vote. They keep on voting until some person has a majority of the votes cast. There are no nominations and no flubdub of any kind. This body of men get together and elect a president. That settles it.

Several candidates have been proposed for the election that comes early in January, 1913. No electioneering of any account has been done for them and none will be done. Friends of a candidate may canvass among senators and deputies for their man, but there is nothing that even

The Only Thing a Frenchman Prizes Higher Than a Job or Money—a Decoration!

approximates our ante-convention and post-convention campaigns. The choice may fall this year on any one of the following men: Paul Deschanel, now president of the Chamber of Deputies—he is fifty-five, a member of the Academy, a brilliant writer, and comes from a distinguished and very rich family; Alexandre Ribot, who is also a member of the Academy, now a member of the Senate, has been three times prime minister and is seventy-one years old—he married Miss Mary Burch, of Chicago; Paul Doumer, who is sometimes called the Roosevelt of France and wants the place—he has lectured at Harvard University and was the runner-up six years ago when Fallières was elected; he is an idealist and wants to save France from materialism and commercialism, which will be a reasonably hard job. Other candidates are Dubost, who is president of the Senate; Jean Dupuy, now minister of public works and owner of the Petit Parisien, the newspaper that has the largest daily circulation in the world, who started as a clerk and is now extremely rich; Leon Bourgeois; and General Lyautey, now resident-general of Morocco, a great soldier and a member of the Academy. There is some talk of electing Poincaré, the prime minister, but it is doubtful if Poincaré wants the job. He has a much better one now, and a much more powerful one, as prime minister.

Nominally the President of France is the chief magistrate. In reality he is a master of ceremonies and nothing more. He is supposed to appoint all ministers and make all civil and military appointments—but he doesn't! Suggestions are given him by the powerful politicians and he follows them. He cannot declare war without the consent of the National Assembly, and every act of his must be countersigned by a minister. They give him two hundred and forty thousand dollars a year, salary and entertainment fund, and a palace to live in; but they also tie his hands until he is a mere lay figure, presiding at state balls and acting as chief of public functions. He has no political power. If one of his ministries resigns he can take very little initiative in forming a new one, for he must be governed by the wishes of the men in control of the majority party, else his structure falls to the ground. The power of the President of France is a pleasing fiction. The ministry is the government—and the prime minister, if he is a strong man like Poincaré, the present premier, is the ministry.

The New Plan of Representation

THE ministers are not necessarily members of either the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies, but they sit on the ministerial benches at times during the sessions of those bodies, especially on Friday in the Chamber, which is interpellation day. On Fridays the members of the Chamber are at liberty to ask the ministers any embarrassing questions they may choose. If the prime minister is present he answers the questions if they relate to the broad policies. Ministers answer questions relating especially to their departments. Interpellation day may be most important for a cabinet; for, if a member has a particularly perplexing or embarrassing question concerning the public welfare and the prime minister is entangled by it, it is the course of the prime minister to propose the "question of confidence." This is done only when an important issue is at stake. If the question of confidence is proposed and the cabinet does not get a vote of confidence it must resign. Then the president is supposed to ask another man to be prime minister and to request him to form a new ministry. That is the only crisis. The government does not lose control. There is no referendum to the people as in England. A new ministry comes in, a new lot of ambitious Frenchwomen are made happy, and the new ministry tackles the problems at hand. Many a ministry has fallen on a snap vote, taken when they had

If I Am Any Judge the Fat Man Did Not Get What He Wanted

not sufficient support present to insure them a majority on a question suddenly raised by the opposition.

Senators are elected for nine years and are chosen by a complicated vote of several of the numerous subordinate bodies, including the municipal councils, the senators, deputies and other officials of the departments. Originally there were senators elected for life, but as these die the vacancies are filled by men elected for nine years only. There are three hundred senators, one-third going out every three years. The Senate can originate legislation, except financial laws, which, as is the case with us in revenue laws, must originate in the popular branch—the Chamber of Deputies. The Senate has fifty or so distinguished Frenchmen in it and two hundred and fifty politicians, who work expertly from that dignified position. It is a very dull institution, except on rare occasions when some Frenchman flares up. Its sessions are rarely interesting and not much attention is paid to them by the French press.

The great political question of the day is proportional representation. This is a policy of Poincaré's which he pushed through the Chamber. It is complicated, but in general provides for representation of all parties in the Senate and Chamber—that is, by an elaborate series of quotients it is proposed to allow the minorities in the departments proportional representation in the National Assembly. To make it clear, let me state it this way: If ten Radicals should run for the Chamber in Paris, ten Radicals would be elected. This would give the minority no representation, no matter how many votes it cast. The altruistic Poincaré contends the minority is entitled to representation as well as the majority; and he intends, by a series of proportional divisions, to give them a representation based on their vote, though they are in the minority. Thus it might fall out that if ten men run for the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, and ten Radicals were elected, only six would be allowed to have their seats; but four minority candidates would be seated. The method of election now is called *scrutin d'arrondissement*—and the new method, or proportional representation, is called *scrutin de liste*. Each arrondissement returns one deputy at present when it has a population of one hundred thousand or less; but in case the population exceeds one hundred thousand there may be two or more deputies.

The Senate is wrestling with this problem now. It does not like it. The majority of the senators see no reason why the minority of any party in any department should have any representation, notwithstanding the arguments of Poincaré, which they consider absurd, and which Clemenceau, a former prime minister with ambitions, especially considers absurd. Clemenceau is fighting the scheme desperately. It is the leading internal policy of the government, and it will be a long time before the matter is settled. As for the people, the mass of them don't give a hoot whether they have any representation at all or how that representation is secured, so long as the jobs are handed out regularly.

Interest centers in the Chamber of Deputies. This is the popular branch and resembles our House of Representatives in some degree. The deputies are elected by direct vote, and every Frenchman of legal age, who has no criminal or mental disqualification, can vote. Six months' residence is required and that is about all. Not half of the people vote and not a quarter are interested in any election. I have described the party divisions in the Chamber. The procedure varies considerably. Instead of a series of standing committees, to whom bills are referred, the Chamber is divided by lot into eleven bureaus or committees. The president of the Chamber has no voice in the matter. This gives each bureau or committee about 54 members; and the lot system may result in a bureau having no party division, but being made up of 54 men of one shade of opinion politically. It may result in that, I say. It does not, I am given to understand, for there are methods in French politics, known to the lotdrawers, whereby the lots drawn may accidentally fall out in such a manner that the political divisions in each bureau are equitable.

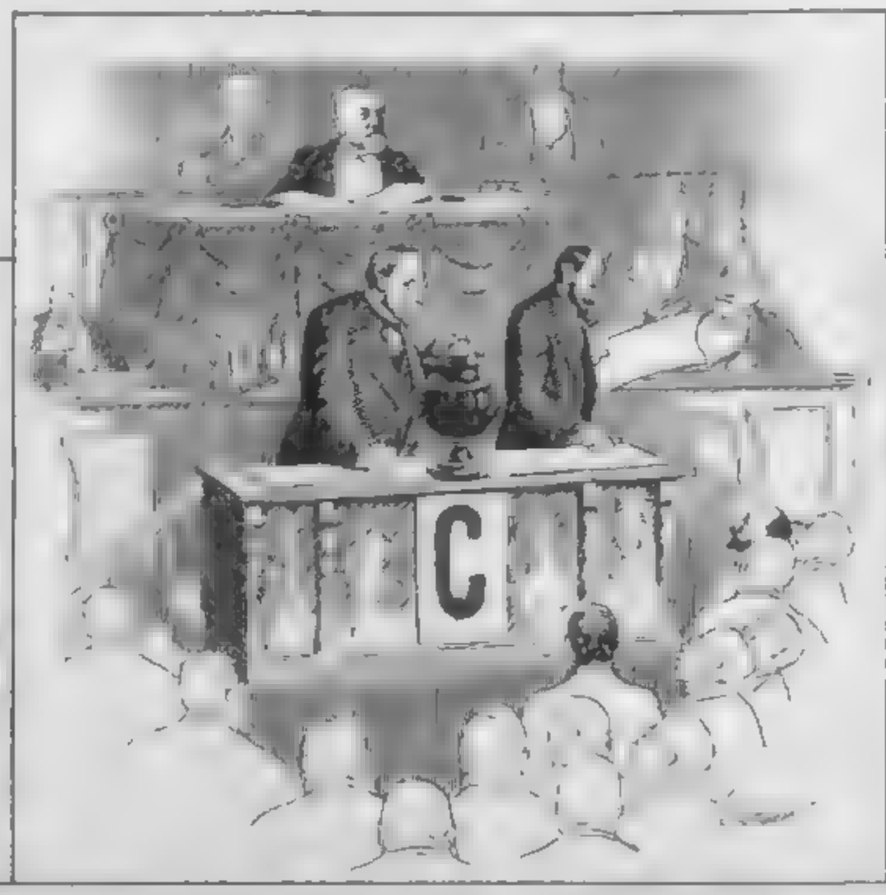
The Legislative Wheels Within Wheels

EACH bureau elects a president and a secretary, and an official reporter who reports to the Chamber the result of the deliberations of the bureau on such bills as it considers and the recommendations of the bureau thereon. Also each bureau—note how the titles increase—elects a commissioner. These eleven commissioners form a bureau by themselves, and they elect a president and a secretary and an official reporter. They have a sort of last word on important bills, and their function is to consider the considerations of the other bureaus and make their final report, through their official reporter, of the result of their deliberations on the work of the other bureaus—to which they are supreme—and also their own conclusions in the premises. Once a bill gets into the Chamber it is debated under a rule and passed or rejected. Both Senate and Chamber must pass bills before they become laws; and they seesaw them back and forth until they get in accord—not resorting to our conference committee system. All the financial propositions for the maintenance of the government are presented *en bloc* in a budget, as in the House of Commons in England.

Except when some great debate is on there is little public interest in the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies on ordinary days; but the galleries are always crowded on Fridays, or interpellation days. The public flock in to see if, by chance, a ministry may fall or be harassed. Admission is strictly by ticket, and tickets are rather hard to get, as the galleries are small and a large section of them is given over to the press, the diplomats, the president and other officials. Inasmuch as the section of the

(Continued on Page 36)

My Suggestion is That the Ladies Remove Their Hats



The National Assembly Elects a President. That is All There is to It!

The Women of France Exercise a Tremendous Influence

THE FLIRT By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XXII

CORA lost no time. Corliss had not closed the front door behind him before she was running up the stairs. Mrs. Madison, emerging from her husband's door, did not see her daughter's face; for Cora passed her quickly, looking the other way.

"Was anything the matter?" asked the mother anxiously. "I thought I heard ——"

"Nothing in the world!" Cora flung back over her shoulder. "Mr. Corliss said I couldn't imitate Sarah Bernhardt, and I showed him I could." She began to hum a song—left a fragment of Micaela's Aria floating behind her as she entered her own room; and Mrs. Madison, relieved, returned to the invalid.

Cora changed her clothes quickly. She put on a gray skirt and coat for the street, high shoes and a black velvet hat, very simple. The costume was almost startlingly becoming to her; never in her life had she looked prettier. She opened her small jewel case, slipped all her rings upon her fingers, then put the diamond crescent, the pendant, her watch and three or four other things into the flat, envelope-shaped bag of soft leather she carried when shopping. After that she brought from her closet a small traveling bag and packed it hurriedly.

Laura, returning from errands downtown and glancing up at Cora's window, perceived an urgently beckoning, gloved hand, and came at once to her sister's room.

The packed bag upon the bed first caught her eye, then Cora's attire and the excited expression of Cora's face which was high-flushed and moist, glowing with a great resolve. "What's happened?" asked Laura quickly. "You look exactly like a going-away bride. What ——"

Cora spoke rapidly:

"Laura, I want you to take this bag and keep it in your room till a messenger boy comes for it. When the bell rings go to the door yourself and hand it to him. Don't give Hedrick a chance to go to the door. Just give it to the boy; and don't say anything to mamma about it. I'm going downtown and I may not be back."

Laura began to be frightened.

"What is it you want to do, Cora?" she asked, trembling.

Cora was swift and businesslike.

"See here, Laura, I've got to keep my head about me. You can do a great deal for me if you won't be emotional just now and help *me* not to be. I can't afford it, because I've got to do things; and I'm going to do them just as quickly as I can and get it over. If I wait any longer I'll go insane. I *can't* wait! You've been a wonderful sister to me; I've always counted on you and you've never once gone back on me. Right now I need you to help me more than I ever have in my life. Will you ——"

"But I must know ——"

"No, you needn't. I'll tell you just this much: I've got myself in a devil of a mess ——"

Laura threw her arms round her. "Oh, my dear, dear little sister!" she cried.

Cora drew away.

"Now that's just what you mustn't do. I can't stand it! You've got to be *quiet!* I can't ——"

"Yes—yes," Laura said hurriedly. "I will. I'll do whatever you say."

"It's perfectly simple—all I want you to do is to take charge of my traveling bag, and when a messenger boy comes give it to him without letting anybody know anything about it."

"But I've got to know where you're going! I can't let you go and not ——"

"Yes, you can. Besides, you've promised to. I'm not going to do anything foolish you can be sure."

"Then why not tell me?" Laura began. She went on imploring Cora to confide in her, entreating her to see their mother—to do a dozen things altogether outside of Cora's plans.

"You're wasting your breath, Laura," said the younger sister, interrupting—"and wasting my time. You're in the dark; you think I'm going to run away with Val Corliss, and you're wrong. I sent him out of the house for good a while ago ——"

"Thank Heaven for that!" cried Laura.

"I'm going to take care of myself," Cora went on rapidly. "I'm going to get out of the mess I'm in, and you've got to let me do it my own way. I'll send you a note from downtown. You see that the messenger ——"

She was at the door, but Laura caught her by the sleeve, protesting and beseeching. Cora turned desperately.

The Marriage Was a Sensible One—She Had Long Contemplated It as a Possibility

"See here. I'll come back in two hours and tell you all about it. If I promise that will you promise to send me the bag by the ——"

"But if you're coming back you won't need ——"

Cora spoke very quietly.

"I'll go to pieces in a moment. Really, I do think I'd better jump out of the window and have it over."

"I'll send the bag," Laura quavered, "if you'll promise to come back in two hours."

"I promise!"

Cora gave her a quick embrace, a quick kiss and, dry-eyed, ran out of the room, down the stairs and out of the house.

She walked briskly down Corliss Street. It was a clear day, bright noon, with an exhilarating tang in the air, and a sky so glorious that people outdoors were continually conscious of the blue overhead and looked up at it often. An autumnal cheerfulness was abroad, and pedestrians showed it in their quickened steps, in their enlivened eyes and frequent smiles, and in the color of their faces; but none showed more color or a gayer look than Cora. She encountered many she knew, for it was indeed a day to be stirring; and she nodded and smiled her way all down the long street, thinking of what these greeted people would say tomorrow: "*I* saw her yesterday, walking down Corliss Street about noon in a gray suit and looking fairly radiant!" Some of those she met were enemies she had chastened—she prophesied their remarks with accuracy; some were old suitors, men who had desired her; one or two had place upon her long list of boy sweethearts—she gave the same gay, friendly nod to each of them, and foretold his morrow's thoughts of her, in turn. Her greeting of Mary Kane was graver, as was esthetically appropriate, Mr. Watling's engagement having been broken by his lady immediately after his drive to the Country Club for tea. Cora received from the beautiful jilt a salutation even graver than her own, which did not confound her.

Halfway down the street was a drug store. She went in and obtained appreciative permission to use the telephone. She came out well satisfied and went swiftly on her way. Ten minutes later she opened the door of Wade Trumble's office.

He was alone; her telephone had caught him in the act of departing for lunch. But he had been glad to wait—glad to the verge of agitation.

"By George, Cora!" he exclaimed as she came quickly in and closed the door—"but you *can* look stunning! Believe me, that's some get-up. But let me tell you, right here and now, before you begin, it's no use your tackling me again on the oil proposition. If there was any chance of my going into it—which there isn't, not one on earth—why, the very fact of your asking me would have stopped me. I'm no Dick Lindley, I beg to inform you; I don't spend my money helping a girl that I want to make a hit with myself, to help another man! You treated me like a dog about that, right in the street; and you needn't try it again, because I won't stand for it! You can't play me, Cora!"

"Wade," she said, coming closer and looking at him mysteriously, "didn't you tell me to come to you when I got through playing?"

"What?" He grew very red, took a step back from her, staring at her distrustfully, incredulously.

"I've got through playing," she said in a low voice. "And I've come to you."

He was staggered.

"You've come ——" he said huskily.

"Here I am, Wade."

He had flushed, but now the color left his small face and he grew very white. He could hardly speak. "I wonder if—you mean it!"

"Listen!" she said. "I was rotten to you about that oil nonsense. It *was* nonsense—nothing on earth but nonsense. I tell you frankly I was a fool. I didn't care the snap of my finger for Corliss; but—oh, what's the use of pretending! You were always such a great business man—always so absorbed in business, and put it before everything else in the world. You cared for me, but you cared for business more than for me. Well, no woman likes *that*, Wade. I've come to tell you the whole thing; I can't stand it any longer. I suffered horribly, because—because ——" She faltered. "Wade, that was no way to *win* a girl."

"Cora!" His incredulity was strong.

"I thought I hated you for it. Yes, I did think that; I'm telling you everything, you see—just blurting it out as it comes. Well, Corliss asked me to help him; and it struck me I'd show that I could understand a business deal myself.

Wade, this is pretty hard to say, I was such a little fool; but you ought to know it. You've got a right to know it. I thought if I put through a thing like that it would make a tremendous hit with you, and that then I could say: 'So this is the kind of thing you put ahead of *me*, is it?—simple little things like this, that *I* can do myself by turning over my little finger!' So I got Richard to go in—that was easy; and then it struck me that the crowning triumph of the whole thing would be to get you to come in yourself. That *would* be showing you, I thought. But you wouldn't; you put me in my place. And I was angry—I never was so angry in my life; and I showed it." Tears came into her voice. "Oh, Wade," she said softly, "it was the very wildness of my anger that showed me what I really felt!"

"About—about *me?*" His incredulity struggled with his hope. He stepped close to her.

"What an awful fool I've been!" she sighed. "Why, I thought I could show you I was your *equal!* And look what it's got me into!"

"What has it got you into, Cora?"

"One thing worth while: I can see what I really am when I try to meet you on your own ground." She bent her head humbly, then lifted it and spoke rapidly: "All the rest is dreadful, Wade. I had a distrust of Corliss from the first; I didn't like him, but I took him up because I thought he offered the chance to show *you* what I could do. Well, it's got me into a most horrible mess! He's a swindler, a rank ——"

"By George!" Wade shouted. "Cora, you're talking out now like a real woman."

"Listen! I got horribly tired of him after a week or so. I'd promised to help him and I didn't break with him; but yesterday I just couldn't stand him any longer and I told him so, and sent him away. Then, this morning, an old man came to the house, a man named Pryor who knew him and knew his record, and he told me all about him." She narrated the interview.

"But you had sent Corliss away first?" Wade asked sharply.

"Yesterday, I tell you." She put her hand on the little man's shoulder. "Wade, there's bound to be a scandal over all this. Even if Corliss gets away without being arrested and tried the whole thing's bound to *come out*. I'll be the laughing-stock of the town—and I deserve to be; it's all through having been ridiculous idiot enough to try to impress you with my business brilliancy. Well, I can't stand it!"

"Cora, do you ——" He faltered.

She leaned toward him, her hand still on his shoulder, her exquisite voice lowered and thrilling in its sweetness.

"Wade, I'm through playing. I've come to you at last, because you've utterly conquered me. If you'll take me away today I'll *marry* you today." He gave a shout that rang again from the walls. "Do you want me?" She smiled upon his rapture indulgently.

Rapture it was! With the word "marry" his incredulity sped forever. But for a time he was incoherent; he leaped and hopped, spoke broken bits of words, danced fragmentarily, ate her with his eyes, partially embraced her and finally kissed her timidly.

"Such a wedding we'll have!" he shouted after that.

"No," she said sharply. "We'll be married by a justice of the peace, and not a soul there but us; and it will be now, or it never will be! If you don't ——"

He swore she should have her way.

"Then we'll be out of this town on the three o'clock train this afternoon," she said. She went on with her plans while he, growing more accustomed to his privilege, caressed her as he would. "You shall have your way," she said, "in everything except the wedding journey. That's got to be a long one—I won't come back here till people have forgotten all about this Corliss mix-up. I've never been abroad, and I want you to take me. We can stay a long, long time. I've brought nothing—we'll get whatever we want in New York before we sail."

He agreed to everything. He had never really hoped to win her. Paradise had opened, dazing him with glory; he was astounded, mad with joy, and abjectly his lady's servant.

"Hadn't you better run along and get the license?" she laughed. "We'll have to be married on the way to the train."

"Cora!" he gasped. "You angel!"

"I'll wait here for you," she smiled. "There won't be too much time."

He obtained a moderate control of his voice and feet.

"Enfield—that's my cashier—he'll be back from his lunch at one-thirty. Tell him about us if I'm not here by then. Tell him he's got to manage somehow. Goodby till I come back—Mrs. Trumble!" At the door he turned. "Oh, have you—have you ——" He paused uncertainly. "Have you sent Richard Lindley any word about ——"

"Wade!" She gave his inquiry an indulgent amusement. "If I'm not worrying about him do you think you need to?"

"I meant about ——"

"You funny thing!" she said. "I never had any idea of really marrying him; it wasn't anything but one of those silly half-engagements, and ——"

"I didn't mean that," he said apologetically; "I meant about letting him know what this Pryor told you about Corliss, so that Richard might do something toward getting his money back. We ought to ——"

"Oh, yes," she said quickly. "Yes; that's all right."

"You saw Richard?"

"No. I sent him a note. He knows all about it by this time if he has been home this morning. You'd better start, Wade. Send a messenger to our house for my bag. Tell him to bring it here and then take a note for me. You'd really better start—dear!"

"*Cora!*" he shouted, took her in his arms and was gone. His departing gait down the corridor to the elevator seemed from the sounds to be a gallop.

Left alone, Cora wrote, sealed and directed a note to Laura. In it she recounted what Pryor had told her of Corliss; begged her and her parents not to think her heartless in not preparing them for this abrupt marriage. She was in such a state of nervousness, she wrote, that explanations would have caused a breakdown. The marriage was a sensible one—she had long contemplated it as a possibility; and after thinking it over thoroughly she had decided it was the only thing to do. She sent her undying love.

She was sitting with this note in her hand when shuffling footsteps sounded in the corridor—either Wade's cashier or the messenger, she supposed. The doorknob turned, a voice asking, "Want a drink?" as the door opened.

Cora was not surprised—she knew Vilas' office was across the hall from that in which she waited—but she was frightened.

Ray stood blinking at her.

"What are you doing here?" he asked at last.

XXIII

IT IS probable that Vilas got the truth out of her—perhaps all of it. That will remain a matter of doubt—Cora's evidence, if she gave it, not being wholly trustworthy in cases touching herself; but she felt no need of mentioning to any one that she had seen her former lover that day. He had gone before the return of Enfield, Mr. Trumble's assistant, who was a little later than usual, it happened; and the extreme nervousness and preoccupation exhibited by Cora in telling Enfield of his employer's new plans were attributed by the cashier to the natural agitation of a lady about to wed in a somewhat unusual—though sensible—manner.

It is the more probable that she told Ray the whole truth, because he already knew something of Corliss' record abroad. On the dusty desk in Ray's own office lay a letter, received that morning from the American Consul at Naples, which was luminous upon that subject and upon the probabilities of financial returns for the investment of a thousand dollars in the alleged oil-fields of Basilicata.

In addition Cora had always found it very difficult to deceive Vilas—he had an almost perfect understanding of a part of her nature; she could never far mislead him about herself. With her he was intuitive, and jumped to strange, inconsistent, true conclusions as women do. He had the art of reading her face, her gestures; he had learned to listen to the tone of her voice more than to what she said. In his cups, too, he had fitful but almost demoniac inspirations for discovering hidden truth.

And, remembering that Cora always "got even," it remains finally to wonder if she might not have told him everything at the instance of some shadowy impulse in that direction. There may have been a luxury in whatever confession she made; perhaps it was not entirely forced from her, and Heaven knows how she may have colored it! There was an elusive, quiet satisfaction somewhere in her subsequent expression; it lurked deep under the surface of the excitement with which she talked to Enfield of her imminent marital abduction of his small boss.

Her agitation, a relic of the unknown interview just past, simmered down soon, leaving her in a becoming glow of color with slender threads of moisture brilliantly outlining her eyelids. Mr. Enfield, a young, well-favored and recent importation from another town, was deliciously impressed by the charm of the waiting lady. They had not met, and Enfield wondered how Trumble had compassed such an enormous success as this; and he wished he had seen her before matters had gone so far. He thought he might have had a chance. She seemed pleasantly interested in him, even as it was—and her eyes were wonderful, with their swift, warm, direct little plunges into those of a chance comrade of the moment. She went to the window in her restlessness, looking down upon the swarming street below; and the young man, standing beside her, felt her shoulder most pleasantly—though very lightly—in contact with his own as they leaned forward the better to see some curiosity of advertising that passed. She turned her face to his just then and told him that he must come to see her the wedding journey would be long, she said, but it would not be forever.

Trumble bounded in, shouting that everything was attended to except instructions to Enfield whom he pounded wildly upon the back. He began signing papers; a stenographer was called from another room of his offices, and there was half an hour of rapid fire. Cora's bag came and she gave the bearer the note for Laura; another bag was brought for Wade, and both bags were carried down to the automobile the bridegroom had left waiting in the street. Last came a splendid cluster of orchids for the bride to wear; and then Wade, with his arm about her, swept her into the corridor, and the stirred Enfield was left to his own beating heart and the fresh, radiant vision of this startling new acquaintance—the sweet mystery of the look she had thrown back at him over his employer's shoulder at the very last. "Do not forget *me!*" it had seemed to say. "We shall come back—some day."

The closed car bore the pair to the little grim marriage shop quickly enough, though they were nearly run down by a furious police-patrol automobile, at a corner near the Richfield Hotel. Their escape was by a very narrow margin of safety and Cora closed her eyes. Then she was cross because she had been frightened, and commanded Wade cavalierly to bid the driver be more careful.

Wade obeyed sympathetically. "Of course, though, it wasn't altogether his fault," he said, settling back, his arm round his lady's waist. "It's an outrage for the police to break their own rules that way. I guess they don't need to be in a hurry any more than *we* do!"

The justice made short work of it.

As they stood so briefly before him there swept across her vision the memory of what she had always prophesied as her wedding: A crowded church; The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden, from an unseen singer; then the warm air trembling to the Lohengrin march, all heads turning; the procession down the aisle; herself appearing—climax of everything—a delicious and brilliant figure, graceful, rosy, shy—an imperial prize for the groom, who in these foreshadowings had always been very indistinct. The picture had always failed in outline there—the bridegroom's nearest approach to definition had never been clearer than a composite photograph. The truth is, Cora never in her life wished to be married. But she was!

XXIV

VALENTINE CORLISS had nothing to do but to wait for the money his friend Antonio would send him by cable. His own cable, anticipating his letter, had been sent yesterday, when he came back from the hotel, after lunching in the country with Cora.

As he walked down Corliss Street after his tumultuous interview with her he was surprised to find himself physically tremulous; he had not supposed that an encounter, however violent, with an angry woman could so upset his nerves. It was no fear of Pryor which shook him. He knew that Pryor did not mean to cause his arrest—certainly not immediately. Of course Pryor knew that Cora would tell him. The old fellow's move was a final notification. It meant: "Get out of town within twenty-four hours!" And Corliss intended to obey. He would have left that evening, indeed, without the warning; his trunk was packed.

He would miss Cora. He had kept a cool head throughout their affair until the last; but this morning she had fascinated him, and he found himself passionately admiring the fury of her. She had confused him as he had never been confused. He thought he had tamed her—thought he owned her; and the discovery of this mistake was what made him regret that she would not come away with him. Such a flight, until today, had been one of his apprehensions; but now the thought that it was not to be brought something like a pain to his heart. At least he felt a vacancy; had a sense of something lacking. She would have been a bright comrade for the voyage; and he thought of gestures of hers, turns of the head, tricks of the lovely voice—and sighed.

Of course it was best for him that he could return to his old trails alone and free; he saw that. Cora would have been a complication and an embarrassment without predictable end, but she would have been a rare flame for a while. He wondered what she meant to do; of course she had a plan. Should he try again, give her another chance? No; there was one point upon which she had not mystified him—he knew she really hated him.

The wind was against the smoke that day; and his spirits rose as he walked in the brisk air, with the rich sky above him. After all, his venture upon his native purlieus had been far from fruitless; he could not have expected to do much better. He had made his *coup;* he knew no other who could have done it. It was a handsome bit of work, in fact, and possible only to a talented native thoroughly sophisticated in certain foreign subtleties. He knew himself for a rare combination.

He had a glimmer of Richard Lindley, beginning at the beginning again to build a modest fortune; it was the sort of thing the Richard Lindleys were made for. Corliss was not troubled. Richard had disliked him as a boy, did not like him now; but Corliss had not taken his money out of malice for that. The adventurer was not revengeful; he was merely impervious.

At the hotel he learned that Moliterno's cable had not yet arrived; but he went to an agency of one of the steamship

lines and reserved his passage, and to a railway ticket office and secured a compartment for himself on an evening train. Then he returned to his room in the hotel.

The mirror over the mantelpiece in the front room of his suite showed him a fine figure of a man—hale, deep-chested, handsome, straight and cheerful.

He nodded to it.

"Well, old top," he said, reviewing and summing up his whole campaign—"not so bad! Not so bad, all in all; not so bad, old top! Well played, indeed!"

At a sound of footsteps approaching his door he turned in casual expectancy, thinking it might be a boy to notify him that the expected cable from Moliterno had arrived; but there was no knock and the door was flung wide open.

It was Vilas—and he had his gun with him this time. He had two.

There was a shallow clothes closet in the wall near the fireplace, and Corliss ran in there; but Vilas began to shoot through the door. Mutilated—already a dead man and knowing it—Corliss came out and tried to run into the bedroom. It was no use. Ray saved his last shot for himself. It did the work!

XXV

THERE is a song of parting, an intentionally pathetic song, which contains the line, "All the tomorrows shall be as today"—meaning equally gloomy. Young singers, loving this line, take care to pronounce the words with unusual distinctness; the listener may feel that the performer has the capacity for great and consistent suffering. It is not, of course, that youth loves unhappiness, but the appearance of it, its supposed picturesqueness. Youth runs from what is pathetic, but hangs fondly upon pathos. It is the idea of sorrow, not sorrow, which charms; and so the young singer dwells upon those lingering tomorrows, happy in the conception of a permanent wretchedness incurred in the interest of sentiment. For youth believes in permanence.

It is when we are young that we say, "I shall never" and "I shall always"—not knowing that we are only Time's atoms in a crucible of incredible change. An old man scarce dares say, "I have never," for he knows that if he searches he will find probably that he has. "All—all is change."

It was an evening during the winter holidays when Mrs. Lindley, coming to sit by the fire in her son's smoking room, where Richard sat glooming, narrated her legend of the Devil of Lisieux. It must have been her legend—the people of Lisieux know nothing of it; but this Richard the Guileless took it for tradition, as she alleged it, and had no suspicion that she had spent the afternoon inventing it.

She did not begin the recital immediately upon taking her chair, across the hearth from her son; she led up to it. She was an ample, fresh-colored, lively woman, and like her son only in being a kind soul; he got neither his mortal seriousness nor his dreaminess from her. She was more than content with Cora's abandonment of him though, as chivalrousness was not demanded of her, she would have preferred that he should have been the jilt. She thought Richard well off in his release, even at the price of all his savings; but there was something to hope even in that matter. Pryor wrote from Paris encouragingly—he believed that Moliterno might be frightened or forced into at least a partial restitution; though Richard would not count upon it and had "begun at the beginning" again as a small-salaried clerk in a bank, trudging patiently to work in the morning and home in the evening, a long-faced, tired young man, more absent than ever, lifeless, and with no interest in anything outside his own broodings. His mother, pleased with his misfortune in love, was, of course, troubled that it should cause him to suffer. She knew she could not heal him; but she also knew that everything is healed in time, and that sometimes it is possible for people to help time a little. Her first remark to her son this evening was that, to the best of her memory, she had never used the word "hellion." And upon his saying gently no, he thought it probable that she never had, but seeking no further and dropping his eyes to the burning wood, apparently under the impression that the subject was closed, she informed him bruskly that it was her intention to say it now.

"What is it you want to say, mother?"

"I don't see how I can bring myself to use the word 'hellion,'" she returned, "I'm going to say that, of all the Heaven-born, whole-souled and consistent ones I ever knew, Hedrick Madison is the king."

"In what new way?" he inquired.

"Egerton Villard. Egerton used to be the neatest, best-mannered, best-dressed boy in town; but he looks and behaves like a Digger Indian since he's taken to following Hedrick round. Mrs. Villard says it's the greatest sorrow of her life, but she's quite powerless—the boy is Hedrick's slave. The other day she sent a servant after him, and just bringing him home nearly ruined her limousine. He was solidly covered with molasses, over his clothes and all, from head to foot; and then he'd rolled in hay and chicken feathers to be a *gnu*, for Hedrick to photograph in the African wilds of a stable. Egerton didn't know what a gnu was, but Hedrick told him that was the way to be one, he said. Then, when they'd got him scraped and boiled, and most of his hair pulled out, a policeman came to arrest him for stealing the jug of molasses at a corner grocery."

Richard nodded and smiled faintly for comment. They sat in silence for a while.

"I saw Mrs. Madison yesterday," said his mother. "She seemed very cheerful; her husband is able to talk almost perfectly again, though he doesn't get downstairs. Laura reads to him a great deal."

He nodded again, his gaze not moving from the fire.

"Laura was with her mother," said Mrs. Lindley. "She looked very fetching in a black cloth suit and a fur hat old ones her sister left, I suspect, but very becoming, for all that. Laura's going out more than usual this winter. She's really the belle of the holiday dances, I hear. Of course she would be," she added thoughtfully, "now."

"Why should she be now more than before?"

"Oh, Laura's quite blossomed," Mrs. Lindley answered. "I think she's had some great anxieties relieved. Of course both she and her mother must have worried about Cora as much as they waited on her. It must be a great burden lifted to have her comfortably settled, or at least disposed of. I thought they both looked better. But I have a special theory about Laura. I suppose you'll laugh at me ——"

"Oh, no."

"I wish you would sometimes," she said wistfully "so only you laughed. My idea is that Laura was in love with that poor little Trumble too."

"What?" He looked up at that.

"Yes; girls fall in love with anybody. I fancy she's cared very deeply for him; but I think she's a strong, sane woman now. She's about the steadiest, coolest person I know—and I know her better now than I used to. I think she made up her mind that she'd not sit down and mope over her unhappiness, and that she'd get over what caused it; and she took the very best remedy—she began going about, going everywhere, and she went gayly too. And I'm sure she's cured; I'm sure she doesn't care the snap of her fingers for Wade Trumble or any man alive. She's having a pretty good time, I imagine; she has everything in the world except money, and she's never cared at all about *that*. She's young, and she dresses well—these days—and she's one of the handsomest girls in town; she plays like a poet, and she dances well ——"

"Yes," said Richard reflectively—"she does dance well."

"And from what I hear from Mrs. Villard," continued his mother, "I guess she has enough young men in love with her to keep any girl busy."

He was interested enough to show some surprise.

"In love with Laura?"

"Four, I hear." The best of women are sometimes the readiest with impromptu statistics.

"Well, well!" he said mildly.

"You see, Laura has taken to smiling on the world; and the world smiles back at her. It's not a bad world about that, Richard."

"No," he sighed; "I suppose not."

"There's more than that in this case, though, my dear son."

"Is there?"

The intelligent and gentle matron laughed as though at some unexpected turn of memory, and said:

"Speaking of Hedrick, did you ever hear the story of the Devil of Lisieux, Richard?"

"I think not—at least I don't remember it."

"Lisieux is a little town in Normandy," she said. "I was there a few days with your father one summer long ago. It's a country full of old stories, folklore and tradition; and the people still believe in the Old Scratch pretty literally. This legend was of the time when he came to Lisieux. The people knew he was coming, because a wise woman had said he was on the way and predicted that he would arrive at the time of the great fair. Everybody was in great distress, because they knew that whoever looked at him would become bewitched; but, of course, they had to go to the fair. The wise woman was able to give them a little comfort; she said some one was coming with the devil, and that the people must not notice the devil, but keep their eyes fastened on this other—then they would be free of the fiend's influence. But when the devil arrived at the fair nobody even looked to see who his companion was, for the devil was so picturesque, so

(Concluded on Page 46)

She Had Not Four Suitors. She Had None

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 15, 1913

Business Failures

BROADLY speaking, business does not consolidate. On the contrary the number of small concerns in business continues to increase faster than the population.

In thirty years population in the United States has increased more than eighty per cent; but the number of concerns in business, as reported by Bradstreet's, has considerably more than doubled. In the last decade, while public attention has been focused on business consolidations, the total number of concerns in trade has increased by more than one-third, though population has risen only one-fifth.

Instead of there being too few concerns in business, there are obviously too many. On the whole last year was one of the very best business years the United States has ever experienced; yet the number of commercial failures was greater than in any year since 1896, except 1908; and the liabilities of failed concerns were larger than since 1896, except in the panicky period of 1907 and 1908. Nevertheless, out of about fifteen thousand failures less than three hundred were for amounts exceeding one hundred thousand dollars.

The greatest mortality was among small concerns; and, at that, only eighty-two out of each ten thousand concerns in business failed. That is about the standard rate. In pretty good times a little less than one per cent of the concerns in business fail every year. In bad times, as from 1893 to 1898, the rate rises to one and a quarter or one and a half per cent. Broadly speaking, there are always one hundred concerns in business where there is only business enough for ninety-nine.

Pity the Poor Opium Dealer

A LAMENTABLE situation has arisen in the Oriental opium trade. For two generations China has been trying to stop opium-smoking, but an important obstacle has been found in the large quantity of the drug imported from India. In 1906 China and the Indian government made a treaty by which the latter agreed to step exports of opium within ten years, reducing the amount one-tenth yearly. China undertook within the same period to stop production of the drug at home, meanwhile exerting herself to discourage its use. The Indian government licenses farmers to grow the poppy, requiring them to sell the entire product to itself at a fixed price. It then disposes of the opium by auction sales. Large commercial houses buy it and the banks lend money on it.

Governmental restrictions upon the production and exportation of opium caused a large rise in the price; but of late either the Chinese government has succeeded in very greatly reducing the use of opium, or important quantities of the drug have been smuggled in—or both. So Indian commercial houses find themselves with some fifty or sixty million dollars' worth of high-priced opium on hand for which there is no market. Something in the nature of a crisis impends in the trade, and the banks are heavily involved as they have loaned about seventy per cent of the value of the opium.

Naturally financial London is considerably exercised. Here is fifty or sixty million dollars of good commercial money tied up in poison that nobody will take! The Statist recommends that the British, Indian and Chinese governments combine to relieve the banks and commercial houses of their load. In short, it is desirable to prevent the use of opium—but not at a loss to Big Business!

Why They Resign

THE statement that Collector Loeb, of the port of New York, will resign promptly on March fourth is only one among many instances which remind us that business wants able men, but the Government does not.

We understand Mr. Loeb has made an exceptionally good record as collector of the port of New York. If he had made an exceptionally good record for the Steel Trust or a railroad or bank the employer would naturally be anxious to retain his services. To that end it would make him every reasonable assurance of permanent tenure, higher position and better pay—without inquiring to what political party or church he belonged. As an employee of the United States Government he might have made a record that astonished the world, but the employer would have no use for him after March fourth—no inducement of permanent tenure, higher position and better pay to offer him.

It is the sheerest nonsense to talk about Government efficiency and economy so long as the Government turns every able man in its employ out-of-doors. Efficiency and economy are products of able men, not of any sets of rules. A railroad that had nothing to offer for ability except a little passing glory and a stepping-stone to some other employment would find a quarter of its revenues wasted—just as the Government does.

The Cocaine War

AN INTERESTING bill, prepared at the district attorney's office in the city of New York, has been introduced in the state legislature at Albany. It provides that any unlicensed person found selling cocaine, or with cocaine in his possession, shall be sent to the penitentiary for seven years; that any licensed druggist who has more than five ounces of cocaine in his possession at one time shall be sent to the penitentiary for one year and fined five thousand dollars. The druggist must keep his five ounces or less all in one place and make a record showing every sale, which record, together with the amount on hand, must exactly tally with his purchases from the wholesalers, who also must make a record of every sale. Moreover, the druggist cannot sell cocaine in the flake or crystal form, but only in a solution containing not over four per cent of the drug; nor can he refill any physician's prescription calling for the drug. Records of both wholesaler and retailer must be open to inspection by the State Board of Health.

That is a tolerably drastic law. The present law, which provides a year's imprisonment and a fine of five thousand dollars for unlicensed selling of cocaine, could hardly be described as mild; yet it has not been effectual. Selling cocaine is very profitable, and wherever there is a profit in preying upon any human vice there seems to be a crew of harpies that gates of adamant can scarcely hold back.

New York Tax-Dodgers

THOSE of us who are not landlords would have no hesitation about making the following proposition to the city of New York: "Give me four dollars and I'll give you one." An ordinary person, after carefully examining that proposition in all its lights and angles, would conclude that he could stand it as long as the city could.

Nevertheless, a suggestion that landlords enter into an arrangement of that sort provokes the most violent opposition—not from the city, but from the landlords. A commission appointed by the mayor recently recommended a tax of one per cent on unearned increment in city land values. If a given lot rises in value a thousand dollars, the owner, taking it by and large, must get at least four per cent, or forty dollars, additional rent, of which the community that created the additional value would take ten dollars.

Substantially it is the plan advocated by John Stuart Mill in the middle of the last century, which Lloyd George embodied in his famous budget. We are little interested in the Henry George single-tax doctrine as a whole, seeing no sufficient motive for applying that doctrine to agricultural or village lands. But when the great accretions of unearned wealth are attracting ever keener scrutiny there will finally be some method of reserving for the community a part of the enormous enhancement in city land values, because the community itself creates the enhanced values.

The Homeless Hordes

NO DOUBT society in the United States is badly arranged. People ought to be born in the city, live there during the earlier part of their lives and then go to the country, instead of being born in the country and presently going to the city. The reason is that it is good for an elderly man to have a home, but probably not for a young man. He ought to move; and moving is a constant condition of city life.

The prehistoric folk-wandering must have been very stimulating mentally. The wanderers were continually seeing new country, meeting new conditions. Inevitably they had to keep awake and hustle. There was no enervating assurance that the cows would always be found at sun-up in the same old pasture.

This mental stimulation the city dweller enjoys in a high degree. Nearly two and a half million persons live on Manhattan Island, and for some time only about fifty private residences have been erected yearly on the island—most of the fifty being, in fact, pretentious establishments occupied only part of the year by families whose real homes are in the country. All Manhattan and nearly all Chicago live in flats—usually only a short time in the same flat. Every little while the city dweller moves into a new habitation in a new locality. This makes for mental briskness. It may make for an ideal family life in that, having no material objects upon which to bestow any sentimental regard, the members of the family can devote all their affections to one another; but its advantages ought to be for the comparatively young. At middle age a home becomes desirable, which means the country. What Canute will turn the tide round?

Great Private Banks

ONE suggestion of practical value has been raised by the Money Trust investigation—namely, that so-called private banks in New York should be subject to state inspection, exactly as though they were organized under a state law.

It is true that persons who deposit with J. P. Morgan & Company are decidedly not of the class that is supposed to need protection of the law in order to keep designing strangers from taking their money away from them. Yet that firm uses in its advertisements the word "bankers" and the phrase:

"Deposits received subject to draft."

And, for the sake of uniformity in the law, no concern should be permitted to use either term unless it is subject to state or Federal inspection.

Private bankers who take deposits from the uninformed should not be able to point to the example of Morgan & Company as a justification.

Morgan & Company hold much over a hundred million dollars of deposits. Other private bankers of their sort hold great sums. This is public money in a peculiar sense, because it comes mainly from great public-utility corporations. There is no reason at all why such houses should not be subject to state inspection, and at least the two important reasons mentioned above why they should be.

When that is done every corner of Wall Street banking will be under the public eye, as far the greater part of it long has been. As to the incorporated Wall Street banks, which hold some two billion dollars of deposits, every piece of paper in them and every entry on their books have long been open to inspection by the public's duly appointed representative. These banks have not a loan, a deposit or a transaction that a public inspector cannot look at any time he wishes to.

The Lincoln Memorial

WE ARE all acquainted with the gentleman—there must be at least a million of him—who feels that there is a fine occasion to say something, yet cannot for the life of him think of anything in particular to say. Comparatively few large public dinners pass off without being afflicted by him. There are the expectant and helpless diners, the gallery all ready to applaud—in short, a magnificent opportunity to speak; but the speaker has not a real thought in his head.

The United States is now in that gentleman's position. Certainly the National capital should contain a fitting memorial of the greatest National figure. The lack of such a memorial has long been recognized and Congress has appropriated two million dollars for the purpose. The United States, in fine, is about to make its speech on Lincoln—and discovers that it has nothing in particular to say about him. Presumably the two million dollars will be expended in erecting a large Grecian temple—very imposing, quite beautiful, but not in the least relevant to Lincoln or to anything.

"I rise," says Uncle Sam, nervously fingering his whiskers, "to address you on the subject of Abraham Lincoln, the railsplitter and my greatest son; and so—h'm—well, I shall read you an essay about classic art and let it go at that."

Some other suggestions for spending the two millions—such as constructing a fine automobile road to Gettysburg—are even less relevant than the temple; but we think it a pretty good rule, when you find you have nothing to say on the subject, just to keep still until you have.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Lame Ducks' Marching Club

The Cartoonists' Delight

VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG is the tallest German in official captivity. Incidentally he is the Imperial Chancellor or Prime Minister, which fact gives him political stature as well. Physically, though, he is built on the time-tried and well-tested specifications of Charles Warren Fairbanks, with a few shoulder modifications, but with the same general trend of legs and with almost identical whiskers.

At a guess I should say the chancellor is six feet three or four inches tall—maybe five. He always wears a top hat and drapes his long, lean body in an overcoat that reaches far below his knees. Thus there are times when he seems to be seven feet nine, or nine feet seven—or some such matter; but, in reality, I think he is not more than six feet four. I set that as my estimate. Politically a good many Germans say the figures should be reversed, and that he is four feet six, and no more, as a statesman. That, of course, is no concern of ours at the present writing, but it does give those German cartoonists great joy.

When they draw Von Bethmann they draw him about eleven feet tall, with a face long enough to eat oats out of a barrel; or they make a pygmy out of him, setting him alongside of Bismarck who always is an imperial figure. He would be far happier if he were only a modest five feet ten or so; but, of course, it isn't his fault, though the opposition German press holds him strictly accountable for his physique—especially the Tageblatt which has for its chief editorial policy: Soak Bethmann-Hollweg!

There are disadvantages that go with that job of Chancellor of Germany. The opposition has to be reasonably careful what it says of the Kaiser, but all bars are down when the Kaiser's government is concerned; and the way they get after Von Bethmann, who cannot invoke lese-majesty, certainly is an object-lesson in denunciation. They turn loose long, ragged German words at him; and the cartoonists draw pictures of him that make him look like Chang, the Chinese giant, suffering from an acute attack of hookworm. He is the official butt. Whenever anything goes wrong they take a wallop at poor Von Bethmann. And he has so often trembled in the balance, so far as his job is concerned, owing to opposition in and out of the Reichstag, that he gives an almost constant imitation of a quaking ash—a tall, thin, quaking ash; but he is a good quaker, an experienced trembler and totterer.

A Philosopher From the Hat Down

HE DOESN'T mind. You see he is a philosopher. We have various brands of philosophers in this busy world of ours, but the most philosophical philosophers are the Germans. When a German sets out to be a philosopher that settles it. He is a philosopher from morn until dewy eve. He works at it all the time. Nothing can occur that will jar him from his perch. And when a tall, thin, languid chancellor starts in at philosophizing, he philosophizes from the toes of his German shoes to the top of his high hat.

So it is with Von Bethmann. His brand of philosophy is predicated on the universal injunction: Be calm! Also it is based on a good working knowledge of the German temperament. It does not worry Von Bethmann to hear that the Socialists are doing so-and-so, and that the Radicals are planning this-and-that. He knows that when a bunch of German fire-eaters get round a table and proceed to hang the Kaiser all they are doing is blowing off steam; and if the Kaiser should call them to the colors they would all flock to the colors with cheers and be glad of the chance. His policy is to let things adjust themselves. Urged to fervent action, he asks the German equivalent of What's the use? and proceeds on his way. Adjuring all others to be calm, he is the calmest Teuton of all.

Bismarck was a man of blood and iron, and Von Bülow had a good deal of pepper in his make-up; but Von Bethmann-Hollweg is as non-emotional as a dish of curds. He is of pacific temperament. To be sure he did get up one day lately and read the riot act to Russia and France and England, but you'd have thought he was reciting a chunk of Schopenhauer instead of making history. You'll never find him imitating Bismarck. He could not do it, for it is contrary to his theory of life. When he takes hold of a situation his hand is incased in the velvet glove, but it is not a hand of steel. It's a nice, soft, kindly hand—a gentle, flabby sort of hand—which precedes a "Let us talk this over quietly!" instead of a Bismarckian "Sirrah, what do you mean?"

The chancellor was the personal choice of the Kaiser for the place when Von Bülow retired in 1909, of course. The Kaiser picks all the important officials of his government—and most of the unimportant ones, too, when it comes to that. Bethmann, which is the way they refer to him in Berlin, was at Bonn University when the Kaiser was a student there, and he and the Kaiser were friends. They belonged to the same fraternity, the famous Borussia Corps, and were rather chummy. The reason the Kaiser let Bismarck go, of course, was because he did not want to be hampered by Bismarck. The Kaiser detests prime ministers who try to control him. Von Bülow had a good deal of success in curbing the impetuous War Lord and was not afraid to try it; and probably when the time came to select another chancellor the Kaiser looked the field over and picked out the mild Bethmann, thinking it might be just as well to have a complaisant prime minister as a commanding one.

Von Bethmann-Hollweg is a Prussian and is fifty-six years old. He entered official life early and his career was that of the ordinary German bureaucrat. He eventually became Prussian Minister of the Interior and finally rose to be Imperial Home Secretary, which was the place he held when he succeeded Von Bülow as *Reichskanzler*. He is well versed in the internal affairs of Germany, but has not much knowledge of foreign affairs.

Von Bethmann-Hollweg is a heavy, stolid sort of person, with iron-gray beard and hair, and a trick of bending his head forward as if he were constantly struggling with great thoughts and did not want to be annoyed by any of the ordinary affairs of life or observe them. I watched him on several occasions in the Reichstag, and was constantly in the hope that somebody would rush over to him and yell "Boo!" in his ear, just to see what he would do. Still, I need not have had much curiosity on that point. If any person had rushed over to the chancellor and yelled "Boo!" in his ear he would not have raised his head or lifted his eyes from the floor. Instead, he would have said in a slow monotone: "Let us discuss the matter calmly, as befits our German temperament."

He is the most dreary public speaker I have encountered—and that is saying a great deal, for we have a few of that sort in public life in this country. When he gets up to talk he rises by sections, hoisting his great length of body into the air by a slow process of unlimbering those legs. Finally he gets into a position that is passably erect, but he never looks up or round, or anywhere except at his notes if he is speaking with notes, or at the top of the ministerial bench if he is speaking without notes. He is so mild he coos like a dove. Far be it from him to get excited about anything—for what's the use of getting excited? None at all. Being a philosopher he considers excitement waste effort and enthusiasm a squandering of energy.

At that, I think he looks at the whole game as a sort of ring-round-a-rosy performance, with no more definite end in view than the ringing round the rosy. He sits off on one side, gazing at it contemplatively—taking part when it is his turn; and he considers the effort a good deal of a bore. If the Kaiser needed a calm chancellor he certainly selected one. Von Bethmann-Hollweg is the calmest statesman within my ken. If Germany ever gets into any trouble it won't be his fault. When it comes to being a safe statesman Von Bethmann-Hollweg is as reliable as Old Dog Tray.

Too Successful

THEY have in Berlin, or Germany rather, a law called the Unfair Competition Law, which prevents any person from engaging in a business that may be construed under the provisions of the law as unfair in competition to others.

An English doctor came to Berlin, advertised he could cure rheumatism and cured it. He was promptly expelled at the request of the German doctors on the ground that, as he cured rheumatism, he was engaging in unfair competition with the regular physicians who couldn't cure it.

Empty Form

AN AMERICAN went to Europe. He lugged with him a high-hat box. He toted it to London, to Paris, and thence to Berlin and Vienna without the necessity of opening it. It was a frightful bother, but he felt repaid, for he had his high hat with him when the occasion arose.

In Vienna he needed the hat. He dressed elaborately and opened the box for the first time on the trip.

The box was empty—he had forgotten to put in the hat!

A Possible Site

THE local saying in Berlin is that every time the Kaiser finds a vacant space in that city he builds a statue on it, and every time the Kaiserin finds a vacant space she builds a church on it. When Their Majesties pass through the streets of Berlin the Germans stand rigidly at attention and remove their hats. One day the Kaiserin was passing by and among those who removed their hats was a very tall and very bald German.

"My friend," said another Berliner, "you had better put on your hat and cover that bare place or the Kaiserin will build a church on it."

Safe Sentiments

TWO French orators made excellent speeches at an American Thanksgiving dinner in Paris and two Americans made dreary ones. The first American had a message to deliver, which was that Americans should be upright in business; and the second American, a college professor, went to it for the bigger part of an hour on the necessity of educating children.

When it came another American's turn he said: "Inasmuch as one of my distinguished countrymen has impressed on us here tonight the startling truth that honesty is the best policy, and as another distinguished countryman has assured us that education is a grand little thing for the young, I can find nothing more to say except 'God bless our home,'" and he sat down amid vociferous cheers.

Wanted—A Massacre

A BERLIN correspondent for an American paper received these instructions from his editor at the breaking out of the war in the Balkans:

"War sufficiently well covered in other directions, but we learn the Turks are massacring every Christian they find. Please go to the most likely place for a general massacre and send good story."

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OUT IN THE COLD

The Tragedy of the War Correspondent

By PERCIVAL PHILLIPS

II

STARA ZAGORA might have been a prairie town in the Middle West. There were drug stores, with clerks who wore white collars; girls in hobble skirts and high heels, and a moving-picture theater. Motor cars abounded; the General Staff was merely a close corporation of silent old men, who occupied desks in the high-school building and took two hours for lunch. During a five-minute walk down one of the residential streets it was impossible to escape the deadly Merry Widow Waltz, pounded out on German pianos by young women who read the latest French novels and thought Stara Zagora dull. The correspondents were directed to a trim white building, where they found two rooms fitted with tables, chairs, ink, blotting paper and telegraph blanks, and marked Salle des Correspondants. Two other rooms in the same building contained a flock of censors—Bulgarians who had been professors or civil servants, or clerks in private life, and were now official filters for press messages. They wore any uniform that happened to fit—not being of great importance in the military scheme. The little English censor, for instance, had a Hussar's tunic buttoned over his chest. He had never been on a horse. He wore an infantryman's overcoat and an artilleryman's top-boots, and gave the general impression that he was leading a double life.

The first morning at Stara Zagora was a great blow. We found that being a war correspondent meant hanging round the Salle des Correspondants, drawing pictures on the blotting paper and exchanging courtesies with colleagues of a dozen nationalities in neutral French. We could not invade the General Staff's building because the members of the staff were busy. Once or twice a day a neat, colorless bulletin, containing modest references to the glory of Bulgarian arms, was copied out in French on a telegraph blank and pasted on the whitewashed wall in the Salle. Everybody sent the first two or three bulletins. Then cruel telegrams began to arrive from civilization that we were wasting money on old news. So we gnawed our nails and begged to be taken to the real front.

Maddening Official Bulletins

Of course the military attachés were furious at being bottled. Bulgarian armies moved with great celerity during that first week, and within a very few hours rumors of the beginning of a Kirk Kilisseh engagement began to trickle into our little white room in the Press Building. The attachés were lounging about the town, playing bridge at the officers' club, meeting at luncheon and dinner with the three or four staff officers delegated for the job of bear leading, and trying to conceal their curses under commonplace pleasantries. Polite hints were thrown out that they would like to see some fighting. At first these were ignored. Then, when one attaché became insistent, it was announced that at four o'clock in the afternoon a communication would be made to the attachés "on the military position." These unfortunate foreign officers sharpened their pencils, put their maps under their arms, and waited like schoolboys for the colonel who was to give them real information. This individual made his appearance at four. The attachés gathered round him with pencils poised.

"I have the pleasure to read this statement," said the colonel; and everybody laboriously copied down the text of a bulletin about a Bulgarian advance.

"Yes?" said the German attaché expectantly when he had finished.

"That is all today, gentlemen," said the colonel sweetly, and bowed himself out.

The bulletin he read had been posted in the Press Building two hours before!

Next day the American attaché—Lieutenant Sherman Miles—and the Rumanian attaché called on General Fitcheff, chief of the General Staff, to pay their respects. General Fitcheff lived in the best villa in town, and two sentries always stood at the garden gate. He invariably slept for an hour after his midday meal, and he had just roused himself, preparatory to going back to his desk in the high-school building, when the foreign officers were announced. He received them with cold civility. They discussed the war and the probability of the attachés' leaving Stara Zagora.

"We shall be happy to show you some battlefields," said the general, "when we have finished with them. Of course," he added, looking at the Rumanian significantly, "we do not intend to let any one see how we make war."

This sinister remark caused the attachés to fear the worst. It percolated through the Press Building and added to our own unhappiness. Sterilized bulletins no longer kept us quiet; we tried to kill time and were as forlorn as the Turkish prisoners that began to arrive. We envied them, for at least they had seen something of the war.

Forward by Horse and Cab

Toward the end of our melancholy sojourn at Stara Zagora, when the first big battle of the war had been fought and won, we were told that a merciful General Staff would send us nearer the front. We were to leave the following Monday for Mustafa Pasha, the Turkish town that had become field headquarters for the siege of Adrianople. By this time some of the little newspapers in Hungary and Rumania had given up the campaign, and there were gaps in our ranks. Still, over seventy men, all wearing the fatal red armlet, remained, in the hope of yet hearing guns fired in battle.

At about this time the horsedealer of tradition began to get in his nefarious work. None of the correspondents had brought horses from Sofia. It was reasonable to suppose, however, that our transfer to Mustafa Pasha necessitated horses in order that we might follow the advancing army. Sundry civilians of mysterious appearance and antecedents began hanging round the squalid café where the correspondents were fed by a Bulgarian butler, and hinted that they had horses to sell. Presently they were doing a roaring trade. Now the second-rate Balkan horse, which is usually a pony, is worth twenty or thirty dollars in ordinary times. Such beasts were being sold at two hundred dollars and more to correspondents. Sometimes the dealer threw in a saddle, and he never charged for the sores on the horse's back. Inexperienced purchasers usually inspected their bargains without troubling to remove the blanket, asked "Is he quiet?"—you could not have shifted some of them with a stick of dynamite—and paid over the money. The dealer always promised to take the horse back when the war was over "at a slightly reduced figure."

Considerable anguish was caused by the subsequent appearance of officers demanding receipts for horses purchased. Several correspondents could not show receipts and their beasts were promptly commandeered for the army. One man was halted on a mountain road three miles from the town and challenged. He finished the journey on foot and his alleged horse was harnessed to a forage cart.

Many correspondents could not ride. There was the fat Prussian, for example, who had not mounted a horse for thirty years. He was on the verge of tears when his friends emphasized the necessity for a four-legged animal of some sort. The situation appeared hopeless until he had an inspiration. "I will buy a cab!" he said. Half a dozen rickety old victorias, drawn by emaciated animals that had been scorned by the army, plied for hire in Stara Zagora. The German summoned one and bought it for six hundred dollars. He induced the authorities to let him send it ahead to Mustafa Pasha by road, as the correspondents were going by train. The driver agreed to go to the war for a small weekly wage and to buy back the outfit when the campaign was over. Several other correspondents who viewed saddle horses with distrust followed the German's example.

Reserve brigades lying along the Constantinople road were greatly edified by this file of empty carriages plowing the

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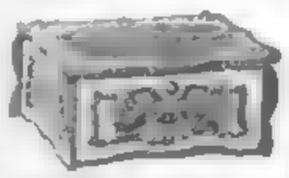

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mud. It was rumored through the army that the correspondents furnished a spectacle worth seeing, and that it would be a pity to die without having a glimpse of them going to the front in cabs.

Our second railway journey in search of the front emphasized our descent in the social scale. The officers of the General Staff were getting rather tired of us. This time we occupied an ordinary military train, without a dining car, and most of the baggage had to be piled on flat cars. The attachés were taken along, with this invidious distinction: whereas correspondents could remain at Mustafa Pasha, the attachés were escorted along the Adrianople lines in motor cars and hurried back to Stara Zagora the same day.

The afternoon before we left Stara Zagora prizes were given out just as at school on the Friday before Christmas. One by one our names were called, and as we went into the censors' private office in the Press Building each man was handed an ominous sealed envelope addressed to the commander of the Second Bulgarian Army.

Note the subtle Bulgarian mind: Instead of facing the inevitable explosion that would follow an arbitrary selection of correspondents for the field, the General Staff transferred this unpleasantness to the army at Mustafa Pasha by forwarding all correspondents—to be sifted there. No man dared open his sealed letter to see whether his pass was indorsed "To go anywhere," or simply "To remain at Mustafa Pasha a week and be sent back to Stara Zagora." The future was a lottery.

The Bulgarian army had its first glimpse of us the afternoon we arrived at Mustafa Pasha. Four miles of uncertain road linked the station with the filthy little Turkish town where the members of the Bulgarian staff were quartered.

After we were decanted from our train the commandant of the station found himself bombarded with inquiries. How could the correspondents get to the town?

"Walk," said that worthy briefly. He had no illusions about the power of the Press. "You will find plenty of people doing it!"

We did walk. Wounded soldiers raised themselves from their cots in wayside hospital tents to watch us pass. Some of them had not smiled for days until they saw us. A general at the crossroads, just before you get to the Maritz Bridge, pulled up with his aides-de-camp and stared in sheer amazement. Drivers in bullock transport columns shouted the good news from one cart to another.

We were worth watching.

There were the Italians, spaced out in little groups, perspiring heavily in their wash-leather coverings. Our blue-spectacled Prussian puffed heavily along, halting every other soldier to ask him if he had seen anything of a carriage and two brown horses. Round-shouldered war photographers labored under the weight of many plates. Correspondents in woolen helmets cursed the genius that had prophesied a hard Balkan winter.

Fighting in the Distance

A fair sun shone on fur-trimmed pedestrians who wanted iced beer more than anything else in the world. Here and there along the road were peasant carts, piled with costumes, canned goods, and a thousand accessories of débutants in the field. So we straggled into the village, through the traffic of war, trying not to hear the laughter of infantry columns that were gladdened by the sight of us.

After a delirious scramble for quarters in Turkish houses that were deserted—save for insect life—the troupe bore down on the little wooden telegraph office, where a single operator and a single wire furnished the sole link with civilization. Everybody had a telegram. Some industrious scribes wrote a thousand words describing their sensations during the ten-hour train-journey from Stara Zagora. They stood in line patiently for an hour and a half, filed their expensive word pictures and went away to open canned food. The pathos of this scene is apparent when you understand that every message was carefully spiked by the operator. Three days later he bound them together with pins and mailed them in envelopes to Sofia, whence they were telegraphed abroad—a week old!

Sunrise found the seventy-odd correspondents clamoring round the censors' room in the old Turkish building that served the Bulgarians as headquarters. Guns were thundering beyond the hills toward Adrianople. The chorus went up when the censors appeared:

"May we go to the front at once?"

"Be calm, gentlemen!" said four censors in as many languages. "For the moment—no." Subsequent inquiry elicited the cheery information that we could ride beyond Mustafa Pasha as we liked for the distance of—a mile! A choked voice reminded them that the firing line was at least fifteen miles away.

"Quite so," said the censors cheerily.

Arguments fell on deaf ears. Torrents of Italian and French adjectives left them unmoved.

We were politely waved away.

Of course the sound of guns made inaction impossible. Fifty men said to each other with ostentatious weariness that they were going to their huts to write letters, since they were not allowed to go to the front—and every man stealthily moved eastward in the direction of the booming guns. Parties of three and four lounged up the hill back of the old Turkish barracks, apparently admiring the scenery until they were clear of the town; and then tried to steer, by means of maps, up and down barren ridges toward the horizon, which was heavy with gouts of yellow smoke.

At the Censors' Office

The blue-spectacled Prussian, having found his carriage and pair—the driver was drunk and told impossible stories of having been robbed by Turkish bandits—climbed into the vehicle and creaked along the Constantinople road, which followed the snakelike Maritza Valley. He shared this thoroughfare with troops and guns, all pressing forward steadily; and, though his weird appearance excited curiosity, no one challenged him.

Eventually arriving in a tangle of stalled bullocks and Red Cross carts beside a pontoon bridge, our Prussian was sidetracked by an irate staff officer and spent the remainder of that day and night as hopeless and helpless as a paralyzed man in a Marathon race. There I found him in the darkness; and I thought then, as I have always thought since, that his plight was symbolic of our fate.

Some hopeful walkers climbed hills until they were ready to drop, and at last scaled a height that permitted them to see shells bursting over distant earthworks. Others failed before they reached such a goal and returned at odd intervals—when Mustafa Pasha had gone to bed—hungry and depressed. Two courageous spirits slept all night in a ravine, watched more shells bursting—with a cigarette for breakfast—and limped back toward the lone telegraph wire with the dim idea that they were real war correspondents suffering in the cause of a scoop.

A bedraggled crew of pedestrians arrived at the censors' office next day, hungry, moldy in appearance, but joyous in mind; for did they not bring vivid eye-witnesses' stories of real though long-distance fighting? Such telegrams in many languages were proffered the skeptical censors.

"No," said the censors in a succession of tongues, "you cannot write about fighting, because you could not have seen any. The rule was—a mile beyond the town. Of course no one would disobey a military order! You can say that you heard guns firing."

The chorus of lamentations disturbed General Ivanoff at his maps. A major with a toothbrush mustache demanded less noise. The censors' office held thirty persons only—the overflow meeting caused a suspension of work in adjoining offices. In the courtyard outside the general's chauffeur paused in his efforts to repair a sixty-horse-power motor car by means of a book on motoring, which was propped open at the page marked "Carburetors."

No telegrams were sent and the censors became really rude. Italian and French correspondents were tearful at this waste of sleep and toil; the Germans chewed five-syllable expletives; English-speaking victims said "Damn!"

"Observe," said one censor—before the war he was a professor of economics at the Gymnase at Philippopolis—"correspondents who disobey regulations will be expelled!"

For two days Mustafa Pasha was like a bear garden when the bears have not been fed. Inactive correspondents wasted many telegraph blanks writing flaccid descriptive

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matter about the procession of advancing troops. The telegraph office swallowed these messages and pocketed the money with avidity. Six days later they arrived!

Seventy idle war correspondents can seriously annoy an army staff—especially when they wander abroad indiscriminately and are picked up in forbidden places by officers who report the fact to headquarters. The crisis came one night when four were arrested, marched back ignominiously between sharp-pointed bayonets, and told to report themselves next morning for punishment. Sentries kept an unwelcome vigil outside their lodgings during the night.

All of us were haled to the commandant's room at nine o'clock next morning. The major in charge of what was termed the Section of Censure faced us with his interpreters, who translated his Bulgarian reproof thuswise:

"We are very tired of correspondents who will not remain where they are told to remain. Some of you are going away. The train will leave at seven o'clock tonight."

Thirty-one victims received this sentence. Among them were some who had played hide-and-seek near the firing line, and there were many others who had kept within bounds. Protests against this discrimination were useless. As well might the day's batch of victims in the Abbaye protest against going to the guillotine! The train left at seven.

Some laughed; some accepted their fate as a happy issue out of their affliction; one, at least, defied the army and said they would have to shoot him first! He stalked up and down the censors' room, hatless and tragic, for three hours—and then went home to bed. A sentry with a bayonet prodded him into his clothes by candlelight at six o'clock in the afternoon, and he joined the others at the station at seven.

Military police shepherded them into third-class cars, which moved out of Mustafa Pasha at three the next morning, as part of a very mixed military train. They were thirty-six hours covering the ninety-mile journey to Stara Zagora, where they found a new censor, who was really a Sofia policeman. He treated them as criminals, kept them under surveillance for four days in order that the news germs in their systems might become innocuous, and then shipped them to Sofia in two freight cars. While descending the mountains into the plain of Sofia in the middle of the night the brakes failed to act and the train ran away. Luckily the line was clear and they reached the capital safely. "Not a sentry was killed!" said one deported correspondent gloomily as he called for a bath at the Hotel Bulgarie that night.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

The night the proscribed left Mustafa Pasha deep peace surrounded the dirty café where a Greek sutler fed us what he called meals at two dollars each. Denuded of Italian futurists and high-geared battle painters, it seemed a haven of rest after the incessant clamor of previous banquets. The men who remained were gloomily conversing with canned beef when a wild-eyed Dane, spattered with mud, slouched into his usual seat.

Inasmuch as he had been expelled, his reappearance was as startling as that of a corpse that had been coffined by the undertaker. Polite surprise was expressed at his resurrection.

"I am here and I am not here!" he exclaimed as he pounded the table for brandy. "All my baggage and my money were in my carriage, which was being driven to the station tonight. I rode my horse beside the carriage. A cursed headquarters motor car without lights ran into my carriage, which broke in two. My baggage was thrown into a pool of mud, where it is now being trampled by an artillery column. My horse took fright, ran into a thicket and dragged me for thirty yards by one foot—my overshoe had caught in the stirrup. I have no clothes, no money, no pass, nowhere to go, and no right to be alive!"

At this moment a patrol entered and collected him. He slept that night under guard and next morning was lost in the westbound railway traffic. I hope he has gone back to Berlin, where he had been employed as a drygoods clerk until he offered to go to war for a Berlin weekly paper, without salary—because he wanted "the experience."

Following this debacle, many correspondents remaining at Mustafa Pasha gave up the struggle. It was apparent that no one was to be allowed to see any fighting. The censors vaguely promised excursions—"perhaps tomorrow." On a day when not a single shot was fired a dozen men were escorted to a hill whence they could see the minarets of Adrianople. That was all.

Seven correspondents decided to try their luck with the First Bulgarian Army, now sweeping toward the Turks at Lule Bourgas. Second Army headquarters joyfully granted them permission, and they started across country in bullock wagons. The earth swallowed them up. Days afterward this problem in arithmetic was propounded in our concentration camp:

"If it takes six days for a telegram to travel from Mustafa Pasha to New York, how long will it take for a telegram to travel from Tchataldja?"

The answer is—twelve days!

When Revenge Was Sweet

One morning, after days of semi-stupor, the censors smiled affably when we wandered in to ask the usual useless questions. There had been a great battle, they said, and a bulletin would be issued. Thus we received the first news of the Turkish rout from Lule Bourgas—a laconic statement of one hundred and fifty words. Some correspondents dashed to the telegraph office. The wiser ones asked:

"When did the battle finish?"

"Two days ago," replied the censor.

"Where does the news come from?"

"From Sofia," said the censor.

All the world had been talking of Lule Bourgas for days! We, in our cages, were as helpful to our editors as blind men in Broadway! So we waited for the first Sofia newspapers, to learn what the battle was about. Our information was supplied chiefly by Vienna and London telegrams.

One weary day was like another. We rode aimlessly over the hills. Our force dwindled steadily. Correspondents were either going home or disappearing into the more remote region of the First Army, where they found themselves farther from the news than ever. Carriages were at a discount. Horses sold for a song. Furs were given away to soldiers. No more bulletins were issued at headquarters, and telegrams were to be accepted between ten and eleven A. M.

One morning I received an eight-day-old telegram: "All messages from the field at least six days late—some two weeks; same news sent out officially from Sofia."

And then this message: "Come home! All is forgiven!"

One cold, dark morning at five o'clock three embittered members of the once unwieldy army of correspondents said farewell to Mustafa Pasha. Canned food of uncertain merit was distributed among half a dozen grateful Bulgarian families. The military escort furnished by the commandant of the town gladly impounded—by request—three bottles of brandy, carried for medicinal purposes.

As our bullock carts lumbered toward the station, one correspondent malignantly urged the sergeant and his men to "have another." Between them two bottles of brandy were finished by the thirsty escort before we reached the depot!

As our train moved away in the direction of Tirnova Sirmenli and civilization, I heard an uproar on the station platform. There was the sergeant madly waving an empty bottle! Three wilted soldiers revolved round him. Peasants in shaggy sheepskin coats were pushing forward to watch a wild attempt at a dance. I could see the commandant of the station hurrying out of his office, his hand uplifted in rage.

"What is it?" I asked my friend, whose sinister hospitality had wrought this ruin.

"That," he replied grimly, "is the war correspondent's revenge!"

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The Senator's Secretary

THERE will be a hundred freshmen in Professor Woodrow Wilson's University of Expedient Economics and Tariff Tautology that is scheduled to open its sessions early in March—out of a total enrollment of Democratic students numbering two hundred and ninety-one. One hundred and forty-four Republican students of all brands will also attend, but they will not count or be counted. The professor's university is a Democratic university. These Republicans will be tolerated, but not tolled. They are excess educational baggage.

This freshman class is the largest Washington has seen for many years. One hundred earnest young statesmen, direct from the people, will arrive via parcel post and in other dignified manners, to take up the great work of regenerating, rejuvenating and renovating the Republic—one hundred—count 'em! They come from all parts of the Union and they are freighting in vast quantities of high and holy resolves, an enormous tonnage of pure patriotism—to say nothing of illimitable areas of unselfish devotion to the welfare of the plain people. They are filled with zeal and—sad to say—presently will be filled with prunes; for such is the inevitable fate of the freshman in Congress.

They will find themselves sitting on benches instead of at desks, for Professor Wilson's university begins its labors with four hundred and thirty-five members instead of the three hundred and ninety-one Mr. Taft had on his hands. Spacious as the assembly room is, it is not spacious enough to harbor four hundred and thirty-five desks for four hundred and thirty-five members; so resort will be made to benches, after the manner of the House of Commons, where six hundred and seventy members find ample room in a chamber not more than half so large as the one in Washington. The benches will fill a long-felt want. It will be easier to play hooky. Obtusely enough, the authorities used to print in the Congressional Directory a diagram giving the desk location of each member, which enabled visitors from back home to sit in the gallery and keep tabs on their local members, and note whether they were attending to public business or not.

With benches, I assume, the majority will sit on one side and the minority on the other, without special seat designation; so any freshman who finds the proceedings dull, as all freshmen will find them after a time, and hopeless so far as they are concerned, can skip out and enjoy himself, and claim vigorously, when held to account for his absence by a visitor from home, that he was there all the time, but on another bench than that scrutinized by the investigator.

An Embarrassment of Democrats

There are desperate days in store for the hundred freshmen—days that will make them seek the recesses of their office rooms and wonder dully why they ever left home to come down to Washington and take up the work of being legislative zeros. Freshmen count for less, even, in Professor Wilson's political university than they count in the university he formerly conducted. If you are searching for the absolute in negligible quantities seek no further. The new member of Congress in a lopsided majority types what you wish to find.

Think of the situation: Here is a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives composed of two hundred and ninety-one men. Eliminate the hundred freshmen entirely—cast them to one side—and the Democrats still have enough votes, one hundred and ninety-one, to overcome any Republican plot there may be—overcome that plot by forty-seven votes, a great plenty, of men who have been there before and who are known quantities.

The hundred freshmen are not needed. There will be no coddling of them. They will be considered as freshmen, and ordered to prove up before they can be shown any consideration; and they will be very lucky if they get a chance to prove. There is no place in the world where length of service is so highly considered as in the Congress; and when there are enough of the men who have been there before to accomplish anything needful the chances of the freshmen for being anything but recorded votes are quite remote. The old boys are embarrassed by the strength of their party. However, they will not be embarrassed when it comes to the distribution of plums and the honors—if such there be—that shall entail. The old boys will get all that is good. The freshmen will get nothing but kindly smiles and genial instructions to look pleasant—and remain obscure.

A large number of the men who ran the Democratic majority in the present or Sixty-second Congress will be on hand when the new Congress begins revising the tariff to meet the exigencies of the political situation. These include many, also, who served during the days when the Republicans were in power and who fed on husks for years and years! Now that the doors are open and the feast is spread within easy reach, the reaching will be done by the veterans, and the freshmen will be told to remain politely in the background and wait for the second table. The old crowd feel very kindly toward the newcomers, but they have their duties to their constituents, who have been sending them there so long, as well as their duties to themselves—of reasonable importance—to consider; and the newcomers will be adjured to expect nothing, lest they be disappointed.

A Straight Tip to the Freshmen

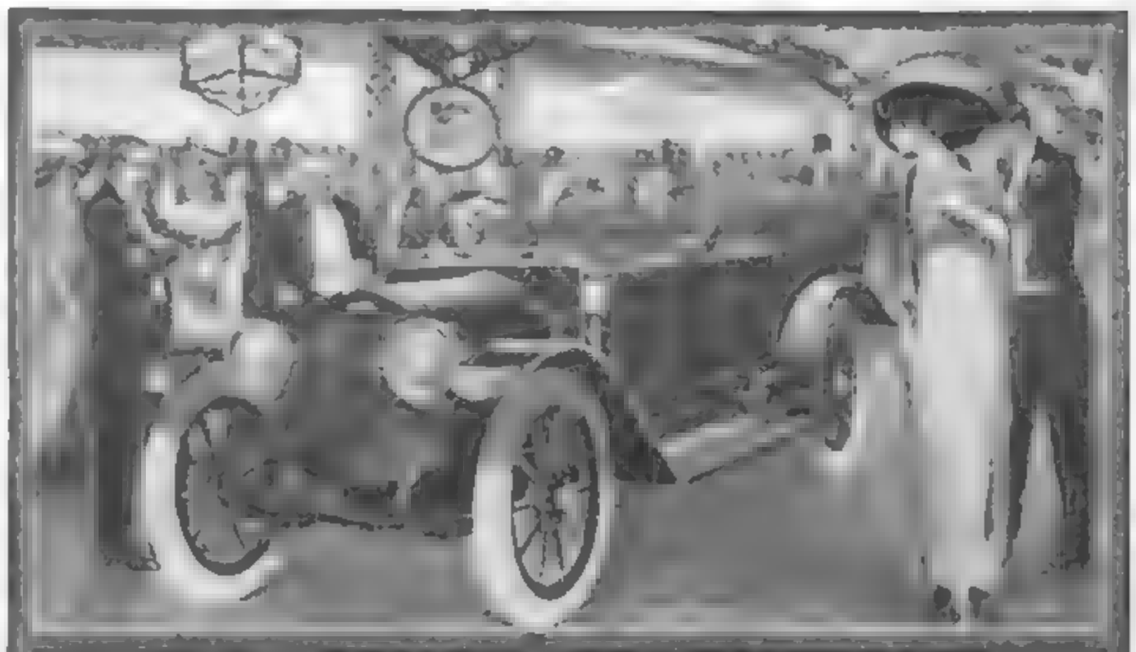
It will be hard. Most of the freshmen are young men and all of them have high ideals. They want to do things for the people. They desire to reshape the course of the Republic. They know of grave wrongs that should be righted, of new principles that should be adopted. They are big men in their own communities. Some of them defeated veterans, men of long service and great reputation, and hold themselves in serious regard—not alone because of that but for other excellences that must exist; else they would not have been chosen by the people for the great work now allotted to them. They are earnest and eager. They desire to reform practice and policies. Not one of them but has within him smoldering thoughts that await the mere opportunity to burst into flame and light the path of progress.

But there they are, face to face with a situation that is cruel and inevitable. There are too many Democrats—that is the sum of it. The majority in the House is too big. Its very size will prevent the success of the individual—especially of the new individual. If the Democrats had won by twenty or thirty the new men would have had a chance; but the Democrats won by two hundred and ninety-one to one hundred and forty-four. In a majority of this size it will be hard enough for the old member to make an impression; and it will be impossible for the new man, no matter how talented he may be, to be more than a cog in a very large wheel.

Wherefore, out of the kindness of a heart that has been torn for more years than I care to tell by the woes of the new member of Congress; out of a sympathy that has been deeply touched by the valiant but unavailing efforts of the freshmen to get into the limelight; because of the horrors of the system as applied to the earnest young man from the back-yonder district, who comes ardently to fire the Ephesian dome and finds that no one will let him have a match—I propose, here and now, to tell these freshmen, these hundred hopeless young statesmen, how to attain consideration by the party chiefs; how to get prominence in their home districts; how to jimmy their way into the inner counsels; how to become of the inside instead of lingering on the outside.

The scheme is simple enough, but that simplicity does not detract from the certainty of its operation. It has worked many times and it will work again. I can point out a dozen Democrats in the House of Representatives who became prominent in the past six or seven years solely by the skillful use of this prescription. I can cite you twenty men who are always referred to in the home papers as "powerful factors in the work of the majority," or "one of the men who shape legislation," or "is always consulted on important questions," or "is rapidly forging to the front as a leader"; and every last one of them got this much-to-be-desired reputation by this little expedient I now offer to the hundred freshmen who will matriculate in Professor Wilson's university on March fourth next.

This is it: Don't be too regular! You will never be more than a vote if you always



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Then go around and look at the other machines—see if they have Electric Self-Starters—Electric Lights with Dynamos—¾ Elliptic, Oil Tempered Springs—Underslung Spring Constructions—Hand-buffed Leather Upholstery—12" Cushions—extra wide, well fitted Doors—as well equipped Dash Boards—as complete sets of Time, Speed and Mileage Recording Instruments—real Honeycomb Radiators—extra powerful Continental Motors with Enclosed Valves—Hot Water Jacketed Carburetors—Dual Ignition Systems—Multiple Disc Clutches—Compact, extra strong Nickel Steel Transmissions—Double Trussed Nickel Steel, Full-floating Type Rear Axles—Heavy Duty, External and Internal Brakes—Large Radius and Torsion Rods, Extra large Artillery Wheels—Over-size Tires—as large and as Well Finished Bodies—and a dozen other little items of refinement which our salesmen will be glad to show you on Abbott-Detroit cars.

You will find some cars that have many of these new features, but no one that has them all.

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44-50 5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheelbase	$1975
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ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY

601 WATERLOO STREET DETROIT, MICHIGAN

vote as the leader tells you to. Persistent regularity makes for nothing but complacent regard by the leaders. If they always know where to find you they will never find you except when they need you. If they are not quite sure where you are they will make efforts to get you. Your success will come through the efforts they make.

This is the way to do it: Once in a while, when an important but not too important question is up, bolt! Vote against the party! Run out of the inclosure! Jump the fence! Oppose what the leaders want! But never base your opposition on anything other than constitutional grounds. Bolt—but always assign a constitutional reason for your action. The grand old elastic Constitution will furnish a reason for anything, from the way you cut your hair to how you like your eggs. Select a good place on a measure that is reasonably vital, and declare impressively that you cannot follow your party on this because of a constitutional reason.

You can always find the constitutional reason. Play that up hard! Then the folks back home will say you are a statesman instead of a politician, and the leaders will be forced to recognize you. The leaders cannot fight the Constitution. Nobody can! Don't let them think they have you tied hand and foot, ready to register every time they nod. Break away once in a while on purely constitutional grounds and you will get recognition—get celebration as a man who would rather be right—and constitutional—than regular; and you will find yourself gradually coming to be recognized.

It's a grand game, and I offer it here to the entire hundred freshmen. They will be patronized by men who got their patronizing privileges by this prescription and in no other way, and are now big men in the House. There are a dozen leading Democrats and Republicans up there who are leading Democrats and Republicans for no other reason than an occasional well-timed breakaway from the party program, based on a constitutional reason.

They didn't break, of course, when the vote was vital; but they chose fairly spectacular moments and marched out in front, with the Constitution in one hand and a speech manuscript in the other, and proclaimed their—momentary—independence! It never failed.

The Reformation of O'Hara

By MORLEY ROBERTS

DAN O'HARA is the big man of Carrickford and a fine-looking man too. He weighs eighteen or nineteen stone, is about two feet six inches across the shoulders, and the best talker in the county, even on water—when he tells how he came to taste it at last.

"Ah, but I was a fine young man!" said Dan O'Hara. "In those days I could eat and dhrink and fight with anny in the south of Ireland. But about ten years ago me health began to give, and me wife was anxious about me, and I was a thrifle anxious about meself. And I thought a little advice would be doing me good; so I went to the docthor, and he gave me a little advice and I gave him quite a deal of money. The advice did me no good and I'm only hoping the money did him some. I went on being ill; and presently I tackled another docthor and he said all kinds of things—some very long words in it too; but divil a haporth of good did he do me. Then, at last, he and the other docthors put their heads together and they said that I'd better go to Dublin.

"And I went to Dublin and I saw a docthor there. He was a guinea man, and the divil a haporth of good I got out of the guinea I give him! And still I was ill; and I went on me own way and was beginning to get very bad, and thinkin' that maybe me liver was gone wrong—or it might be me heart, or the whole lot of me organs. All the docthors in Carrickford put their heads together again, and they said, at last, that I was the divil's own job and they didn't know what to do with me; and that if I did the right thing I'd take a ticket for London to see Sir Henry Jameson, that they told me was a mighty fine man for a case like mine—though how they were sure of that, considering they didn't understand it, I've been puzzled to know ever since.

"It was an expensive job to go over to England and all the way to London to see Sir Henry Jameson, but when the docthors say one thing and your wife says the same it has to be done! It's a ratthin' fine place, London, and I won't throuble you with my opinions of it. I went up to Sir Henry Jameson's house and I saw his man. He gave me a time for me to call, and I went. I waited for half an hour, then I was told to go in; and I went in, and I saw Sir Henry.

"Now he was a mighty fine little man. He had a head on him that fair made me shiver—it was that big! He looked as if he knew everything; and if he had a little body on him his eyes were like gimlets.

"He stared at me hard and he said:

"'Sit down. Your name's O'Hara.'

"And I said:

"'It is.'

"'You're an Irishman,' he said.

"'I am that. I'm from Carrickford.'

"'And where's Carrickford?' said he.

"'Carrickford is on the River Suir, in County Watherford,' I said.

"'Watherford?' says he, kind of thinkin' about it, and laying an unholy wondherin' emphasis on the word Watherford. 'Watherford,' says he—'County Watherford? 'Tis a fine-lookin' man you are, Mr. O'Hara.'

"'I've been that since I was a child,' says I.

"'You weigh some,' says he.

"'I do,' said I.

"'How much might it be?' said he.

"'Nineteen stone and a half,' says I—'and divil a half-ounce less.'

"'It's a grand weight intirely,' says he. 'Do you eat well?'

"'I do me duty,' says I, 'more or less, though with some trouble just now.'

"'I have a letther about you from Carrickford,' says he—'from Docthor Murphy.'

"'Do ye know him?' said I.

"'I do not,' said he.

"'Tis little he knows about me or he wouldn't be sending me over to you,' said I. 'But there—I'm in your hands,' said I, 'and I'll be glad to know what you think of me.'

"'What's your throuble?' said he.

"'That's been the wondher all over Ireland, from Carrickford to Dublin,' I told him. 'One man says 'tis this; another man says 'tis that; and another man says 'tis my heart; and another man says I don't ate enough; and another says I ate too much. One grand man says I dhrink too little, and another poor creature that I dhrink too much; and the throuble is that I feel unwell and can't do me work the way I should.'

"'And what is your work?'

"'Buying and selling cattle,' said I.

"'Grand animals,' says he—'cattle.'

"'There's money in them,' says I.

"'Thrue for ye!' says he. And I could see all the time that the little man with the big head and the eyes like gimlets was sizing me up.

"'Tell me about yourself,' says he. 'You're a married man?'

"'I am that,' says I.

"'Are your habits regular?' says he.

"'With the utmost regularity,' said I. 'I rise at the same time every morning.'

"'When's that?' says he.

"'Nine o'clock,' says I; 'and I go to bed the same time every night, Sir Henry.'

"'And what time do you go to bed?' asked Sir Henry.

"'Two o'clock every morning,' says I—'regular.'

"'Ah,' says he. 'You do something in the way of dhrink, I suppose?'

"'I do me moderate duty,' says I.

"'You're moderate?' says he. 'Now what do you call moderation? Are you ever the worse for dhrink?'

"'Never in me life since I was a young man of twenty-two years,' says I, 'bein' fined forty shillings.'

"'That's good,' says he. 'H'm!—and how much do you dhrink, Mr. O'Hara?'

"'Well, I can't be telling you exactly what I dhrink—the total amount of it, that is; but without much thinkin' it over I should say I dhrink fifty half wans a day.'

"'What's a half wan?' asked Sir Henry.

"'Tis a small glass,' said I.

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Every tomato selected—only the choice, red-ripe ones used—cooked lightly that the natural flavor is retained, and seasoned delicately with pure spices. Prepared in modern, sanitary kitchens, immaculate in their cleanliness.

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Our booklet "Original Menus" will be found helpful; it contains many hints for dinners and luncheons. Your name and your grocer's (mentioning this weekly) will bring it

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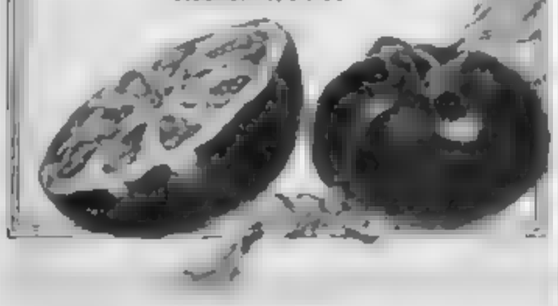

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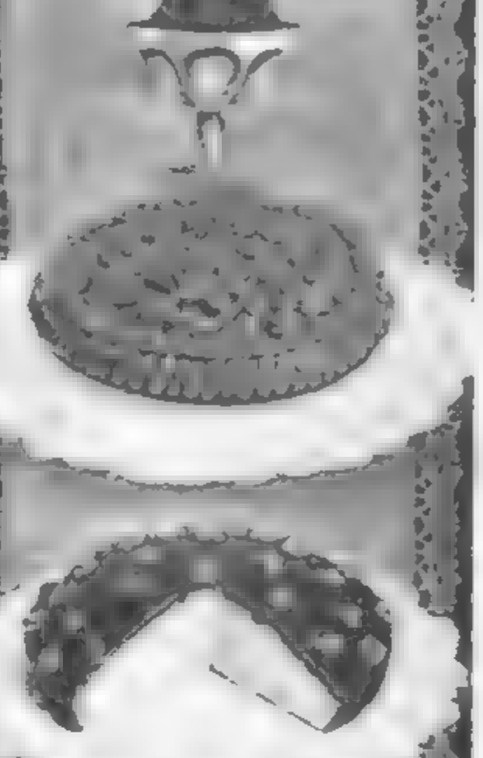
CHOCOLATE



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"He stared at me without a word for half a minute, and then he said:

"'Do you mean to tell me you dhrink fifty small glasses a day?'

"'I do that,' said I.

"'Fifty small glasses a day! Fifty small glasses of beer a day——'

"'Of what?' says I.

"'Of beer,' says Sir Henry.

"'You're barking up the wrong tree,' says I scornfully. 'Tis a way they have of saying in America—so I'm told. 'You're barking up the wrong tree, Sir Henry! Beer? Why, beer—I wouldn't touch it without I was dying of drouth!'

"His eyes grew sharper still, and he fidgeted with his chair, and he glared at me, and he said:

"'Do you mane to tell me that you don't dhrink beer? Then what do you dhrink, man?'

"'Whisky,' says I.

"'Whisky!' he roars, jumping up.

"'The same,' said I. 'Mostly straight whisky—and good whisky it is, take it all round,' said I.

"'And you're telling me that you dhrink fifty small glasses of whisky inside of twenty-four hours, Mr. O'Hara?'

"'I'm tellin' you that,' said I with me eyes on him.

"'I don't believe it!' said Sir Henry.

"I looked at him and I said:

"'Now, Sir Henry Jameson, do you think that I've come all the way from Carrickford to Liverpool, and from Liverpool to London, and stayed at an expensive hotel in this city, and come up here and make an appointment with you, and come in here and pay you two guineas, which I understand is what I've got to pay—all for the pleasure of tellin' you lies?' said I. And he owned it was a thrifle ridiculous and maybe unlikely.

"'But 'tis a native and radical incapacity in me mind to understand how a man can dhrink fifty small glasses of whisky,' said the docthor.

"'Fifty small glasses of whisky,' said I, 'is but twenty-five large glasses of whisky.'

"'And how many large glasses of whisky are there in a bottle?' said he.

"'Eight,' says I, 'or nine.'

"'Then you mean to tell me that you've been dhrinking two and a half bottles of whisky a day?' says he.

"'Now you mention it, and reckonin' it in bottles, it comes to that,' says I. 'To me it seems rather less than fifty small glasses.'

"'Tis no less,' said he; 'and to me it seems more, for I know the size of a bottle, and of what an Irish small glass is I hadn't any notion. Why, you're a dishtillery, man!' says he.

"'A what?' says I.

"'A dishtillery,' says he—'a bonded store! And you complain of bein' a thrifle unwell, do you?' says he. 'Why, man alive that ought to be dead, you're the greatest wondher!' says Sir Henry Jameson. 'Take off some of those things and lie down upon that sofy, and let me get me hands upon you,' says he.

"And I did what he told me, and I lay down; and the little man he comes and sits alongside me, and he gets down to business with me.

"'A little the matter with you!' says he, shaking his big head.

"'Am I dying?' said I—that anxious and dishtressed.

"'I don't think you're dying—not just yet—but you will die!'

"'Soon?' says I.

"'Tis in your own power,' says he. 'Do you know what I'm feelin' now?' says he.

"'I've heard it said that the liver's there.'

"'It is,' said he. 'Man alive, you've got one on you that would sole a pair of mountaineering boots!' said he. 'And they'd be wearin' for everlastin'—they'd be that hard and solid. You're a wondher! I don't know how you're alive!' said he. 'And there you are, with a good healthy-lookin' complexion, and nothing remarkable barrin' being too big round the waist.' And I own I was a thrifle heavy in those days.

"And he said:

"'Man, you're a wondher! Your organs ought to be in a museum; and as for the kidneys that you're complaining of, they must be made of brass, with phosphor-bronze fittings,' says he. 'You're the most wondherful man I ever saw in my life!' says Sir Henry Jameson. 'Get off that sofy and put your clothes on, and sit down in that chair and let me talk to you.'

"Says I to him in a quiet tone:

"'Tis my opinion'—and all the time I was puttin' on me clothes—'Tis my opinion, Sir Henry, that ye know your business.'

"'I do that,' said he.

"'Tis the greatest throuble in the world,' says I, 'to get a man that knows his own business. For after me paying five shillings, or half a guinea—or even a guinea—divil a one of them so much as asked me how much I dhrank.'

"'You'll dhrink no more!' said he. 'You're as nigh to death as any man I ever came across; and yet you're wondherful healthy, and would have a chance if you chucked the whisky and behaved sensible-like.'

"'You, knowin' your business, tell me that?' I asked him; and he said,

"'Thrue it is, Mr. Dishtillery.'

"That was the way he had with him, callin' me a dishtillery and a bonded store, makin' out that I was an excessive dhrinker. I argued with him. I said:

"'You shouldn't call me them names, Sir Henry. You can't call a man an excessive dhrinker if he's never dhrunk, always gettin' up in the mornin' and having some breakfast, doin' his work, and goin' to bed regular at two o'clock. How would you call that excessive?'

"'Why, man alive, it would kill most locomotives to take the whisky into their boilers you've been dhrinking! You'll take no more!' said he, very stern.

"'Now,' said I, 'I'm takin' your advice. I came over here for it. 'Tis two guineas to you and ten guineas to the other thieves in London,' says I; 'and your money I'm not regrettin', for I see you know your thrade. And is it a fact that you're telling me that I'm to be a teetotaler?'

"'That's the word I meant,' said the docthor. 'You're to go home to Ireland and never touch a dhrop of whisky from this day till your dying day. You may have what you like that day!'

"'Begosh! It won't be long coming!' said I very mournfully.

"And he looks at me very wise and says:

"'Now, Mr. O'Hara, givin' up dhrink will be a trifle hard on you for a time and you'll be feelin' unwell, and you'll be very anxious for a dhrink; but if you're wise you'll take none, and you'll live for thirty years. And if you go on as you have been, with your fifty small glasses, you'll be bankrupt as a dishtillery and bust up in six months, for your organization won't stand it. Do I have your word you'll take my advice?' said he.

"Oh, I was a sad man at the moment! But I saw that he knew his business. He was a wise little man, with a head on him, in proportion to his body, like a football on top of a tentpeg it might be, and the eyes of him that wise, and his little hands gripping at me, so to speak! I was big enough to eat him on a piece of toast for breakfast like a sardine, but he put the fear of God in me! I says:

"'Sir Henry, I'll dhrink no more!'

"With that he says:

"'Give me the two guineas and go away back to Ireland—and take the pledge if 'tis necessary.'

"'Tis not necessary,' says I. 'I give you me word.'

"'You're a brave man, Mr. O'Hara!' said Sir Henry.

"'For the work I'm undertakin' I believe I am,' said I. 'And, oh, for some weeks I'm thinkin' I'll be hatin' your name, Sir Henry.'

"He says:

"'You may hate me as you like for the next six months, but you'll be blessin' me for the next ten years—and so will Mrs. O'Hara; and if you've got any children, and behave dacent to them, they'll be blessin' me too.'

"So I said as I rose to go after payin' him his two guineas—I said:

"'You're a grand little man, Sir Henry, and it's takin' your advice I am.'

"I shook hands with him and I went away, and I came back to Ireland; and from that day to this I've never touched whisky—and I'm doin' grand on wather! But, oh, I'm sometimes thinkin' of the time that must be when I'll be lying on me death bed, and I'll be askin' the docthor there: 'Is it a sure thing that I'm bound for Kingdom Come, docthor?' And he'll be givin' me his word that there's no savin' me, whatever they do. And when I see that he's speakin' the truth—only let's hope 'twill be some years from now—I'll say: 'There's compensations in everythin', docthor. Fetch me in a bottle of whisky and I'll dhrink Sir Henry Jameson's health!'"

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WHAT is the greatest modern printing invention? Unquestionably, the new *high speed offset press*. It abolishes dependence upon coated paper for printing halftones. It reduces printing cost by its swift speed.

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They mean that you can now have your desk catalogs, booklets, folders, art pictures, pictorial letterheads, labels, certificates, etc., etc., all handsomely printed with halftones, in black or colors, on aristocratic Tokyo Bond.

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Expensive? No.

Tokyo Bond is medium priced enough for carload runs. And you can use a weight that is *half* that of regular catalog or booklet paper. Thus you save on cost of mailing, as well as weight of stock.

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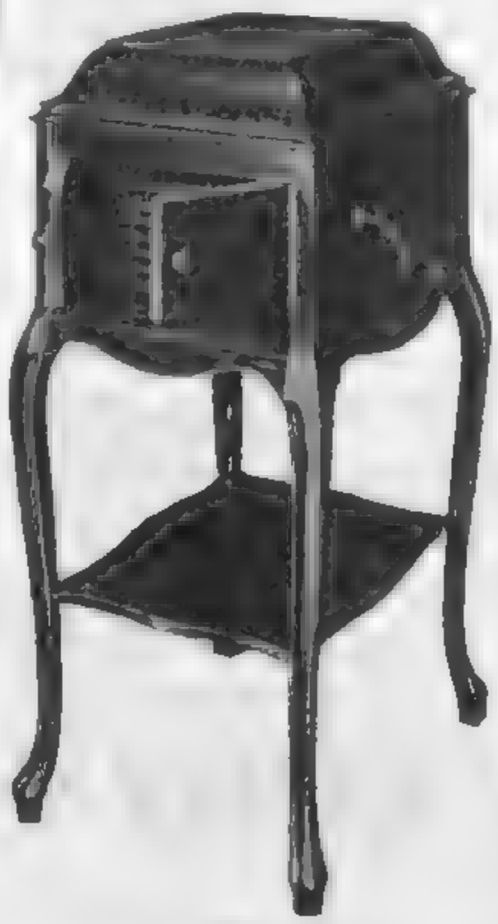

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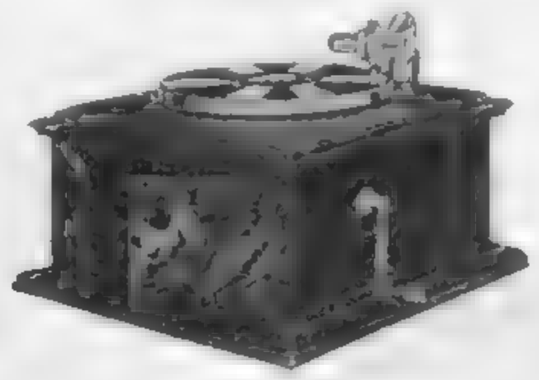

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HOW'S BUSINESS AND WHY

ALL things considered, business is good. One man declares that trade is a little quiet, another that it is the best in several years, still another that it has continued to improve for a number of months and that he is hopeful regarding the outlook. The opinion is met that the good-crop factor must exercise a helpful influence for the present, and that a fairly satisfactory half year should follow the incoming of 1913. Yet there are business men who distrust the future, and not merely because of the certainty of tariff legislation by a political party, the acts and traditions of which have heretofore been considered as hostile to protected industry. The labor situation disturbs these people. The position of money fails to give them assurance, while the foreign political outlook causes at least mental uneasiness.

Testimony from the lumber trade shows a situation unparalleled for many years. The industry was prostrated for several years and prices were so high that demand slackened materially. Moreover, substitutes for lumber in building construction made inroads upon the use of that material. Building construction in recent years was stimulated by the adoption of cement for foundations, walls, partitions, and so forth, and the shading of prices for lumber led to the freer use of lumber, until trade revival became pronounced in all lumber regions.

The iron and steel districts of the country speak in terms of optimism. Orders appear to be nearly the best in volume, and deliveries are being made at prices quite above the lowest, with orders taken at still better prices. Prosperity seems to be written everywhere in this industry. At the same time it is questioned by some men in the industry whether the forward movement will be prolonged; whether, in a word, the railroads, which are the best customers of the steel corporations and which are not buying to a great extent, will be able to finance the purchase of the materials required for future betterments and new construction and for providing equipment.

The Transportation Problem

The railroads are accustomed to order in great amounts, and necessarily they cannot keep filling orders. It is estimated that some 5,000,000 tons of rails were ordered in 1912. The rolling capacity of the mills is estimated at 6,000,000 tons per annum, and the product of half of that capacity is believed to have been already ordered, assuring operation of the mills for at least six months of the new year. The production of rails in 1912 is believed to have been the largest, with three exceptions, since the present century came in. That the railroads are now paying the penalty for neglect of roadbeds, and will still have somewhat more to pay in the same direction, is obvious without more specific mention. Furthermore, the use of heavier equipment of every sort will necessitate further replacing of rails quite extensively. It is not unlikely that some or most of the worst accidents on the railroads are due to failure to keep pace with the weight of equipment in the weight of rails and the proper securing of the same. It is said that English railroads use four ties to three in this country, and that bolts are employed in place of spikes in fastening the rails to the ties. Great accidents sometimes occur on English roads, but they are not nearly so frequent as they are here.

The transportation problem in this country is among the greatest to be solved, and the deficiency of cars on the railroads attests pressure on the railroads this winter. A shortage of over fifty thousand freight cars in this country and Canada was repeatedly reported last fall; and so serious did the situation become that the Interstate Commerce Commission intervened to see whether something could not be done to correct the evil. There was reason to suppose that some of the roads were none too scrupulous about returning the equipment of other roads to the rightful owners when it should have been returned. The commission requested semi-monthly reports from the roads, and having ascertained the facts and practices will doubtless find a remedy. It is possible that publicity may furnish all the correction that will be necessary, and it should be said that the plan of the commission was heartily approved by the more prominent railroads.

The textile mills appear to be doing fairly well, save for threats of tariff alterations and the difficulty of dealing with their employees. Domestic and foreign orders for their products are pronounced large, and profit is found in manufacturing. Retailers had some cause for complaint in the mild season preceding Christmas when trade was quiet to a certain extent. Effort was expended in the large cities to induce shoppers to begin early, but there was about the usual rush at the last of the holiday season.

Christmas buying is a factor of moment in its effect upon the money market, which is likely to be somewhat tight at that season of the year. The money market was in truth among the really serious factors of the late autumn of 1912. So extensive were the uses for money in crop-moving and unnumbered other purposes that a veritable pinch was felt, and stock-market traders found themselves confronted one day with a twenty-per-cent call-loan rate. Not for some days did money return to a comfortable borrowing basis. That was the season when the large bankers would calculate on getting funds from Europe, but inopportunely for American bankers that continent had a war thrust upon it, and so freely did Europe send home American securities that for a brief time it was a question whether the United States might not lose gold to Europe instead of attracting it.

Thus it happened that the money needed for domestic uses, and rather badly needed, had to be used to pay for securities that this country would rather not have bought just at that time. That difficulty was, however, overcome, and then there sprang up, somewhat unexpectedly, a monetary want in the West and in Canada, some of it to satisfy legitimate business wants and other portions to put the banks in order against an expected call for a statement of condition. This use of money is known as "window dressing"—that is, making a show; and, usually, no sooner does the occasion for display pass than the money is put to different use. To supply funds for their interior and Canadian correspondents and customers, New York lending institutions took occasion to call loans on commission-house clients. Hence the quotation of twenty-per-cent money and a general stiffening of money rates. As money becomes dear credit begins to suffer strain, collateral is discriminated against and a generally uncomfortable situation arises. Some help was had from gold imports, but those importations occurred when there was a feeling that they might be interrupted at any time by an advance in foreign discount rates, designed perhaps to check the gold movement, perhaps to prepare for buying foreign loans growing out of the Balkan War, or perhaps to strengthen the war chests of leading nations. It was recognized all along that conditions in continental Europe were volcanic and that a political earthquake might occur without notice.

International Finance

London advises that only twenty-five per cent of a Province of Alberta loan of $1,000,000 was subscribed in that city, and it is probable that that market has been getting more Canadian bonds than it wants. Saskatoon was trying to float a five-per-cent loan at 99¼ in London at the same time, the rate contrasting with successful placing of four and a halves at 101¼ in 1910. Such was the tension of affairs in Paris that a cablegram announces that all business of a financial nature seems to have been shelved until early spring, reference being more particularly to business on the bourse. That Paris might have money to lend to the belligerent nations when they should cease fighting, if not earlier, was intimated. It is to be concluded that this country cannot for a considerable time surely bank upon receiving a great deal of assistance in a monetary way from Europe, and it will have to finance its domestic needs with at most a minimum of assistance from other countries. That the domestic wants of the corporations of the United States are now large is an obvious corollary of the situation. The railroads want untold millions of money to comply with the necessities of their growth and the growth of the country. Where the money is to come from and at how expensive terms cannot now be said, except that higher rates will have to be paid. Probably the money can be had at a price, and probably, when the money used in moving the crops of 1912 shall return to loaning centers East and West, there will be sufficient money to get on with, especially if general business shall slacken through dread of tariff revision and fear of Federal interference.

The question of near-by ability to borrow in round amounts, the question of tariff revision, the question of the attitude of the law department of the Government, and the program of the new Congress are leading questions at this time, and they deeply concern the business community. It is easy to say that business will not regard these matters, but it usually has regarded them and presumably will do the same on the present occasion.

The season ahead, like those immediately passed, is most certainly to be a season of investigation by Congressional committees, the Federal judiciary and other Federal authorities; and if business shall fail to regard these unsettling influences it will be because the impelling force behind business is more than ordinarily powerful. How powerful this force has recently been may be judged in some part by current statistics of bank clearings, for example. For a recent month bank clearings in the United States reached the prodigious total of $15,458,870,709, and from the beginning of the year $159,458,844,399, an increase of 9.6 per cent compared with 1911 for the month and of 9.2 per cent for the long period, and the foregoing figures established new records for both periods. Across the Canadian line the increase for the month was 11.5 per cent and for the long period 2.6 per cent. Of one hundred and fifty United States cities the clearings of which are reported, not more than a score showed a decline of any sort for the month compared with last year, and of the declines nearly all were nominal. Building statistics for the latest period show gains over the corresponding previous twelve months in eighty-two cities and losses in but twenty-seven.

Agricultural Assets

The most disturbing consideration relates to commercial failures, which now, as all along, are surprising as regards number, especially among business men of small means. For the long period from the beginning of 1912, failures were ten per cent more in number and seven per cent more in amount of liabilities than for the previous year. Not since 1907 have failures been so many as recently, and there is much speculation as to the cause of so great mortality among small business ventures. By some it is attributed to the numerical increase in business undertakings relative to the increase in population, and to the multiplying of competition. Others suggest that the long failure list bears witness to the high cost of conducting business and the narrow margin of profit. Yet others are of opinion that concentrated banking capital and organized monopoly are driving the small business man to the wall. There may be something in all of these explanations of the great misfortune of the small business man. That his chance is unequal is plain from the failure of his efforts to succeed; and whether his chance can be bettered is a serious problem, and worthy of the best effort Congress can put on it. Big business is scoring new high records, while small business is meeting with increased disaster, and the probability is that other firms will be shaken out before long.

On the other hand the estimated farm value of the agricultural harvest in the United States is the greatest ever, while the cost of living is at about the highest ever seen. The secretary of the Department of Agriculture estimates the "wealth production" of the farms in 1912 at $9,500,000,000, making more than $105,000,000,000 of "farm wealth" produced in the sixteen years the present secretary has been in office at Washington. These are astounding figures, and suggest that the business of farming as a whole has been very prosperous, which is likewise indicated by the increase in the value of the farms. It is accepted for a fact that the products of agriculture in this country have failed to keep pace with the consumptive needs of the people; hence the high prices and the so-called "wealth production" by the farms.

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

ONCE upon a time I was elected assistant secretary of a Western farm-mortgage company—largely because I knew how to operate a typewriter. In those days there was much profit in the business, provided Eastern capitalists could be discovered to buy the mortgages.

Farmers in Nebraska and Kansas paid eight to nine per cent interest, while the Eastern purchaser of the mortgage got only six per cent. The loans ran for five years. If it was a nine-per-cent loan the lending company took a first mortgage bearing six per cent, which it sold in the East at par. It then took a second mortgage for fifteen per cent of the amount of the loan, being three per cent a year—the difference between six per cent and nine per cent—for five years; and this second mortgage it retained as its profit. If it was an eight-per-cent loan—say, for a thousand dollars—the second mortgage would be for one hundred dollars, or two per cent a year for five years.

Commissions of ten and fifteen per cent counted up fast—so a company that could find a market for its loans made money rapidly; and there must have been a score or two of mortgage companies operating in that country. Western Nebraska, Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado were settling up then, and higher rates could be obtained from the homesteaders out there than in territory farther east. As a rule the homesteader took up a hundred and sixty acres of land, putting up a frame shack or a sod house, and raising one crop on forty or fifty acres of the land. He could then get title to the farm by paying the Government—as I recollect it—a dollar and a half an acre in cash. Usually the moment he got title he mortgaged the farm for four or five hundred dollars, paying the mortgage company nine per cent.

Losses Trifling

It made flourishing business for a little while. But a couple of dry seasons happened; then the panic of 1893 knocked the bottom out of grain prices. A great number of mortgaged but only slightly improved homesteads in the semi-arid belt were simply abandoned, and nearly every loan company that had ventured extensively into that field became insolvent. Hundreds of Eastern investors had nothing to show for their money but defaulted mortgages, on which it was impossible to collect either principal or interest; for, even if they foreclosed, there was no one to buy the land. Usually the best they could do was to take a deed for the farm and hope to find a purchaser for it sometime.

This happened about twenty years ago. The trouble was, first, excessive profits to the lending companies, which overstimulated competition among them, so that they made loans right and left in territory whose steady, year-by-year, crop-producing capacity had not been demonstrated. And Eastern investors, tempted by higher interest than they could get at home, took optimistic appraisals of the land without the handful of salt that should have seasoned them.

However, even at that time millions of dollars in farm loans that were as good as wheat right through the post-panic period of 1893–96 were being placed in well-settled, thoroughly proved regions farther east. Where a farm loan is made with proper care in a region whose steady crop-producing capacity has been thoroughly demonstrated it is an excellent investment for the small capitalist—or the big one either.

The president of a large life-insurance company in Ohio recently made the following statement:

"This company has been lending on farm mortgages for forty-six years, beginning in Ohio and gradually extending until it now operates in thirty-four states. During the forty-six years it has made 75,102 farm loans, amounting to $133,838,549—an average of $1782 to a loan. Of these 75,102 borrowers 38,453 have paid off their mortgages, amounting to $66,573,828, while 36,649 loans, amounting to $67,264,721, are still in force, secured by mortgages on 5,803,686 acres of land valued at $216,970,654, with buildings valued at $34,579,832.

"It has been a basic principle not to hold real estate obtained under foreclosure for a speculative rise in value, but rather to force the quick sale of it. The test of a mortgage investment is the experience with real estate obtained under foreclosure. During forty-six years the company has acquired 871 pieces of real estate through foreclosure of mortgage, costing a total of $2,839,660. It has sold 859 pieces, and now has on hand twelve pieces located in five states, costing $46,331. In determining the total cost of foreclosed real estate the following items were included: Principal; interest accrued, calculated at penalty rate; taxes and assessments; court costs; attorneys' fees, and all incidental expenses. The total loss upon the investment of $133,838,549 during the contingencies of forty-six years has been $193,485. Such a result has been attained by a system perfected through years of experience."

The final net loss stated by the president, it will be seen, amounts to only about one-seventh of one per cent; and this includes not only all expenses of foreclosure and attorneys' fees, but interest reckoned at penalty rates. The life-insurance company makes loans only for its own account; but farm loans to the amount of hundreds of millions of dollars are made by mortgage companies, which sell the mortgages to investors, large and small.

The oldest and largest concern in the country doing an exclusively farm-mortgage business is, I believe, the only company that has made any extensive application in this country of the French Crédit Foncier system of issuing debentures, or bonds, based on real-estate mortgages.

The concern was founded in 1865. It has been continuously in business ever since, and has placed about seventy-five million dollars in farm mortgages, with no loss to its clients. Taking every loan upon its books for a period of twenty years, during which more than eight million dollars of interest fell due, the company's experience has been as follows:

Out of each $3000 of interest falling due	
$2156.40	is paid at or before maturity;
406.70	is paid between the third and the tenth day after it falls due;
45.70	is paid between the tenth and the twentieth day after it falls due;
210.80	is paid between the twentieth and the ninetieth day after it falls due;
69.90	runs more than ninety days after due, but is eventually collected without foreclosure;
10.50	has to be collected by foreclosure.
$3000.00	

The ten dollars and a half that has to be collected by foreclosure is roughly one-third of one per cent; but the company's experience shows that seven dollars and fifty-two cents of it is paid before the date set for the sale of the property under foreclosure proceedings; that two dollars and eighty-three cents is collected from the sale of the property after paying foreclosure expenses; while fifteen cents out of the three thousand dollars would be uncollected at the time when this record of twenty years' experience was made up.

Looking Out the Land

As a matter of fact, though the company does not guarantee either principal or interest of the loans it sells, its invariable practice for many years has been to remit the interest to the purchaser of the loan on the day it falls due, irrespective of whether or not the farmer has paid it. Experience has shown that it can safely do so; and this is the practice with all farm-mortgage concerns, so far as I know.

Here, in brief, is the way the company's loans are made: It first looks over a given district—in Iowa, Texas, South Dakota or elsewhere—to see whether general conditions of soil, climate, rainfall, demonstrated crop-producing capacity, and so on, are such that it promises to be a good field for farm loans. This preliminary survey is made by an officer of the company. If his verdict is favorable the company then sends its own salaried examiners over the district, inspecting it and taking field notes by townships and sections. At the same time, it selects its local agents in the towns—here a banker, there a real-estate or loan man, and so on. It also selects the abstracters whose abstracts will be accepted.

A farmer wishing a loan goes to the local agent and makes application on a blank furnished by the company. This gives a description of the farm and buildings; the livestock on it; the crops raised during the last year; states the purpose for which the money is wanted, and so on. The local agent then makes out his own report on a prescribed blank, giving his valuation of the farm and the farmer's personal character and credit. Application and report go to the Chicago office. The company's salaried examiner for that district makes a personal inspection, not only of that farm, but of the four pieces of land adjoining it, and reports to the head office. With the original field notes and with the reports that its own inspectors are continually sending it, covering not only the farm to be loaned upon but the land adjoining it on four sides, the company soon has, for any district in which it is operating, a mass of information on file from which it can form a very good independent judgment of the character and value of any particular quarter section.

An abstract of title accompanies the application. If the application is approved the mortgage and notes are drawn up in the Chicago office on forms approved by the company's lawyers and sent out to the local agent, together with a sight draft on the company for the amount of the loan, payable when the mortgage has been put on record and the abstract brought down to date, including the mortgage.

Having made the loan to the farmer, the company's next step is to sell it to an investor. There is sharp competition in this business; and in spite of President Taft's notion to the contrary, it is really done in all the best territory on a very small margin or commission to the lending company.

The Coupon Note

For several years good farm loans in Illinois and Iowa have been made at five and a half per cent—that is, the farmer paid five and a half and the investor got five. Suppose the loan was four thousand dollars, to run five years. The company in that case would take a note for four thousand dollars, with five coupons for two hundred and twenty dollars each—payable one each year—to represent the interest; and each coupon would bear an indorsement reciting that twenty dollars of the amount belonged to the company. Thus, when the interest was paid, the investor who bought the mortgage would get two hundred dollars, or five per cent on his investment, while the company would get twenty dollars, being its commission or profit for making the loan—out of which, however, it would have its expenses to pay.

A more common practice among mortgage companies, however, is to discount the commission and deduct it when the loan is made. Under this practice the farmer would give a note bearing only five per cent interest; but two per cent of the amount of the loan—eighty dollars on a four-thousand-dollar loan—would be held out by the loan company, eighty dollars in cash being substantially equivalent, at going interest rates, to one hundred dollars payable in yearly installments of twenty dollars each over five years.

Illinois and Iowa loans have, as a rule, commanded a shade the lowest rates in the West, not because the security was absolutely better than in some other states, but because those fields have long enjoyed a high reputation and it is a trifle easier to sell loans from them. For good Minnesota and Missouri loans, for example, the going rate has been about five and three-quarters per cent to the borrower—he either paying that rate outright or paying five per cent with a three-per-cent cash commission to the lending company. In the eastern part of Kansas, Nebraska and South Dakota the going rates have been five and a half to six per cent to the borrower. Farther west the rates have been six and a half and seven per cent.

And still farther west, in the region between rainfall and irrigation, comprising parts of Western Texas, Arizona, Western Dakotas and Eastern Montana, loans are made all the way from eight to ten per cent. This region, though enormous in extent, supplies but an insignificant proportion of farm loans.

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This pleases Pa for breakfast

French Chefs do it this way:

French Toast

Make a batter by stirring ½ cup cold water into ½ cup sifted flour, add ½ teaspoon salt and one beaten egg. Beat all with Dover beater until light and smooth. Cut dry bread into half-inch slices, dip into batter and fry in deep fat until a golden brown. Drain on brown paper, and serve at once with

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I'll send you a book, *free*, telling how to make lots of good things with Towle's Log Cabin Syrup, if you write and ask for it, and if you send me five two-cent stamps, I will also send you a little can of real Log Cabin Syrup, too. Write to me, "Jack Towle" care of the

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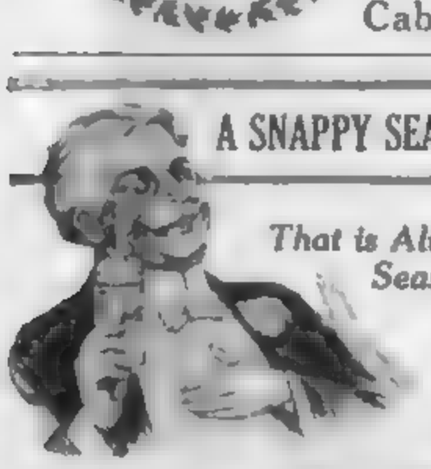
"From my camp to your table"
—Jack Towle

Look for the Log Cabin Can



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THE POLITICIAN'S PARADISE

(Continued from Page 20)

press galleries allotted to the foreign correspondents only holds twelve, I secured a ticket to a public gallery and went on an interpellation day.

The women in France are the most acute politicians. It takes only a visit or two to the galleries of the Chamber of Deputies to prove that. The first two rows of seats in each gallery are reserved for women, and every seat on those first two rows was taken before I got there on the Friday I went—and I was three-quarters of an hour ahead of time! Moreover, half of the seats supposed to be provided for men were occupied by women.

They followed the speeches closely and made much ado over the points that were raised. They seemed to know more about what was going on than the men.

The Chamber is a big, time-stained stone building across the Seine, facing the Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine operated in the time of the Revolution, and where the statue typifying the lost Alsace and Lorraine is constantly covered with wreaths of mourning and flags. The Frenchmen are still sore over the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. Somebody wrote a newspaper dispatch for an English paper a time ago, in which he said one of the battles in the Balkan War was the greatest slaughter since Sedan; and the French press said it was rude and barbarous for the English press to refer in that way to a French defeat, especially as there was that Entente between the countries. The French want to forget that beating the Germans gave them!

As soon as you get to the entrance to the Chamber of Deputies you begin to observe the efficacy of the French patronage system. Three men pass on your ticket at the outer gate; another shows you along a path by the side of the building; two more are inside the first door; two more at the second door—all on the payroll, of course. The men at the second door look at your ticket and shout "*Galerie B!*" if that happens to be your gallery, as it was mine. Ten feet farther along there is another official who turns and yells "*Galerie B!*" to another official ten feet beyond him; and you are ushered up the stairs by these leather-lunged persons until you reach the top landing, where a man in uniform takes your coat and hat and points to the door of *Galerie B*.

A Look at the Chamber of Deputies

It is a little door that fits closely into the wall. I had difficulty in finding it—it resembled a panel in the wall so greatly. But there was another official there whose business it was to preserve the republic by pointing out the concealed handle to that door; and he pointed it out to me. I had to bend to get in, and I ran plumb into the arms of an inside official, who waved me to a seat. There were two of these inside officials, who sat on benches at the rear and preserved order. The benches have no backs and are upholstered in red. To economize the space, seats are let down over the aisles. Thus when anybody wants to get in or out everybody has to get up, and the seats across the aisles are lifted—unless, as is customary, the shorter method of climbing over the seated persons is resorted to. French politeness is more of a fiction in the galleries of the Chamber of Deputies than elsewhere in Paris, and that is putting the gallery kind at a very low level.

As a visiting person I suppose I am entitled to a suggestion for reform. All visitors are. My suggestion is that the French ladies who frequent the galleries of the Chamber of Deputies shall be made to remove their hats. I shall present this proposition to M. Deschanel, the president of the Chamber, before I leave Paris; for the French ladies who were in my gallery on the days I was there wore enormous hats, which for those sitting behind them largely detracted from the general interest in the proceedings.

The Chamber is semicircular, with the desks of the presiding officer and the officials of the body against the straight wall that marks the farther boundary. It is a beautiful room, with high ceiling, elaborately modeled, and lighted by a great fan-shaped glass window that extends halfway across the top, through which electric lights are diffused. The galleries run round the circular side of the room and are in two tiers. Great marble pillars divide them into sections and also hinder the view of all but about half of those in them. The galleries are separated from one another by partitions running back from the pillars. The press gallery is in the second tier and is lighted from above. There are no lights in the other galleries and the visitors sit in semidarkness.

The seats for the members run up in semicircular tiers from the floors to immediately below the first gallery, and are upholstered in dark red. The deputies who sit in the top row are forty feet above those in the bottom row. There is a platform reached by a stairway, with a long desk on it at the far end of the room, and above that another platform or rostrum on which the president sits. He is twenty feet above the floor. Back of the president is another platform, still higher, on which the clerks and secretaries have their desks and the sergeant-at-arms has his stand. The well in front of the rows of seats for members is very small. There is a fine tapestry hung behind the president's desk and the walls are of highly polished marble.

The Official Pen Arranger

There wasn't a soul in the place, except in the galleries, when I got there at a quarter of two. The galleries were nearly filled. Presently an impressive person, wearing a uniform coat with a red collar, came in and began arranging pens on the desks on the raised platforms. This was an important job apparently, for he took great care to see that the pens were placed exactly so. He was the official pen arranger, and he was followed by the official paper placer, who put down sheets of paper as carefully as the pen arranger had placed his pens. They decorated the desks of the clerks, the president, the secretaries, and then went to the side of the room and contemplated a big calendar that hung there. It said "November 22." This appeared to be of fascinating interest to all who came in, for every man who entered—every attaché, I mean—stood and gazed at that date as if to make sure it was November twenty-second, and that it could not be November twenty-first or November twenty-third by any chance.

Then more attachés arrived. Some wore black clothes with spike-tailed coats; some wore coats with red collars; some had chains about their necks. Most of them had cocked hats and a few carried swords. The grand pen arranger arrived and made a careful survey of the work of the subordinate who had done the preliminary arranging. He had a redder collar than the other one. He was followed by the grand paper placer, who frowned ominously as he moved a sheet of paper on the desk of the president an inch to the right. Evidently his subordinate had made an error. All of them went down and gazed long and earnestly at that November 22! It was catching. I found myself looking at that calendar.

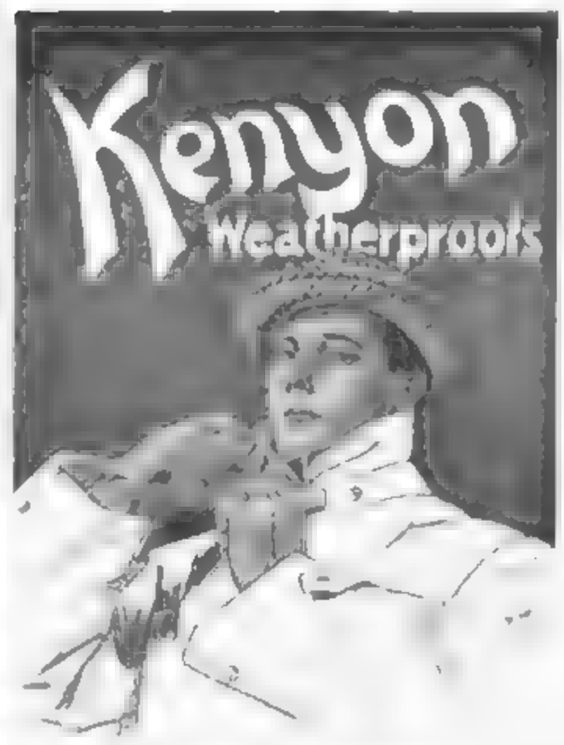
November 22! Certainly there was something important about that!

It was then a quarter after two and not a member was in his seat.

At half past two there was a ruffle of drums outside. "The president of the Chamber of Deputies!" called a man in a uniform who had just appeared and who immediately disappeared. Probably that was his job—to make the announcement of the approach of the president—a very good, soft job, I should say! Anyhow, he didn't show again that afternoon.

M. Deschanel, president of the Chamber, came in, walked between the two rows of attachés who stood with their cocked hats held against their hearts, just as the firemen used to hold their helmets on firemen's day when they passed the reviewing stand, and skipped lightly up his stairway to his desk.

President Deschanel wore a suit of evening clothes, with a white tie and pearl studs. He is a handsome man and looked exceedingly well in his party clothes. He has a gray mustache, gray hair brushed straight back, and is a fine example of a well-groomed, clean-cut Frenchman of the better class. He sat idly at his desk for five minutes. Not a member arrived. Then a fat man who looked a good deal like former Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, being



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Consideration for your health; care for your clothing; personal comfort and correct appearance; all demand a garment of absolute reliability.

Slip-ons are made of rubberized cloth. The permanent wearing quality of this material depends entirely on the grade of rubber used and the process of vulcanizing. No other cloth is so susceptible to unskilled or deceptive manufacture.

You should look for

The Kenreign Label

Every yard of cloth used in Kenreign Coats is carefully treated. Pure Para Rubber is milled, properly compounded, and applied to the cloth. It is then correctly vulcanized and subjected to severe tests for permanent waterproof qualities.

A Kenreign Weatherproof will not fall apart; the rubber will not soften nor will it grow hard and stiff, making the garment useless. You are protected from these defects by the Kenreign label.

Kenreign Slip-on Coats are made in all suitable shades and styles for men and women. Prices range from $5 00 to $45 00.

Sold by reliable dealers everywhere

C. Kenyon Company

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Taught by Mail
14 Cents a Week

In order to secure an introduction in every home in the United States, we are making a special offer for a limited time only.

We will supply free Piano Organ Violin Mandolin Guitar Cornet Banjo Course in Sight Singing (you may not know one note from another yet, by our wonderfully simple and thorough method, you can soon come to play. If you are a more advanced player you will receive special attention.

Our lessons are sent anywhere. They are so simple and easy that they explain themselves to any person of ordinary intelligence. Every step is illustrated by photographs and drawings made especially for this purpose.

In order to get this special offer you will be asked to pay only a very small amount each week, which is hardly missed. We have no contracts of any kind to sign. We trust you entirely. We will explain everything. It will convince you and cost you nothing.

INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC
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$1 Smart English Knockabout Hat

Genuine Felt

Can be shaped to suit your fancy. Will not roll without damaging. Size Guaranteed. Color: Black, Steel-gray, Brown. All sizes. Actual value $3.00. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Send for *Illustrated Catalogue Free*

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

We have set aside a
¼-Pound Box
Without Charge
for you to
enjoy.

Nobility
Chocolates

INTRODUCE a new standard of quality into the world of sweets. Made of the choicest materials blended in new and better ways.

Nobility Chocolates—$1 a lb.

Write for *your* Satisfaction Box

Simply send the cost of postage and packing (10c) with your name and address and your dealer's name and you will receive this Quarter-pound Box by return mail.

LOOSE-WILES COMPANY
218 Washington St. North Boston, Mass.

$92.50—Our Price
for Next 30 Days!

We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for $92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you $35 or more.

Edwards Fireproof GARAGE
Quickly Set Up Any Place

An artistic fireproof steel structure for private use. Can be set up in a few hours by any man. Size 8 ft. wide, 7 ft. high, length as desired. Price $80 to $110 according to length. Shipped complete, ready to put up. All parts cut to fit. Simple directions. Any one can put it up. Absolutely rainproof. Strong enough for storing automobiles. Made of best grade galvanized steel. Ventilators, hinged doors, etc. Prompt delivery. Send postal card today for our new 56 page illustrated Garage Book by return mail.

THE EDWARDS MANUFACTURING CO.
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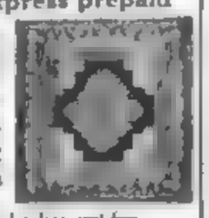
Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50
Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
9 x 10½ ft.	5.00
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 15 ft.	6.50

Beautiful and [illegible]
Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory



New Catalogue showing rugs in actual colors, sent free
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 694 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

big and blond, came up on the platform and effusively greeted M. Deschanel. The president did not rise. It was apparent the fat man wanted something. If I am any judge the fat man did not get what he wanted. He left much depressed.

At twenty minutes of three a dozen members came in and stood in a group in the well. Nobody seemed in a hurry. It was in great contrast to the scene in our House of Representatives, where for an hour before meeting-time the floor buzzes with activity, members confer, and people come in and talk to them. The silence of this place was almost funereal, and even the attendants in their uniforms had mostly disappeared. A few more deputies arrived. M. Deschanel had been contemplating his fingernails. Suddenly, at a quarter to three, he rose and began to read rapidly from the papers that had been placed on his desk with such scrupulous care. There were about twenty deputies in the room then, but as he was reading they came in by twos and threes, and by the time he had finished his papers there were a hundred or so scattered about.

After he had finished this routine he made an announcement that M. Raffin-Dugens would continue his speech in relation to the recent movement of the teachers of Paris to combine in a trade union and the interpellation of the ministry on the refusal to allow the teachers to combine. M. Raffin-Dugens, it appeared, had been talking previously on this subject.

M. Raffin-Dugens is a Socialist, a schoolteacher himself; and he is an earnest young person with a message to impart. He stopped and shook hands with various of his colleagues, accepted their good wishes for a fortunate outcome for him with great complacence, climbed to the platform just beneath the president's place and stood behind the long desk.

His speech was a defense of the teachers and their right to organize as they saw fit, notwithstanding the refusal of the government to allow such organization. He walked back and forth on his platform and talked in a high nasal voice, with extreme rapidity and with elaborate gesticulation. Other members arrived. By fifteen minutes past three there were three hundred in their seats or standing in groups by the entrance on the left.

Speaking From on High

Every set speech in the Chamber of Deputies is made from this platform—out in front. When members have anything to say they climb up there and say it. M. Raffin-Dugens strode back and forth, pounded the desk, waved his papers in the air—and some of the deputies listened, some wrote letters or read newspapers, some slept. It was very similar to a scene in our House of Representatives when a member is making a set speech. President Deschanel sat at his desk above the orator and looked extremely bored.

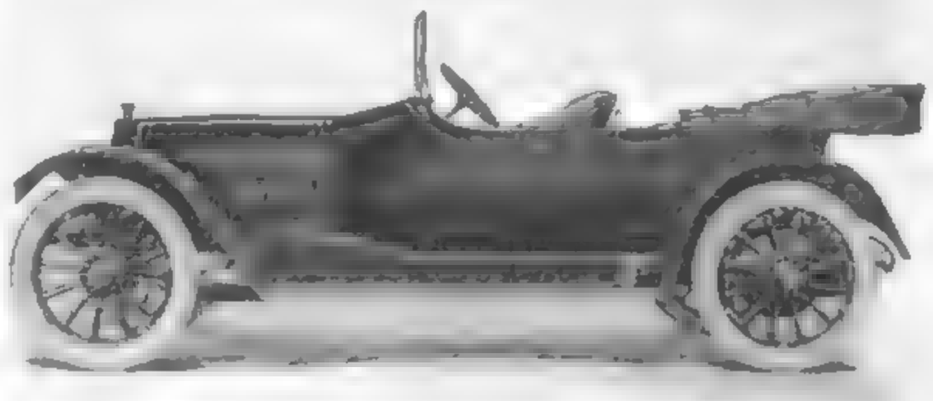
There is no parliamentary usage in the Chamber apparently when a man on the floor wants to interrupt a speaker. He does not rise and request permission of the president as one of our representatives asks permission of the speaker. He sits stock-still in his seat; or, if he is unusually excited, he jumps up and addresses his question or makes his interruption without saying "By your leave" or "I hope I don't offend." As Raffin-Dugens warmed up there were many interruptions. Several members talked at the same time. One big fat man in the front row pulled his whiskers passionately and talked vehemently for five minutes while Raffin-Dugens smiled at him compassionately. They laughed a good deal, for Raffin-Dugens is apt at retort and made some of his interrupters look foolish.

He talked interminably. Deputies drifted in and drifted out. Finally he stopped, and M. Ferdinand Buisson took a hack at it.

There are not many old men or many very young men in the Chamber if the three hundred present on the days I was there are types. Mostly they are men ranging from thirty-five to fifty years of age, as the men in our own House range in age. They look about like our politicians, except in one particular—if there is a clean-shaved member of the Chamber I did not see him. They run largely to facial hair, these French politicians, and show great mustaches, imposing whiskers, and other facial adornments. Hirsutely the Chamber of Deputies has it all over our House of Representatives. In other respects I imagine there isn't much difference, except so far as patronage goes.

Mitchell

THE 1913 Mitchell makes three strong, favorable impressions on the man who wants to buy a car; the first by the way it looks; the second by the way it is made—the details of its construction and equipment; the third by the way it runs when he is taken out for a demonstration.



All exaggerations and sensational effects are eliminated in the design of the Mitchell; its lines are those of simple elegance and utility, developed by our engineers along the lines of the best foreign cars.

The effect is obtained by the perfect proportion of the body to the extremely long wheel base; the result is a car with the cleanest possible lines, and the look of staunchness and power that is the real beauty of a good automobile.

The man who examines the 1913 Mitchell carefully will soon satisfy himself that no other car at anywhere near the price offers so complete a combination of the newest improvements developed in the motor industry. All the essentials of the highest-priced automobile are in this car—the things that assure power, speed, comfort and convenience.

In the case of the Mitchell, moderate price does not mean "moderate" workmanship or materials; only the best available of both have been utilized.

All 1913 Mitchell cars have left drive and center control; Bosch ignition; Rayfield carburetor; Firestone demountable rims; rain-vision windshield; Jones speedometer; silk mohair top with dust cover; Turkish upholstered cushions; Timken front axle bearings; gauges on the dash to show air pressure and oil pressure; gauge in the gasoline tank showing amount of gasoline it contains; and a portable electric lamp which also illuminates the instruments on the dash.

All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels.

	Motor	Wheel Base	Prices F. O. B. Racine
7-passenger Six	60 H. P. 4½ x 7 in.	144-in.	$2,500
2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P. 4 x 6 in.	132-in.	1,850
2 or 5-passenger Four	40 H. P. 4½ x 7 in.	120-in.	1,500

For Canadian prices and name of nearest Canadian dealer, write to us.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City
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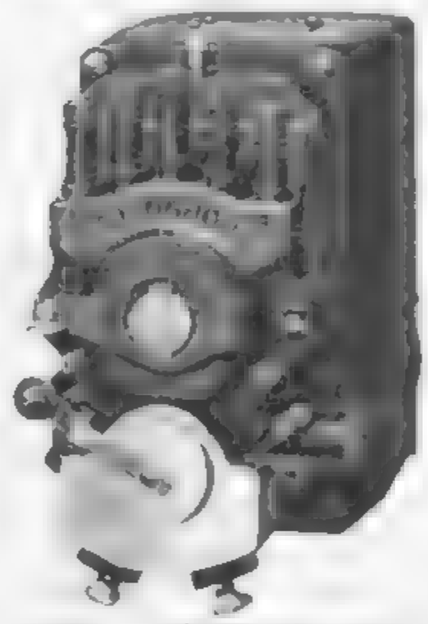
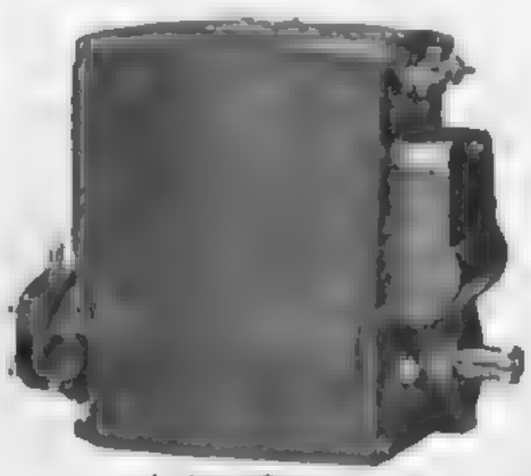
65 acres of manufacturing floor space. 16,000 employees in these works. Shipments of 9600 car loads finished

Output 500 automobile outfits per DAY and INCREASING DAILY



Ignition and Lighting Generator



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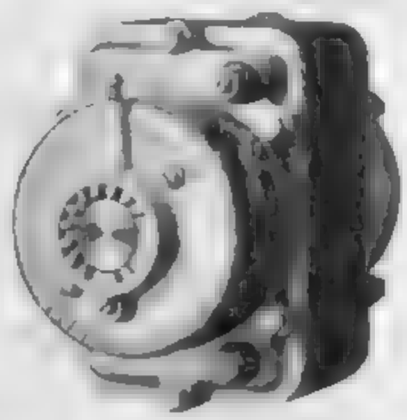


Starting Motor

AUTOMOBILE

"QUALITY FIRST - SERVICE ALWAYS"

NAME the car you consider best of all on the market—the car you would drive if price were no consideration—

The Westinghouse Starting, Lighting and Ignition system is built for just that car.

Automobile Manufacturers have not found it necessary to spend thousands of dollars experimenting upon the Westinghouse system.

Experimentation periods are over and all tests successfully passed before any Westinghouse product is offered to the public.

The sudden demand for electric starters on the part of automobilists is apt to lead some manufacturers to put in untried electric systems in order to meet it.

Westinghouse Electric and

East Pittsburg

Sales Offices in Forty-five American Cities

goods per year. Corps of 325 engineers whose work has made them famous the world over.

Another factory specializing on automobile outfits exclusively

IGNITION LIGHTING STARTING

You may have the Westinghouse system with any first class car if you ask for it.

The Westinghouse Electric Starting system is simplicity itself. It is absolutely automatic—all the driver does is press a button whenever it is necessary to start the motor.

The system is not affected by even the worst of weather or road conditions. It will last as long and operate as perfectly as any other part of the engine of the finest motor car built.

This advertisement is not written to sell anything to the individual owner of an automobile. For the present we deal exclusively with manufacturers.

But we believe that it is of great interest to the purchaser of an automobile to know the high value given him by the manufacturer of his car when he equips it with the Westinghouse system.

The Westinghouse Company is in unequaled position to furnish service to the manufacturers, agents, dealers and their customers who use its equipment, through its forty-five offices, located in every large city in the United States.

You may have the benefit of the Westinghouse service if your car is equipped with the Westinghouse system of starting, lighting or ignition.

Manufacturing Company

Pennsylvania

Representatives All Over the World

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Smell it!
The moment you do
you will want it.

Smell the real violet fragrance!

The moment you smell this soap you will want it! In it we have captured that sweet, elusive odor which has made the violet universally beloved.

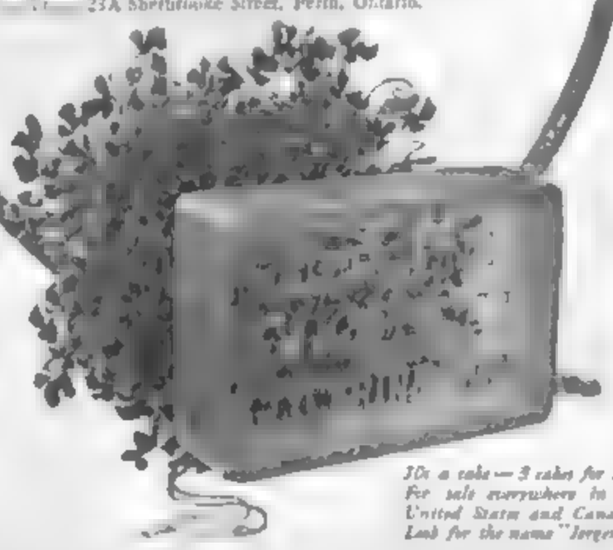
In it, too, we have caught the beautiful green of fresh violet leaves. The soap is so clear you can *see through it* when you hold it to the light.

Many soaps have been made to imitate it; be sure, therefore, to look for the name, stamped on each cake, *Jergens* Violet Glycerine Soap.

Write for a sample cake, today

Send a 2c stamp and we will send you a trial size cake. We want you to see how freely this soap lathers in any water—*how good* the glycerine in it makes your skin feel. But most of all we want you to *smell it* and see *how it is the light!* Then we know you will be enthusiastic! Write today. The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 100, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 23A Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap



10c a cake—3 cakes for 25c. For sale everywhere in the United States and Canada. Look for the name "Jergens."

This Hot Water Bottle Will Last for Generations

It's a permanent investment in health and comfort. Always in good condition, ready for use. Get one and your children will use it for their children.

The M.H.P. Aluminum Hot Water Bottle

As it stands erect, it can be filled without any scalding or burning of hands. Boiling water in it remains hot 12 to 15 hours.

Handsome, polished aluminum, all one piece. Lightest weight metal bottle made. Shape especially adapted for foot-warmer, for use at abdomen or small of back. Cotton Felt Bag for covering comes with it.

It has all the advantages of a metal bottle over a rubber bottle—and these additional advantages over other metal bottles:

(a) A bottom to stand on when filling
(b) One piece of seamless aluminum (no nickel plate to wear through or peel off).
(c) The best shape for general use.
(d) Much lighter in weight.
(e) Will never leak if not grossly abused

Guaranteed for 10 years. Give you special guarantee for *fifty years* if desired.

Ask your dealer. Tell him you saw the M. H. P. advertised in this issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Write us for information if dealer can't supply you. We will send you bottle postpaid upon receipt of price, $3.50.

Fanning Sales Company, 135 WASHINGTON ST. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SPECIAL TO DEALERS—The M. H. P. *makes good*. Beautiful, easy to use flat bottomed bottle keeps hot 12 to 15 hours. Never leaks. No nickel plate to wear off. Guaranteed. Write for details.

THE SULTANA

(Continued from Page 5)

"Now, Mr. Sautrelle," said Kalique, "you have not a great deal of time for this work, as the date on which the wedding ceremony is to be performed is the Tuesday following Easter. I should therefore advise that you set aside all other commissions for this one. If you will kindly take the dimensions of the stone and turn your immediate attention to the design, we will take counsel upon it together as soon as you may be ready to submit your drawings."

Robert's friends saw but little of him for some weeks following. His first step was to get an invitation for an affair at which Mademoiselle d'Irancoy was to be present, and there he carefully studied the head, features, hair and general type of the beautiful young girl. Robert was nothing if not an artist, and before giving a thought to the execution of his design it was first necessary for him to decide what would best harmonize with the lovely head that it was destined to adorn. He realized also that, as the fiancé of Mademoiselle d'Irancoy was none other than the prominent Lord Falconstane, the tiara would be often on view before the critical eyes of the court and the high diplomatic circles.

His impressions being at length thoroughly absorbed, Robert set to work on his design. He realized fully his responsibility in allotting its environment to a regal gem such as might have ransomed any monarch the world has ever seen, but he had sufficient confidence in his ability not to be dismayed by this knowledge. Nevertheless he could think of little else besides the glorious Sultana and the design that might best present its glory. He saw his creation constantly in everything upon which his eyes happened to rest, from a Turneresque sunset viewed from the Pont Alexandre III to the reflection of the lights on the wet pavement of the Place de la Concorde. He saw it in the silhouette of bare branches against the wintry sky; in the blaze from the stained-glass windows of a brilliantly lighted café; through the frosted pane of his taxi; in the eddies of the Seine; in a piece of cracked ice on a frozen pond in the Bois de Boulogne; on the glare from his andirons; and in a broken cab wheel. At night he dreamed of it; and yet every idea he put on paper seemed commonplace and banal.

He got it at last under his microscope while working in the laboratory and trying to put the matter for a few minutes from his mind. With a febrile haste he sketched it off on a blotter, and two days later when he showed it perfected to Kalique the worthy jeweler flung his arms about the young man's neck and kissed him on both cheeks.

"You are a great master, my dear Robert," said he, calling him for the first time by his Christian name. "You are a genius. For myself I have been content to retire on my laurels, but I should gladly have given all of my profit in this commission to be able to evolve such a poem in our craft."

The rest of the task was swift, easy and delightful, and in less than a month before the date set for its delivery Robert himself accomplished the final setting of the stones and the masterpiece was complete. Kalique begged hard to expose it, but on this point Baron Rosenthal was firm in his negative. He wrote from London expressing himself as delighted with the photograph of the tiara that had been sent him.

"The day before the wedding," were his instructions, "send it by a confidential messenger to the Château d'Irancoy, in the chapel of which the ceremony is to be performed. Nobody must know anything about it until it is placed on the head of the bride."

It was the cherished purpose of Mr. Kalique to go himself to the château with this beautiful token, but two days before the time set for the delivery a violent attack of lumbago stretched him on his bed, powerless so much as to roll upon his side. He sent for Robert.

"This is the greatest disappointment of my life," said Mr. Kalique. "We artists, as we get older, really take more pleasure in the appreciation of our hand work than in the money we receive in return. I have been looking forward with the greatest delight to my going to Irancoy, as I was sure of meeting many valued friends and clients who would be able to appreciate the tiara as it deserves. We have also, as you know, executed several other commissions for the *corbeille* of Mademoiselle d'Irancoy, and I wished to see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears the tribute our creations are sure to evoke. But it is out of the question. This accursed lumbago! I shall have to send some one else, and I shall ask my good friend, the prefect of police, to send two of his most trusted men with him."

Robert offered his condolences, though not, perhaps, with the same warmth he might have shown had not a sudden thought flashed across his brain. In his comments on the pleasure of the artist in witnessing the effect of his work Mr. Kalique had in fact absolutely voiced Robert's own sentiments. Robert was not vain, but he knew that he had achieved a masterpiece, and the thought of the sensation that must be produced by its presentation made him extremely anxious to be present for this event.

"But why not let me take it there myself?" he asked. "And as for the police, there can be no possible danger, since nobody besides the Baron Rosenthal and his secretary knows for whom it was executed."

Mr. Kalique nodded.

"That is true," he assented. "Your suggestion is a very good one. You could take my car and make the run easily in five hours. In fact nothing could be better, as it would be a good thing in a business way to have our firm represented, especially by the chief designer. You are well known, and the acquaintances you could make might prove advantageous in the future."

To this Robert made no reply. The mercantile part of his profession had always been to him its disagreeable feature, although lately a rather important consideration. His tastes were decidedly extravagant, and only the night before he had been drawn into a game of baccarat at the club, in which his losses had been far greater than he could afford.

"The tiara is at present in my safe here in the house," said Mr. Kalique. "Suppose you call here tomorrow directly after *déjeuner*, get it and proceed immediately to the Château d'Irancoy. You ought to arrive there by four o'clock. I should like to hear from your own lips what is said of it. The Baron Rosenthal is now stopping at the house, and you will probably meet also my old friend and client, the Baron Vilzhoven, whom you already know and for whose daughter you designed the emerald bracelet."

It was thus conveniently arranged. Robert called the following day after an early *déjeuner*, and placed the tiara in a suitcase he had brought for the purpose.

"In case of any possible delay on the road," said Mr. Kalique, "you will, of course, be careful that this case never leaves your hand for so much as a second."

Robert smiled. "You need have no fear," he answered, though a little nervously, as it occurred to him that he was holding at that moment the value of at least two and a half million francs. Taking leave of his employer he went down and got into the car, which was a strongly-powered affair with a low-built limousine capable of a high rate of speed.

Three and a half hours of rapid going took them past Auxerre, from which place the château was about an hour distant. There was little chance of tire trouble on that perfect road, and Robert counted on arriving at least an hour before dark. They were making splendid time, and consequently he was rather surprised when, just after leaving Vermenton, there came the blast of a siren from behind, and a long low open car containing four men raced past and disappeared in a cloud of white dust.

"English chaps off to the Riviera," was Robert's thought, "and probably trying to fetch Mâcon for the night."

Now, as people will remember who have made the run from Paris to the Riviera in motors by way of Avallon, there is, a short distance past Vermenton, a place where the road is tunneled for perhaps two hundred yards through a curious formation of ligneous rock, while the whole hillside is honeycombed with caves and grottoes, some of considerable extent. In the daytime the tunnel is unlighted, as one is able to see the road throughout its length, though with some difficulty when the center is reached. As Fernand, Mr. Kalique's

chauffeur, came to the entrance of the tunnel he saw a vehicle of some sort about half way through it; but as the road is plenty wide enough for two omnibuses to pass in safety he continued on his course, only to discover, on reaching the object ahead, that it was an open road car and was drawn diagonally across the track in such a way as to make it impossible for a second car to squeeze past.

Approaching slowly in the dim light he struck his horn in a way to bring a clamor of reverberations from the roof and walls; then within a few feet of the other car he came to a stop.

"It is no use," said one of three men, who was apparently examining the hind wheels; "we ran too fast into this dirty place, and being blinded for the moment struck a hind wheel against the curb. It has locked and slewed us, as you see. However, if you will kindly lend us a hand no doubt we can slide over the rear of the car enough to let you pass."

Robert opened the door of the limousine and stepped down. Three men in goggles and motor coats were standing by the rear of the damaged car, while a fourth appeared in the domed blaze of light at the farther end of the tunnel, stationed there apparently to stop any motor that might enter from the other direction, as the road turns sharply to the left beyond the south entrance.

"You are the people who just passed us on the road, are you not?" asked Robert.

"Yes," answered one of the three, who was leaning over working at the wheel. "What cursed luck! Why can't they light this place?" He spoke in French, though with a foreign accent, and Robert decided that he must have been correct in judging them to be a party of Englishmen.

"If we all take hold of the rear end of the chassis we can slide the car over," said the same speaker a little impatiently. "This is a bad place to block the road."

His two companions acted immediately on this advice. Robert and his chauffeur did likewise. Robert, his hands clasped under the steel projection, was waiting for the word to heave together, when suddenly there flashed across his vision what seemed to be a multitude of shooting, swimming lights—and then for some minutes he knew no more.

When he regained consciousness it was to find himself flat on his back with the glare from a lantern shining in his face. For a moment he stared, dazed and blinking at the light, and as his senses returned he was conscious of Fernand's voice sobbing a steady stream of maledictions.

"What has happened?" muttered Robert, sitting up.

"Ah, Mr. Sautrelle," cried Fernand, "we have fallen into the hands of bandits."

"Bandits?" Robert echoed, and the word brought back his senses more quickly than any restorative could have done. "Did you say bandits? Look in the limousine, quick! Is my valise there?"

The chauffeur gave a cry of despair. Although he had not been told of the object of their errand he had been able to imagine it, having read in the papers of the approaching wedding.

"I have already looked," he answered chokingly. "There is nothing. Those assassins have not only stunned and pillaged us, but they have let all of the essence out of our tank. This man says that they passed him on the road, going like demons."

"Yes," growled a peasant, who had stopped his cart behind the limousine. "I just missed being knocked over, and I was well on my own side of the road—the pigs!"

Robert leaned forward and took his humming head between his hands. For the moment he wished that the blow had been fatal and that he had never returned to consciousness. The Sultana was gone—the matchless Sultana and his wonderful work of art! He wanted only to die.

But Fernand, who had apparently recovered much more quickly than Robert from the impact of the slungshot—for such it must have been, as neither of them had so much as a contusion—had regained his senses in full.

"We must notify the police at once——" he began, but Robert interrupted him.

"We have no time for the police!" he cried. "If we go to Vermenton and talk for an hour in the meantime the bandits will put a hundred kilometers or so between us. What good are the police? I'd kiss my wrist to the police. You wait here; I am going to the end of the tunnel to borrow some essence from the first car that comes along. Then we'll take the road after these bandits and see if we can't find out which way they have gone. The police can wait. Did you ever hear of the police catching anybody?"

With this frenzied and highly impolitic speech he hurried to the end of the tunnel, where he paused to stare down the curving sweep of road. He was still staring and tugging impotently at his crisp mustache when a stone came rattling down the steep, eroded cliff above his head and fell into the ditch a little to one side. Robert turned and looked up. Sitting on a ledge of rock about fifty yards above and directly over the dome of the tunnel was a wild, ragged-looking figure, at the feet of which was a nondescript dog industriously hunting fleas. It was apparently this restless animal that had dislodged the stone.

"There," thought Robert, "is a person who might possibly give me some information. There were certainly four bandits, and the carter said there were only three in the car." He raised his voice.

"Come down here," he called. "I want to speak to you."

The man stared down stolidly. Robert hailed him again, whereupon he threw back his head and laughed, not scornfully but as if at something amusing. Much irritated Robert started to clamber up over the rough, brown honeycombed rocks to where the other was sitting, for it had occurred to the young man that from his position over the road the fellow must have been able to look directly down into the car, and therefore should be able to tell him how many persons had driven off in it.

As he drew near the dog got up and barked at him with bared fangs, but its master did not budge. Robert observed that the man was old and very ragged, with a tangled mop of gray hair, a bushy beard and a seamed, evil face. He avoided Robert's glance and continued to stare down at the valley, which stretched away at his feet. Robert put his hand in his pocket and drew out a five-franc piece.

"Do you want to earn a hundred sous?" he asked.

The owlish head turned sharply and a pair of closely set gray eyes gleamed at the piece of money.

"What does the gentleman want?" he croaked harshly.

"I want to know how many people were in the last auto that came through the tunnel."

"Three," answered the old man.

"Good," said Robert, and handed him the five-franc piece; then took another from his pocket. "Do you want another hundred sous?"

Again came the glitter in the small, clear eyes.

"Of course. Everybody wants money."

"Then tell me what became of the man who was standing in the road here below at the entrance to the tunnel."

The old fellow pointed to the west, indicating the rocky rampart which in this place cuts across the valley of the little river Cure.

"He went over there."

"Behind that projection of the cliff?"

"Yes. People often go there to examine the grottoes."

"Did he have anything in his hand?"

"I did not notice. Have I earned my hundred sous?"

"Yes," Robert answered, and handed him the five francs. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Père Ledoux. Everybody knows Père Ledoux. I live in that grotto over there. People often come to see my place and I recite verses which I compose myself. I was in the act of composing one just now. Would you like to hear it?"

"Not this moment, but you may still earn a few francs." He slipped off his ulster and held it out to the old man. "Take this overcoat to my chauffeur, who is in the tunnel with the auto. Tell him not to wait for me, but to stop the first car that passes, borrow some essence, and go at once to Vermenton to report to the *gendarmerie* what has happened. What is the matter with you?"

The old fellow had shrunk back. Robert glancing at him curiously saw that there was a wild, frightened look in his eyes and that his mouth was twitching under his bushy beard. The dog growled.

"I do not want to have anything to do with the gendarmes," he muttered. "I let them alone and they let me alone. Everybody knows that I am Père Ledoux, an

(Continued on Page 45)

The Howard Watch

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One $5 bill this month and next;
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That's all.
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All Columbia instruments will play "Victor" records; *likewise* All Columbia records can be played on "Victor" talking machines

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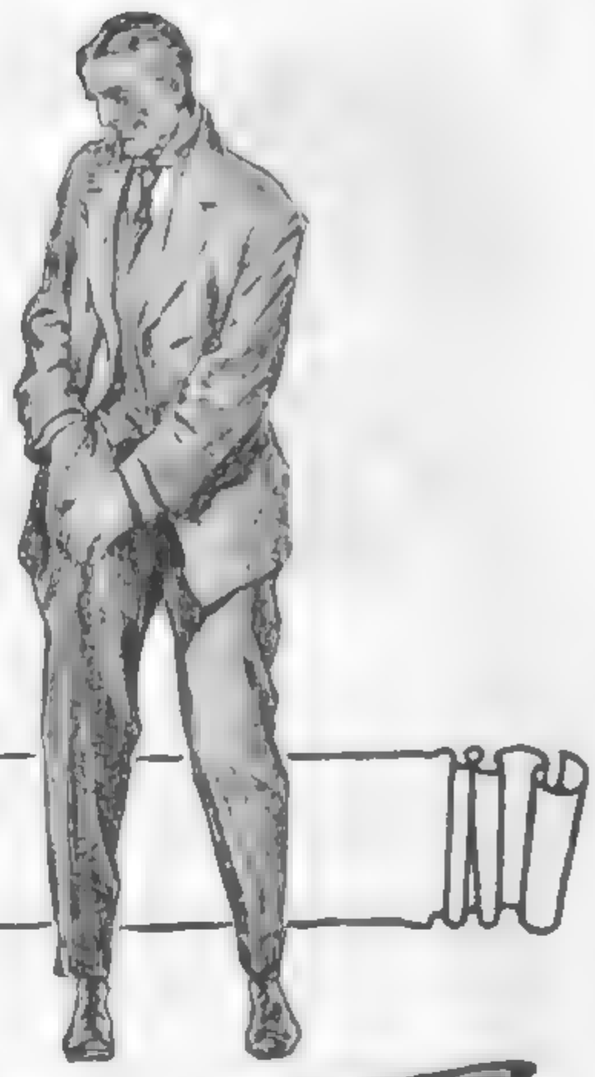

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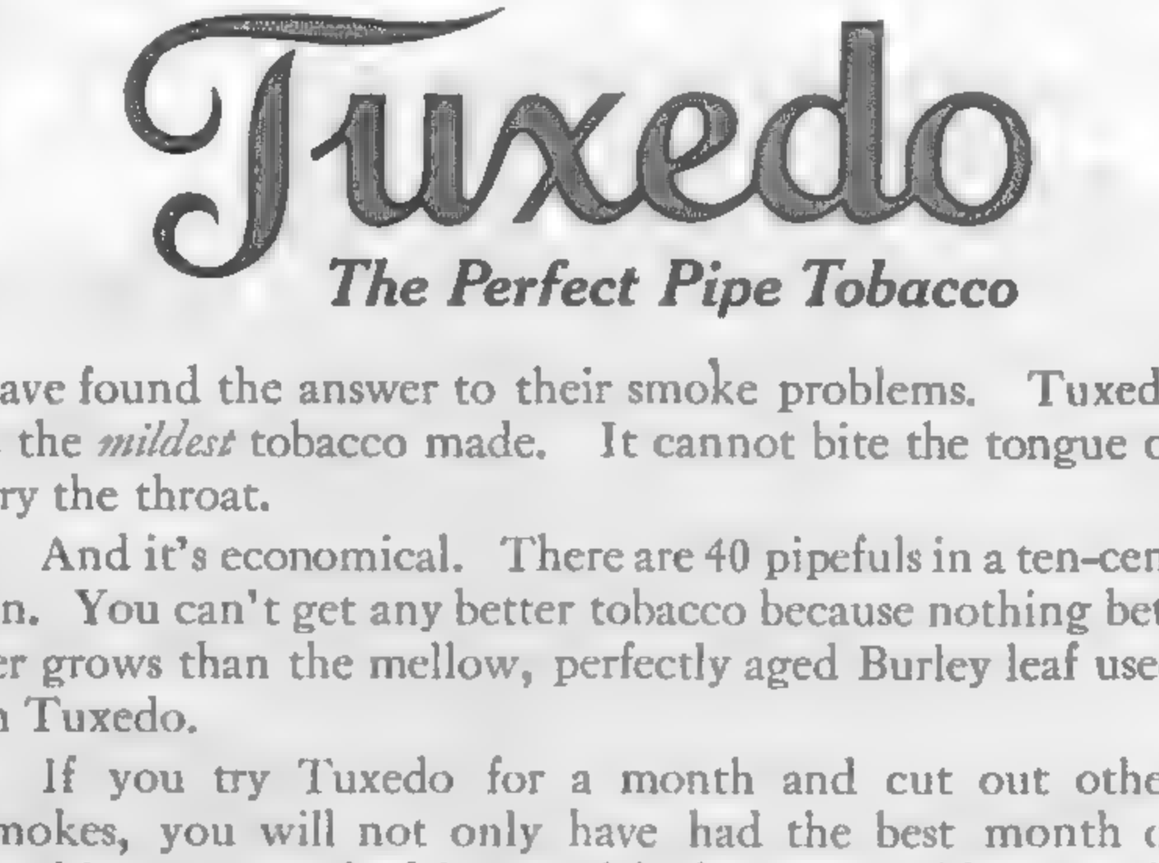

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V. Stefansson, the Danish explorer, who has recently been engaged in Arctic explorations in the region of Northwestern Canada, says:

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V. Stefansson

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Sam Bernard, well known star in many musical comedy successes, says:

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Garrett P. Serviss, prominent scientist and writer, author of "The Second Deluge," etc., etc., says:

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Lieutenant William H. Santelmann, leader of the U. S. Marine Band, says:

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William P. Sheridan, one of the most famous detectives in the country, says:

"Tuxedo is so mighty fine, so superlative in its quality, its mildness and combined richness, that it seems the ultimate and only tobacco for the connoisseur. I can recommend it unqualifiedly."

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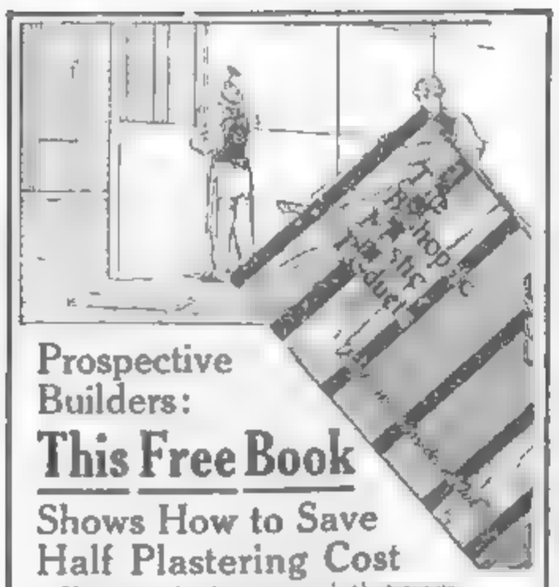
WM. STUART REYBURN

Wm. Stuart Reyburn, Congressman from Pennsylvania, says:

"I take pleasure in recommending Tuxedo tobacco to all smokers. It is a sweet, refreshing smoke."

Wm. Stuart Reyburn



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(Continued from Page 41)

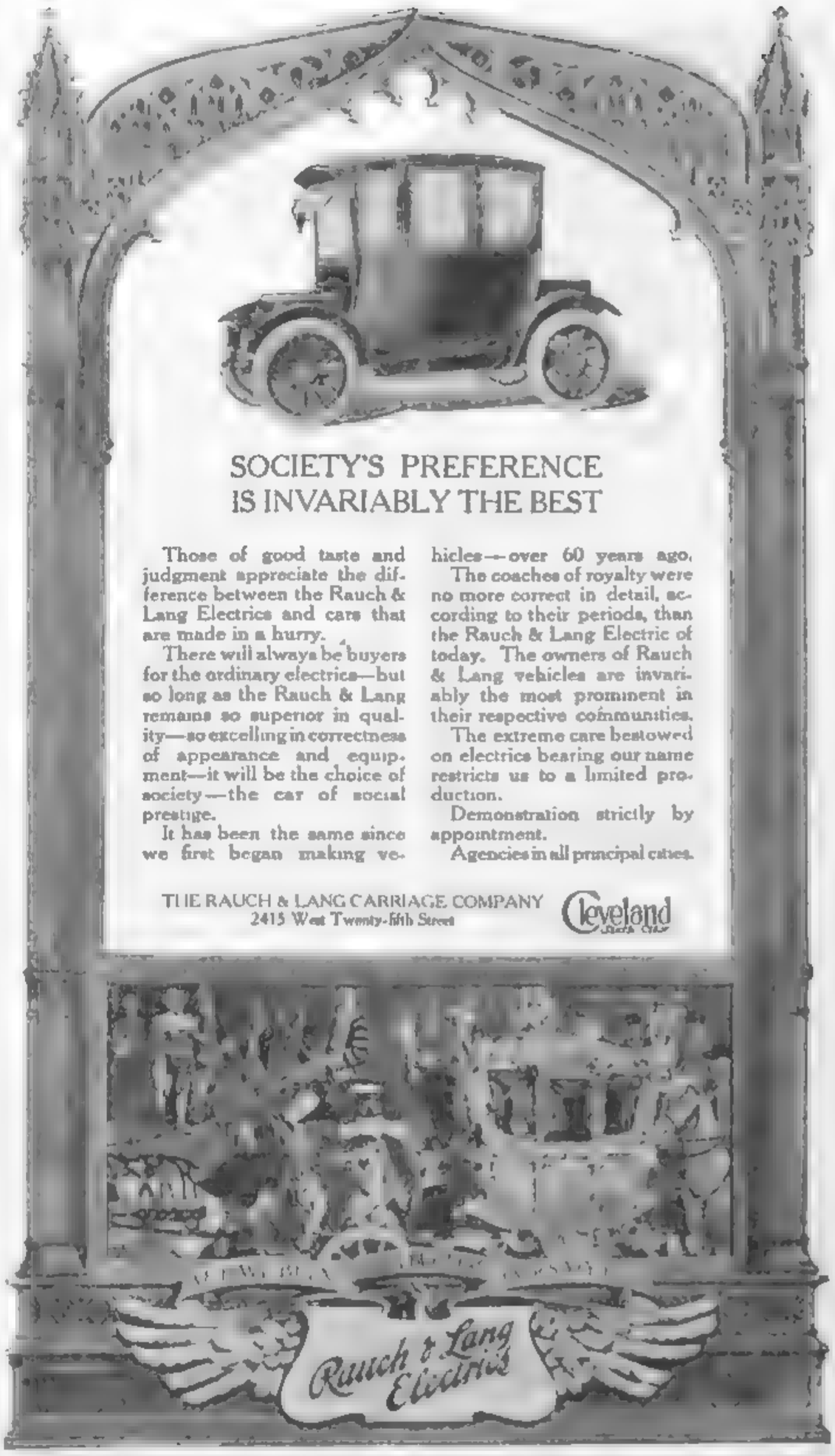
honest man who does nothing worse than to recite verses and sell his pictures to the tourists who come here in the summer to visit the grottoes. Good day, gentleman"; and to Robert's surprise he slid off the rock on to his feet and made his way down the steep bank to the road, the dog trotting at his heels and looking back to growl and show its teeth.

Robert stood watching the pair until they struck the road, passed before the mouth of the tunnel, then climbed up a short, steep path to disappear into the mouth of a grotto. He did not doubt the truth of what the old fellow had told him, and for the moment scarcely knew how to act. Evidently the bandits had in some way got wind of his errand and had been waiting for him on the road, then had passed him and laid the trap in the tunnel. The robbery achieved they had no doubt given the tiara to one of their band, who had slipped off to hide it in one of the caves.

Robert realized that if he returned to the car the bandit might slip away and the tiara be lost forever. There seemed but one thing to do, and that was to keep in sight the place where the fellow had disappeared, in the hope of following him when he emerged. With his coat on his arm he descended to the road, passed the mouth of the tunnel without taking his eyes from the hillside beyond, and mounting a little path that led along the base of the steep, rocky hillside followed it for a short distance, then started to climb up toward the shoulder of rock where the bandit had been last seen by Père Ledoux. Robert's reflections as he scrambled up over the rocks were far from pleasant. He was unarmed and had to do with what he felt to be a well-organized and desperate band of criminals. He began to think of the terrible Chu-Chu le Tondeur and the events that were associated with the taking of this ferocious human tiger, with a number of his band, at Meudon, and to wonder whether, perhaps, he might not be the victim of a like confederation of thieves. The inherited caution of his bourgeois blood presently got him into a state where his knees would scarcely straighten to push him over the rough débris and his whole body felt cold and clammy. He reflected that, after all, he was in no way to blame, and under no obligation to run the very probable risk of a bullet from an automatic pistol. Even supposing that he had remained in the limousine, holding the little case on his lap, the result would have been the same, barring only that instead of having been stunned by the impact of a slungshot he and Fernand would no doubt have been shot dead in their tracks and the bandits so much the better off.

In Robert two great factors were at work against his naturally mild and harmless nature. One was the artist and the other the American, and if the artist is mentioned first it is because artists have sacrificed themselves for their work from the time when the best authorities on navigation said that if one were to sail as far to the westward as America one would tumble off the rim of the flat planet into space. Robert's French blood had nothing noble in it, as otherwise he might have been quite ready to romp into the fray for the mere sake of the fight, even forgetting his art, which, when you come to think of it, arrived at a period when warriors made it possible for artists to pursue their talents, and none more appreciative than the warriors themselves. "Don't disturb my circles!" said Archimedes when accosted by the soldiers of Marcellus at the capture of Syracuse, and the chances are that the rough legionaries would not have killed him, admiring as they did his beautiful designs on the tiled floor, if he had not lost his temper and shoved one of them rather roughly away from a design he was in danger of rubbing out with his sandal.

Robert himself was one of those partly mathematical artists, and his creations were apt to be rather geometric at times; but he was an artist none the less, and it was this rather than any high grade of physical courage that led him on to what he felt might easily prove his destruction. Somewhere in that honeycombed hillside was hidden the Sultana or, more than that, Robert's exposition of the wonderful gem; so he clambered on up the steep hillside, not knowing but that he was being watched from above, and that as he reached the summit there might come a spurt of smoke from behind a boulder and he be sent rolling down the ragged slope.



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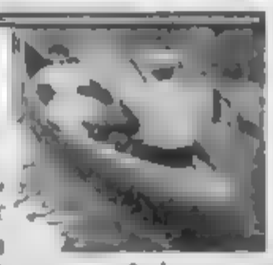

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Johnston makes chocolates to suit every taste, and he labels these candies so plainly that no one can make a mistake.

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Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

As he neared the place where he had been told the bandit had disappeared Robert's nervousness increased, and he began to wonder whether, after all, art and a big diamond were worth a human life, especially his own. He was dripping with perspiration, although the air was crisp, and the strength was oozing out of his legs and every onward step was an effort; but he had inherited from his American mother a certain strain of dogged resolution, and this pushed him on despite his fears. When presently, however, he rounded a projecting mass of rock and saw directly in front of him a small, black opening in the side of the cliff, he drew back as quickly as though he had run upon a grizzly bear.

"He is certainly in there," said Robert to himself, "and if he comes out and finds me here my life will not be worth two sous. As soon as he has hidden the tiara he will undoubtedly go down to the road, since it is impossible to get up the side of this accursed place. The best thing for me to do is to slip down below, keeping out of sight of the mouth of this hole, then wait until he comes down and follow him until we reach some place where I can get him arrested."

This plan he quickly put into execution, partly retracing his steps and partly scrambling down the rocky slope, until at the bottom he came upon a footpath that led along the edge of the little river. Slipping into the bushes that fringed the bank Robert worked his way along until he came in sight of the black mouth of the cave, and scarcely had he done so when he saw a man emerge and start to pick his way down between the rocks. Straight on toward Robert he came, and the latter, seeing that he was about to strike the path directly opposite and within a few yards of where he was concealed, dropped flat on his face in the long grass. Then, as the other drew near, Robert thought that his heart would stop beating, for in the person of the bandit he recognized a well-known figure of Parisian life and a club acquaintance of his own—Gustav, the only son of the Baron Vilzhoven.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE FLIRT

(Concluded from Page 23)

vivid, all in flaming scarlet and orange, and he capered and danced and sang so, that nobody could help looking at him—and after looking once they couldn't look away, until they were thoroughly under his spell.

"So they were all bewitched, and began to scream and howl and roll on the ground, and turn on each other and brawl, and 'commit all manner of excesses.' Then the wise woman was able to exorcise the devil, and he sank into the ground; but his companion stayed, and the people came to their senses and looked, and they saw that it was an angel. The angel had been there all the time the fiend was, of course. So they have a saying now that there may be angels with us, but we don't notice them when the devil's about."

She did not look at her son as she finished, and she had hurried through the latter part of her legend with increasing timidity. The parallel was more severe, now that she put it to him, than she intended; it sounded savage, and she feared she had overshot her mark. Laura, of course, was the "other," the companion; she had been actually a companion for the vivid sister, everywhere with her at the fair, and never considered. Now she emerged from her overshadowed obscurity and people were able to see her as an individual—heretofore she had been merely the retinue of a flaming Cora. But the legend was not very gallant to Cora!

Mrs. Lindley knew that it hurt her son; she felt it without looking at him and before he gave a sign. As it was, he did not speak, but after a few moments rose and went quietly out of the room; then she heard the front door open and close. She sat by his fire a long, long time and was sorry—and wondered.

When Richard came home from his cold night-prowl in the snowy streets he found a sheet of notepaper upon his pillow:

"*Dearest Richard:* I didn't mean that anybody you ever cared for was a d——l. I only meant that often the world finds out there are some lovely people that it hasn't noticed."

He reproached himself then for the reproach his leaving her had been; he had a susceptible and annoying conscience—this unfortunate Richard. He found it hard to get to sleep that night, and was kept awake long after he had planned how he would make up to his mother for having received her legend so freezingly. What kept him awake after that was a dim rhythmic sound coming from the house next door, where a holiday dance was in progress, music far away and slender—fiddle, cello, horn, bassoon, drums, all rollicking away almost the night long, seeping through the walls to his restless pillow. Finally, when belated drowsiness came, the throbbing tunes mingled with his half-dreams, and he heard the light shuffling of multitudinous feet over the dancing floor, and became certain that Laura's were among them. He saw her gliding, swinging, laughing and happy—and the picture did not please him; it seemed to him that she would have been much better employed sitting in black to write of a hopeless love. Coquetting with four suitors was not only inconsistent—it was unbecoming. It suited Cora's style, but in Laura it was outrageous. When he woke in the morning he was dreaming of her—dressed as Parthenia, beautiful, and throwing roses to an acclaiming crowd, through which she was borne on a shield upon the shoulders of four Antinouses. Richard thought it scandalous.

His indignation with her had not worn off when he descended to breakfast, but he made up to his mother for having troubled her. Then, to cap his gallantry, he observed that several inches of snow must have fallen during the night; it would be well packed upon the streets by noon; he would get a sleigh after lunch and take her driving. It was a holiday; the bank was not open.

She thanked him, but half declined.

"I'm afraid it's too cold for me; but there are lots of nice girls in town, Richard, who won't mind the weather."

"But I asked *you*."

It was finally left an open question for the afternoon to settle, and upon her urging he went out for a walk. She stood at the window to watch him, and when she saw that he turned northward she sank into a chair, instead of going to give Joe Varden his after-breakfast instructions, and fell into a deep reverie.

Outdoors it was a biting, cold morning, wind-swept and gray; and with air so frosty-pure no one might breathe it and stay bilious—either in body or in spirit. It was a wind to sweep the yellow from jaundiced cheeks and make them rosy—a wind to clear dulled eyes; it was a wind to lift foolish hearts—to lift them so high they might touch Heaven and go winging off down the sky, like the wildest of wild geese.

When the bell rang Laura was kneeling before the library fire which she had just kindled; and she had not risen when Sarah brought Richard to the doorway. She was shabby enough, this poor Cinderella, looking up, so frightened, when her prince appeared!

She had not been to the dance.

She had not four suitors. She had none.

He came toward her. She rose and stepped back a little. Ashes had blown upon her; and oh, the old, old thought of the woman born to be a mother! She was afraid his clothes might get dusty if he came too close. But to Richard she looked very beautiful; and a strange thing happened—trembling, he saw that the firelight upon her face was brighter than any firelight he had ever seen.

(THE END)

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Rich Canadian land for from $11 to $30 per acre. You pay only one-twentieth down—20 years to pay the balance. Long before your final payment comes due your farm will have paid for itself over and over. This advertisement is directed only to farmers or men who will occupy or improve the land.

We Lend You $2000 For Improvements

The $2000 cash loan will help you in erecting your buildings, and you are given twenty years in which to fully repay this loan. You pay only the banking interest of 6 per cent.

Live stock and poultry with which to equip your farm will be supplied you at actual cost. If you do not want to wait until you can complete your own buildings and cultivate your farm, select one of our Ready-Made farms—with buildings complete, land cultivated and in crop, and pay for it in 20 years. We give the valuable assistance of great demonstration farms—free.

This Great Offer Based On Good Land

Finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hog, sheep and horse raising, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming, irrigated lands for intensive farming—non-irrigated lands with ample rainfall for mixed and grain farming. These lands are on or near established lines of railway near established towns.

Ask for our handsome illustrated books on Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, mention the one you wish. Also maps with full information *free*. Write today.

C. T. THORNTON, *Colonization Commissioner*

Canadian Pacific Railway
Colonization Department
112 W. Adams St., Chicago

FOR SALE—Town lots in all growing towns—Ask for information concerning industrial and business openings in all towns.

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Become an LL.B.
Only Law School of its Kind in America

ONLY recognized resident law school in the United States—also offers Degree of Bachelor of Laws. LL.B. by correspondence. Our standard resident school and correspondence instruction by mail. ONLY law school giving over 400 class room lectures to its extension students. Faculty of 30 prominent lawyers (3 ex-Justices and ex-United States Attorneys) in active practice. Combined Extension Course in Oratory and Public Speaking free. We guarantee to prepare our students to pass bar exam nations. Special Course for Government Officials, Business Men, Retail Lawyers and Students. Send today for Large Illustrated Prospectus. Specify course you are interested in.

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By Booth Tarkington
Book ready March 4th at all book-stores—Order it now.
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, New York

Old Style LAME PEOPLE New Style

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready made shoes with perfect ease and comfort.

For booklet HENRY S. LOTZ
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OLD COINS BOUGHT AND SOLD
60 page Stamp Coin Selling Catalog just out. Free to COLLECTORS only. Buying Coin Catalog, quoting prices I pay 10 cents.
WM. HESSLEIN, Malley Bldg., New Haven, Conn.

This name has made a Steel Pen that has been unequalled for over fifty years.

For trial—10-cent box, 12 pens, different patterns and numbers, sent postpaid.

Ask for the metal box assortment.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York

When in New York stop at the new fireproof
THE AVENUE at NAVARRE 45th STREET
A home with a Hall for a Dollar and a Half a Day
EDGAR Z. SMITH, Managing Director

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Why you should buy *Keen Kutter Tools*

First, they are absolutely guaranteed; second, your dealer will refund purchase price or replace any tool if it fails to give satisfaction. Third, behind every tool stands the famous Keen Kutter trade mark, representing over 45 years' tool-making experience.

Buy Keen Kutter goods at any hardware store with the utmost confidence, with the *certainty* that they will give years of hardest service—*and satisfaction*.

Ordinary tools are dressed to play their part, but they cannot give service. Hence, they are expensive. They will not last. *You know that!*

Doesn't it stand to reason that it is cheaper to buy Keen Kutter *guaranteed tools* that last a lifetime—always right on edge, true, trustworthy and durable?

Compare the edge, the balance, the hang or the many other vital features of Keen Kutter tools with ordinary tools. You will be astounded at the Keen Kutter superiority. Use any Keen Kutter tool; then try its ordinary counterpart. *You will quickly appreciate why Keen Kutter tools are famous* among skilled craftsmen and among home workers.

Understand the spirit of this wonderful hardware business that has grown so enormously in its 45 years' career. Then you will know why the trade mark "Keen Kutter" inspires and deserves the confidence of every man and woman.

Buy Keen Kutter tools—there are hundreds of different kinds for as many purposes—with the same confidence and the same assurance that they are sold by us to the dealer—and by the dealer to you.

You will find that dealers who sell Keen Kutter tools are *leading* dealers. Their trade is the best, demands the best and *gets the best*, because it demands Keen Kutter Quality—always!

Why you should sell *Keen Kutter Tools*

First, because it is the largest and finest line of tools sold under one trade mark; second, because every Keen Kutter tool is guaranteed perfect and we authorize you, as a dealer, to refund purchase price or replace any faulty article; third, Keen Kutter tools are demanded by the best trade, because they are proven tools.

Keen Kutter tools are distinctly a *national* brand. They are sold throughout the United States to the highest grade hardware stores. Our seven great houses distribute our goods. You get prompt service because we carry an enormous stock at each house ready at any hour to fill *any* order, no matter how large or how small.

Keen Kutter reputation has been built over a period of more than 45 years, creating a wonderful confidence among dealers and among customers. The Keen Kutter trade mark has stood only for the highest quality tools and cutlery made in America.

Nationally advertised in the great publications, Keen Kutter tools and cutlery are constantly before the buying public. Every advertisement enhances the value of your investment with us and increases your business.

Realize what it means to you to concentrate your dealings with one great house *that guarantees every Keen Kutter article to be satisfactory*.

Gentlemen, to-day more than ever before, you need Keen Kutter tools in your business. The buying public is keener and competition is keener. You must sell the best to win!

Don't speculate—*know* what this great house of Simmons can and *will* mean to your business!

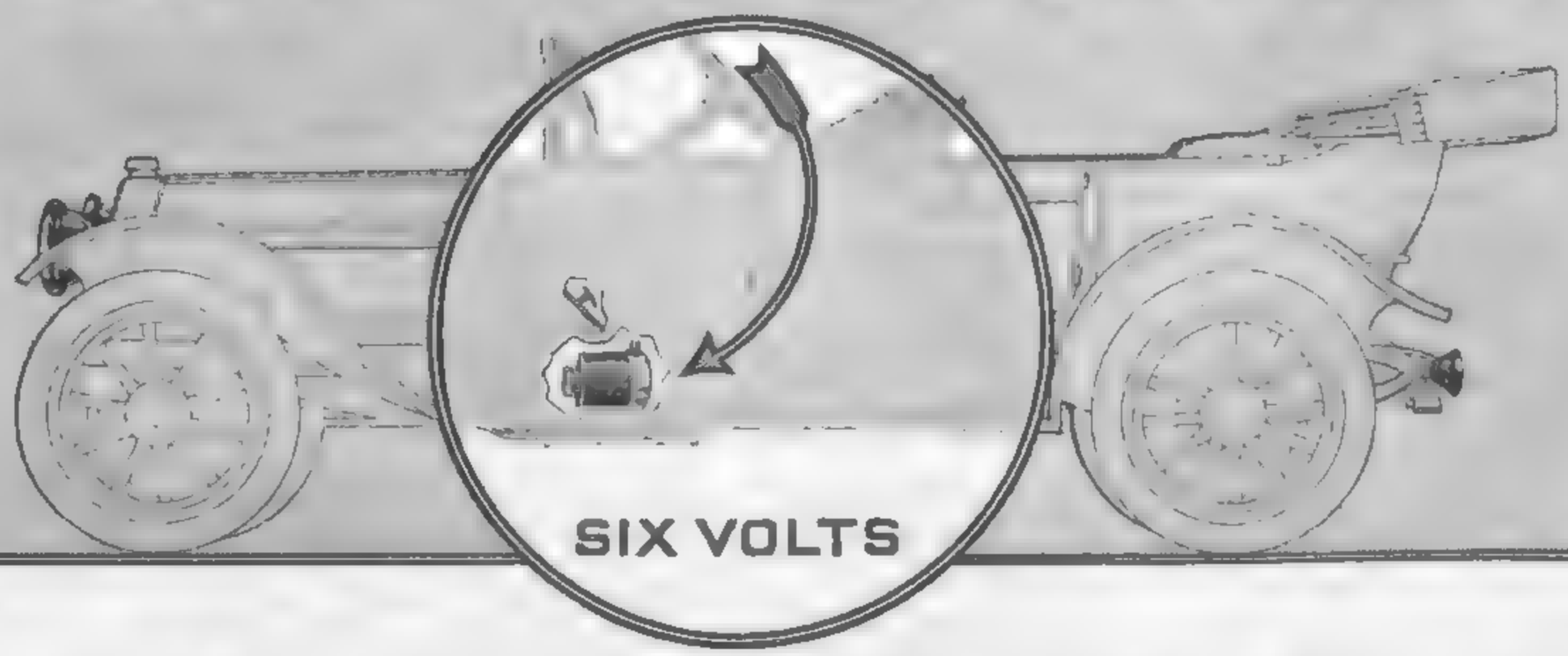
"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."

Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. SIMMONS

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY, Inc.

St. Louis New York Philadelphia Toledo Minneapolis Sioux City Wichita

GRAY & DAVIS
ELECTRIC STARTER



This Is The Starter You Want On Your Car

One of the *most important* features of the modern motor car is the Starter. Your safety, convenience and pleasure depend on the efficiency, power and positive operation of the starting device. Therefore, *look well* to the Starter on the car you buy. Select the starter as *carefully* as the car—for the Starter may make or mar your automobile investment. Read the facts concerning the Gray & Davis 6 volt Electric Starter—inform yourself as to its wonderful efficiency. You will be convinced that it is *the* starter you want on *your* car!

Remarkable Power

A simple electric motor which rotates the fly wheel. Pressure on a pedal starts the engine quietly and easily. Absolutely *positive* in operation. Will start *any* engine under *any* conditions—even in zero weather when starting is most difficult. It is so powerful that it turns the heaviest type of six cylinder engine 1½ hours. The Starter itself will actually *propel* a car *two miles*. Do you know of any other starter that has this power?

Extremely Simple

There is no multiplicity of complicated controls—just *a simple switch*. The system comprises three units:—the Dynamo for generating current, the Starting Motor and a *small* 6-volt battery. Can you recall any other starter so simple in design—and remember, simplicity is a *mighty big factor* in electrical equipment. This Starter is not governed by conditions. It overcomes "back firing" and pre-ignition. If the mixture is poor, it continues turning the engine until the engine itself "picks up."

Only A 6 Volt Battery

The *great big feature* is the small 6 volt battery—compact and light in weight. The Gray & Davis Starter is very economical. The Dynamo automatically charges the battery without expense. Two minutes after engine has started, the current consumed is replaced in the battery by the Dynamo. If you're stalled on car tracks, at a crossing or in traffic-congested streets—*this* starter *propels* the car until the engine begins to turn—you don't have to touch throttle or gears. Realize how this safeguards your life and car.

Be Certain And Sure About The Starting Device On Your Car—Don't Take Chances—Don't Accept "Anyold" Starter. You Are Entitled To The Best!—Select An Automobile Equipped With The Gray & Davis 6-Volt Electric Starter.

Convincing Evidence Regarding Quality

Over 40 automobile manufacturers have adopted GRAY & DAVIS equipment for 1913—think of it! This, we believe, is convincing evidence regarding the quality of GRAY & DAVIS products—it means that the *good* cars carry GRAY & DAVIS 6 Volt Electric Starter, Lighting Dynamo and Electric Lamps, or all three in combination.

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GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., 55 Lansdowne Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps, Dynamos and Electric Starters

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You should choose Winslow's for him now—when he is old enough to wear bigger sizes he'll choose Winslow's because they've "made good." Safe—strong—speedy—flint-hard runners. Lever, clamp, strap and screw-on styles. Famous for over 50 years. Made in the world's largest skate factory.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Sold by dealers everywhere. Write for new catalogue No. 2, containing rules of leading Hockey Associations.

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Never Mind the Weather

Step right out into the rain or snow. You won't need rubbers if your shoes are protected with

LEAKANOT
KEEPS THE FEET DRY

A liquid, waterproofing dressing for shoes or anything leather. Made with a base of pure rubber. Colorless, odorless, invisible—*will not discolor tan shoes.* Soaks into the pores, seams and stitches and makes the leather soft and pliable. Buy of your druggist, shoe store, grocer, general store, or send us 25c for a 3 oz. can.

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A Club or Fraternity Hat Band Has a Meaning

It is an identification—and a distinction. Prepare *now* for Summer. Interview your club associates—find out how many bands ... will need. Let WICK point out how many bands ... will need. Let WICK make your present design, or send your colors and we will design one for your club's exclusive use—made on special hand looms—in lots of one dozen or more, 75c a band. 3000 regular stock patterns in WICK bands, 50c a band. Order exclusive designs or stock patterns through your hatter or direct from Dept. S.

WICK NARROW FABRIC CO., 931 Market Street, Philadelphia
(Originators of the Fancy Hat Band business)

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?
That's all we want to know

Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ... rich in a week. But if you are ambitious ... successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with ... portfolio of cartoons ... sample lesson plate ...

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
313 Ball Building Cleveland, O.

THE SAINT AND THE SECOND NAIL

(Continued from Page 17)

desthruction. They're hot as the hearth av hell, an' cowld as the core av the north wind in winter. They're corpse-candles in the black bog av death; they're the gnawin' worm an' the daughters av the horseleech—if ye shud ax me,' he says.

"'Hivin pity ye, poor omadhaun!' says Eileen, givin' him scorn for scorn. 'I see your wits have desarted ye. 'Twas for the curiosity I kem; an' sure I'm satisfied.'

"An' wid that she wint off wid her head in the air an' a brisk stip.

"Well, Teague wint back to his miditatin'; but in the days that passed ut grew harder an' harder, for there was a stirrin' in his blood that made him mighty quare an' ristless. He'd be settin' thryin' to think iverything was vanity, whin the whistle av a blackbird wud bring him to his feet; or maybe ut wud be the bellin' av the deer on the mainland.

"Whativer ut was he cuddent set quiet; an' as he wint he'd maybe leap over a bush or the like in a way that was mighty unbecomin' to a young saint. An' where the ache had been in his brist there kem a swellin' that was annything but aise; an' he'd talk to himsilf.

"'Niver a cross word or a hard luk out av her—an' she a princess born!' he'd say. . . . 'I cud lay anny McQuin av thim ahl on his back if I'd give me mind to ut—mind ye that!'

"Then he'd shut his fist an' draw ut up to his shoulderbone, an' stoop an' souple his legs.

"'"Tis ahl nonsinse,' he'd go on; 'an' yit 'tis a pity if a gyurl cannut marry the man she wants bekase av a snake-eyed, wolf-fanged rapparee cahled McQuin. . . . An' she, wid eyes blue as the periwinkle flower! . . . An' the tear in thim!'

"On the last day av the week he made up his mind he'd think no more av the princess or av her throuble. Accordin'ly he skinned out av his monk's frock an' put on a white linen tunic, belted—the kind the young bucks wore in thim days—an' white deerskin brogues, wid cross thongs to his bare knees; an' he gave his hair the touch av a comb, an' wint down to his boat an' rowed down the river to where the Prince av Thomond's castle was. There he got out an' climbed the rock to the castle gate that stud wide opin, an' widin' was the sounds av feastin' an' mirth.

"Into the hall goes Teague; an' there was the big tables out an' half the counthryside settin' there, 'atin' an' dhrinkin' av the best, an' the harpers strummin' on their harps, an' the pipers a-pipin'—among thim the piper av the cromlech. An' there at the head av the biggest table was the ould prince, mighty fine wid his jools an' his furs an' the crown on his thin white locks, but lukkin' mighty peaked an' glum an' disthressful.

"On the wan side was his daughter, the princess, pale as a pearl an' wid her purty head droopin' like the lily on uts stalk; an' on his other hand was a hidjus red-headed baste, red-whiskered, wid snaky eyes that was fastened on the princess, an' a wolf's grin that grinned at her. An' on the other aide av the lady was a priest.

"'Honest man,' whispers Teague to the piper av the cromlech, 'tell me what for is the feast!'

"The piper lukked at him an' knew him. '"Tis the boy wid the folleyin' feet,' says he. 'Putt thim undher the table an' dhrink a health to the bride,' says he. '"Tis that foxy-haired bla'guard av a Turloch McQuin she's to marry—pity her! Ut's that or throuble, an' who wants anny throuble wid Turloch? Not the ould prince. Not annybody here.'

"'Barrin' me,' says Teague. An', wid that, he walks up to the head av the table an' makes a noble, illegant bow, first to the princess an' thin to her father an' to the priest.

"'Save ahl here!' says he. 'The only ixciption I wud name bein' that big, clumsy, carrot-colored, swine-eared, sty-bred jackeen bearin' the discoordant an' disgustin' name av McQuin!'

"Wid a bellow like a bull Turloch jumps up from his seat.

"'Come out into the coortyard,' he roars. 'Where's me soord?'

"Ye wuddent want anny av the sickenin' details," said Mr. Mulready. "Suffice ut

"I hear it called—
'The machine with the human-brain;'
I call it 'The machine with the *Super-Human Brain*.'"

Thus spoke the Auditor.

He was speaking of the

Remington
Adding and Subtracting
Typewriter
(Wahl Adding Mechanism)

This machine does something that only the brain, directing the hand, has hitherto been able to do—that is, *write and add (or subtract) on the same page.*

But this is not all. It does such work *more easily, more rapidly, and more accurately* than the human brain has ever performed similar labor.

Thus the machine is *human* in what it does and *super-human* in the way it does it.

Illustrated booklet sent on request

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
325-331 Broadway, New York
Branches Everywhere

REMARKABLY LOW UPKEEP COST

Motorcycle Squad of the Detroit, Mich., Police Department

The Indian Motocycle

OFFICIAL records from the Detroit Motorcycle Police Department give remarkable figures on the maintenance of their six Twin-Cylinder INDIANS. The total upkeep cost of the six machines for eight months was $13.13. Mileage covered exceeded 30,000. Average upkeep cost per machine: $2.18. Could any record be more conclusive?

Over 200 Police Departments now use the INDIAN. The Philadelphia Motorcycle Squad is equipped with 50 INDIANS. Gas, Telephone and Electric companies use the INDIAN extensively. Clergymen, doctors, rural mail carriers, P. O. departments, commercial travelers and countless others in increasing numbers are finding the INDIAN invaluable in the discharge of their duties.

INDIAN models for 1913 on view at over 1600 dealers throughout the country. Get a free demonstration.

Prices { 4 H. P. Single, $200 / 7 H. P. Twin, $250 } f. o. b. Factory

Write for free 1913 literature, describing all models and improvements.

THE HENDEE MFG. CO., 901 State Street, Springfield, Mass.

Branches and Service Stations:
Chicago Denver San Francisco Atlanta Toronto London, Eng.

This Wooden Man Shows How This Razor Can Guarantee

500 Shaves from 12 Blades

Read This Guarantee

ANY shaver failing to get 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop blades may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short, and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage.

EVERY barber, every steel expert—even common sense—tells you that razors need stropping.

No human hand can strop as well as a machine.

There is just one razor in the world that combines safety shaving and mechanical stropping in one instrument. That one is the AutoStrop Razor.

The perfect mechanical stropping is what makes 12 AutoStrop Blades last through 500 shaves and more. Cheapest shaving ever devised.

The AutoStrop Razor consists of a silver-plated, self stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in smart case, $5. Price in Canada and U. S. the same. Factories in both countries. Send for catalog.

Do not be overmodest about asking the dealer for an AutoStrop Razor on 30 days' free trial. Because if you take it back, we protect him from loss.

If a Wooden Man Can Do It, You Can

This wooden man is used in AutoStrop window displays. He shows you how to strop AutoStrop blades to Head Barber edges.

AutoStrop Safety Razor

This Razor Strops, Shaves, Cleans Without Removing Blade

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York. Toronto. London

to say that widin thirty-five minutes or less the Princess Sheila was free to marry whoiver she pl'ased.

"'An' wud I do?' Teague axes her later. 'Sure, ut's a pity to waste the priest.'

"'Ye that turned me off your island?' says she. Yit there was kindniss in the turn av her tongue.

"'But I tuk ye into me heart at the same time, acushla,' says Teague.

"'Ye, wid your opinion on wimmin!' says she. 'What wud Saint Senanus say?'

"Teague lukked up into her blue eyes, he bein' on his marrowbones before her, as was fittin'. An' the blush was on her cheek.

"'Saint Senanus is ould—bless him!' says he. 'But I know what wan woman is to me: She's the rose-dawn av mornin' afther the dark night; she's the music av the silver string touched by the skilled finger; she's healin' balm to an angry wound; she's the breath av June from the heather, an' the dewdrops on the leaf; she's the wave av the full-eared wheat in autumn, an' the promise av the rainbow, an' the pulse av life; she's ——'

"An' right there the Princess Sheila leaned forward an' tuk his cheeks bechune her hands, an' he stopped talkin'."

"What's the answer?" asked the young man in the calico shirt.

Mr. Mulready lit his pipe, which had gone out, before he replied.

"Well, Jamesey, avick," he said, "wan nail drives out another. An' thin —— Well, a little thrainin' for a saint is no bad prepyration for married life."

Getting Good Value in New York

(Concluded from Page 13)

another takes his grip, another gives him a check for it and unchecks it when a fourth is ready to show him to his room, and so on. When the guest is paying his bill and departing the line doubles its activity in a purely mythical service.

These impositions have been created by tipping without any understanding of the mechanism of the tip as practiced in Europe, from whence the tip system comes. Americans are constantly complaining of the hordes of servants who set upon them when they leave Continental hotels. Only one traveler in a hundred from this country finds out that all the services rendered by a large staff of hotel servants abroad can be paid for by one omnibus tip handed to the landlord for division, or that when the chambermaid, the table waiter and the hall porter have been tipped about ten per cent of the bill all obligations have been met.

That rational tipping is right is shown by the fact that the public wants to pay for good service direct on a rational basis. From time to time hotel men in this country, thinking there might be something in the demands for abolition of tipping, have tried to do away with the system; but in most cases the public insists on tipping. It wants to pay for service. Real service, the skillful attention of a trained servant, implies comfort and carries a large measure of kindness. People will always want to pay direct for that. To be frightened out of loose change by imitation service is not good value, and nobody at home in New York should tolerate it.

On the whole New York gives pretty good values all round, if you will take the time to look for them, and I can call to mind only one really expensive feature of metropolitan life from which you cannot hope to get value at all, and which I should strongly advise you to leave alone. That is the taxicab. In London, Paris and Berlin the taxicab has become a fine convenience. It carries people at moderate rates, and is used so freely that one passenger is hardly discharged before another takes his place, or if there is none in sight then a block or two away the cabman finds a cab rank where he gets in line and is soon hired. Low fares and short hauls are the rule, and if you want to see how well it pays try to buy some foreign taxicab shares.

In New York, however, a city peculiarly favorable to the same low-fare and short-haul taxi service, the taxicab is still a luxury, and it may be years before the interests controlling it see the dividends that lie in making it a convenience. Until then I should advise you to leave the New York taxicab strictly alone. There may be some way of getting fair value out of it, but personally I have never found one.

EVERYBODY

Likes to Play Billiards and Pool

Billiards and Pool are clean, wholesome games. They furnish the most intensely interesting and healthful home amusement. Do not patronize the public pool-room. Own your own Table and play in your own home. The cost is trifling, but the enjoyment is enormous. Every member of the family can play.

FOR A FEW CENTS A DAY YOU CAN Buy a

BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Table

and Play with Your Friends at Home

Burrowes Tables are beautifully made, scientifically accurate, and adapted for the most expert play. Many experts use them for home practice. The most delicate shots can be executed with the utmost precision.

You need no special room. Burrowes Tables can be mounted in a moment upon dining or library table or on their own legs or folding stand.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship the Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund your [illegible]. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 819 Center Street, Portland, Me.

A Young Man Was Handicapped

—or so he thought—by having to provide a living for his family. He was earning $22.00 a week and practically all of it went to the grocer, butcher and the landlord. Yet he could not resign his position to secure a bigger one—he needed that salary, as small as it was. He had no right to jeopardize his family's only means of support.

He applied to us for a position to look after our subscription work in his locality.

We confirmed the arrangement, furnished everything necessary—cooperated with him—coached him—made the work not only profitable but interesting. In a short time he was earning over $8.00 a week in addition to his regular salary, devoting only a few hours each week to the work. He is now our accredited representative in the locality, developing a permanent, profitable, interesting "side line."

This young man's experience is not unique. Hundreds of others are in similar circumstances. If **your** income is not sufficient to meet the needs and requirements of you and yours, we will be glad to consider your appointment as our representative in your locality. Make application at once, addressing letter to

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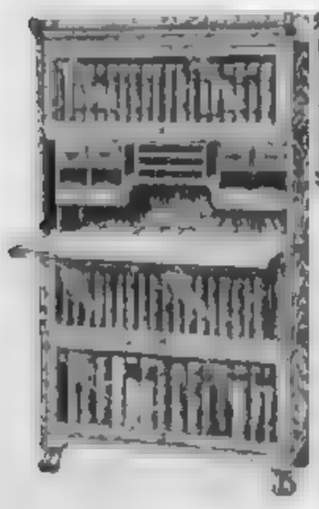

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You have been asked to try a good many tobaccos.

In The 5¢ TIN

Now we ask you to try STAG.

We PROMISE you 4 things:

A tobacco that will upset every idea you ever had about good smoking.

The most FRAGRANT tobacco, both in the tin and when lighted, that was ever made.

The exquisite delicacy and flavor is a new achievement in smoking tobacco.

And—LISTEN!!

Every smoker knows the bottom half of a larger package of tobacco is apt to dry up before it's smoked.

Stag comes only in 5 Cent tins.

You buy HALF AS MUCH at a time.

At HALF THE PRICE.

You ALWAYS smoke fresh tobacco.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 5 cents for postpaid tin to P. Lorillard Co., Drawer A, Hudson City Station, Jersey City, N. J.

EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD

GENUINE DUNLOP (Straight Side) TIRES

are the premier automobile tires of the world

The most flexible tire made

Fits any Q. D. rim

Easiest tire on the market to put on or take off

They represent what thousands of motorists regard as the ideal type of tire. It is in no sense a new tire. The Hartford Rubber Works practically introduced it into this country more than ten years ago, and it has always been one of the standard Hartford (now United States) tires.

No other tire has ever been imitated so widely as has this tire, and yet in no other tire has the original principle been so firmly adhered to.

The illustration on this page is of the *genuine* Dunlop tire exactly as made, and made exclusively, by the United States Tire Company.

As an indication of the growth in favor which this genuine Dunlop has enjoyed, it may be stated that the United States Tire Company has, on this type of tire, actually taken care of

More than a 600% Increase in Sales in Less than a Year's Time

So insistent has the demand become for this tire (in the face of the most strenuous competition on the part of other tires of a similar type), that we have been obliged to add immensely increased facilities for its manufacture during 1913. From now on the United States Tire Company will undertake to supply all the genuine Dunlop Tires demanded by the trade. Bear in mind — this Dunlop is the only Dunlop possessing all the merits of this extraordinary tire.

Made exclusively by the

United States Tire Company, New York

Makers of America's Predominant Tires

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

(Continued from Page 8)

corseted also, had the pleasure of recommending to the council the purchase of the block bordered by Seventh and Eighth Streets and Dicky and Jimson Streets, as a playground for the neglected children of the poor. The city council, led loudly by Alderman Waldubbel, approved that recommendation; the newspapers acclaimed; the women's clubs gushed; the ministers spoke of the movement in high terms of commendation!

Two weeks later the city treasurer handed Edward Flint the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the property that had been wrested from him; and Alderman Waldubbel was on the doorstep waiting for his!

Edward Flint, with ninety thousand dollars in the bank where had previously reposed but sixty, had a most friendly feeling for Alderman Waldubbel, and suddenly developed a soul above petty pluckings. He was even cold and distant to his trusted henchman, Officer Whipple.

"Loopy Mullins has a roll on him," reported Officer Whipple.

"How much?" inquired Flint indifferently.

"There must be six or seven hundred bucks," gauged Whipple, stroking a chin that was like a nutmeg-grater. "Shall I pinch him?"

"I haven't time to defend him," refused Flint with a lordly air.

"You got no big cases on," protested Whipple, much distressed. If he arrested Flint's regular client on some imaginary charge and Flint took Loopy's six or seven hundred dollars to defend him, Officer Whipple would receive one-fourth of it for doing his duty; and times were rather hard for the police these days, with all the minor crooks leaving town.

"I don't want any just now," returned Flint, fiddling with a rubber band. "I have some real-estate deals that are engaging all my attention."

"That graft won't last," advised Officer Whipple, rasping his chin again in vexation. It scraped like sandpaper. "This other game is legitimate. It brings you a steady income the year round. Say, I can tell you something else that'll give you a laugh: Deacon Jameson goes over to the jail nearly every day to see Squint Brown and Fritz the Frisk."

"Are they still squealing on me?" laughed Flint.

"No, they've quit," reported Whipple.

"I thought they'd get tired of it," said Flint comfortably, smoothing his black hair. He was figuring on the state legislature now. "You needn't bother me with these cases for a while, Whipple."

"All right, Flint," agreed the representative of the law, rising in high displeasure. "I've known the time when you'd have me pinch one of your pet crooks, after he got out of stir, to cop his good-time money. Maybe you'll come to it again; but by that time I'll be touting for another lawyer."

He strode out noisily, only to give place to Alderman Waldubbel.

"Well, partner, have you heard the word?" asked Flint.

"It's a holler!" triumphed Waldubbel, putting as much enthusiasm as possible into a half whisper. "I don't know whether you can swing it or not though."

"We can strain a little," smiled Flint, rubbing his legs in anticipation.

"You'll have to strain some!" returned Waldubbel, equally happy, in spite of his warning.

"The mayor's committee have wound it all up in one jump and they're going to recommend five playgrounds. I've looked it up and it will take over two hundred thousand to swing this deal."

"I'm not so strong as that," regretted Flint. "We'll have to take in somebody to help us."

"What's the use?" protested Waldubbel. "The more you take into a game like this, the more chance there is for a leak. Besides, why waste cinch money?"

"I can't swing it all," figured Flint. "I have only ninety thousand dollars, and I have no property to borrow on."

"You don't need it," argued Waldubbel. "You can buy ninety thousand dollars' worth and mortgage it for sixty; buy sixty thousand with that cash and mortgage it for forty; buy forty and mortgage it for twenty-five; and so on down."

Flint looked at Waldubbel in admiration, with which there was mixed some perplexity.

"I didn't know you were such a clever financier," he complimented.

"I'm not," confessed Waldubbel, rubbing the heel of his palm up the center of his forehead in self-reproach. "I can figure it out for you, but when I try to get away with anything I overlook a cipher or something. Will you swing this yourself?"

"I'll figure it over," promised Flint. "Good Lord, man! If anything went wrong with this deal I shouldn't have a dollar!"

"The city council will put up four hundred thousand dollars for these five playgrounds," said Waldubbel impressively. "How much profit is that on your piking little ninety thousand?"

■

IT WAS a glorious day for the neglected little children of Bricktown's poor, for the first of the new playgrounds was to be dedicated!

Who is this marching so proudly down the center of Main Street, with a three-foot shako on his head and a diamond-studded baton in his hand? It is Drum-major Shultze, of the peerless Nth Regiment Band, acknowledged by all to be the most wonderful marching band in the state! Shultze twirls his baton until it is a golden circle; he tosses it over trolley wires, whirling and tumbling it into the blue strip of sky, and catches it without ever losing a stroke!

"Tum-de-rah-dah! Tum-de-rah-dah!"

That's Shultze's band! Every window pops open and out of each window pop from one to five heads as the glittering band sways on, all in scarlet and green and gold!

Who follows the band? It is a squadron of mounted police—fine, handsome fellows on smooth, sleek horses which are the envy of every police department in the state!

Who follow the noble guardians of the peace? Chief Satterly, who is responsible for this magnificent police system; and with him that earnest and helpful young chief executive of the city, Mayor Birchland—the man who, though comparatively new to politics, has fulfilled the promises of his reform party, given to the city of Bricktown a clean business administration, and has driven out graft and vice!

Who rides just behind them, in Pet? That solemn foe of vice and graft, Deacon Jameson, manager of the well-known and justly famous Jameson Clubhouse; and with him, at the wheel, jovial little Tom Boles, who can whiff a deck of cards together like the whir of an electric fan!

There follow other city officials and public dignitaries! Then the noble parade of the fire department, mostly red! Then the Business Men's Club, carrying comedy parasols; Hollister and Shively and Lawyer Edward Flint and other willing workers, all smiling to conceal how foolish they feel! Then the ladies—bless them!—in bunting-strung carriages, all fluttering with streamers and bonnets and flowers and things! Then Boger's seven bakery wagons and a long wagon, with a board tent on it and a big bell clanging inside, advertising Bostwick's Repertoire Company at the Lyceum Theater that week! Then the cause of it all!—sixty neglected children of the poor, waddling along in the dirt, with humped shoulders and aching feet; but every mother's youngster of them with a clean white shirt or a stiff white dress, according to their sex.

Presently the playground would be a playground, but today it was a forum, as all such things must begin where men have ambitions to cash.

Mayor Birchland, as was but befitting, was the orator of the day; and he made a most interesting speech, about the dear little children who would be benefited by this tremendous municipal philanthropy!

In beginning this speech about the children he called attention to how little of the public funds had been spent in practical philanthropies in the previous administrations; and he called further attention to the wonderful advance in the city's welfare that had been made during his own incumbency.

This park, for instance! It had been generously released to the city by a public-spirited citizen here among them today at a

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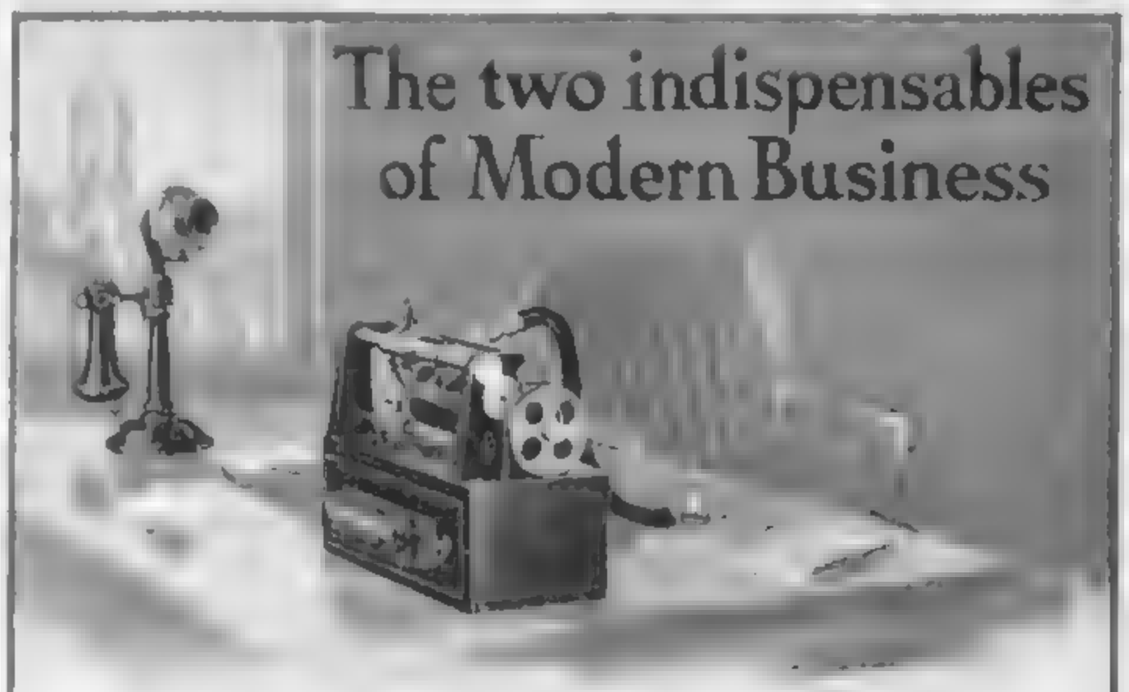

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purely nominal sum, and Mayor Birchland cast a pleasant smile in the general direction of Lawyer Edward Flint, who tried to look embarrassed.

The moral tone too! See what had been accomplished there! Not only were thuggery and thievery and all the petty vices being driven out, but murder—that most lawless of all the crimes against civilization—had been given its severest setback this day! He had the pleasure to announce in advance what they would learn from the evening papers on their way home—that the two poor tools, Squint Brown and Fritz the Frisk, now in jail for an attempt upon the life of their esteemed fellow-citizen Jameson, had confessed to complicity in an even more tragic crime—the death of Jingle Bells!

Tremendous sensation! The murder of Jingle Bells had been fed to the public for lo! these many weeks; and Lawyer Flint wondered why the mayor glanced so searchingly at him.

However, these poor dupes were not the real murderers! Through them the law would get at the men higher up! Squint Brown and Fritz the Frisk had turned state's evidence and would go free to lead better and more useful lives, but the instigator of their atrocity would go to his just punishment! Former Police Sergeant Tanner, who had been responsible for most of the city's low vice and who had actually conducted its cocaine trade, had been confronted with overwhelming proof of blood guilt; and one other conspirator was through them doomed to a scarcely less severe punishment!

Here the mayor again cast that curious glance at Lawyer Edward Flint.

However, enough of this! The mayor desired to return to the subject nearest his heart—the playgrounds for the neglected children of the poor! This little park was but one of six. The city had this morning in secret session of the council agreed to pay nearly half a million dollars for the following five plots.

Edward Flint, who had felt somewhat uncomfortable, now, as he prepared to listen, smiled warmly; as did Deacon Jameson and Tom Boles, and Chief Satterly and Alderman Waldubbel, and six other members of the city council, and the mayor!

Edward Flint looked first puzzled and then panic-stricken as the mayor named the plots and their boundaries. These were not at all the properties he had purchased and upon which he had piled mortgage after mortgage! White-faced, he stared across at Alderman Waldubbel, but that shapelessly huge gentleman was grinning contentedly.

He was still in on the profits, not only of the blocks that had been bought and sold to Flint but upon those that had been bought and sold to the city, as were six other councilmen and the mayor, and Chief Satterly and Deacon Jameson!

So, concluding his speech about the neglected little children of the poor, Mayor Birchland remembered to announce that the park was now formally open for play, and bowed his rigid back to the loud huzzas. Whereupon Shultze's band struck up America, and everybody, much edified and perspiring considerably, prepared to go home.

A hard finger tapped the bankrupt real-estate speculator on the shoulder.

"I have a warrant for your arrest," announced Officer Whipple with much satisfaction.

"On what charge?" demanded the white-faced Flint, numb from what had already happened to him.

"Conspiracy," complacently returned Whipple. "You'd better come along quiet." And he looked as if he longed for resistance.

Flint met the cold eye of Deacon Jameson and began to have a keener realization.

Little Tom Boles leaned over to bring his chuckle closer.

"Tough luck, old pal!" he observed in his popgun voice. "Looks to me like you was in for a fifteen-year stretch. We're cleaning up!"

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of six stories by George Randolph Chester. The third will appear in an early issue.

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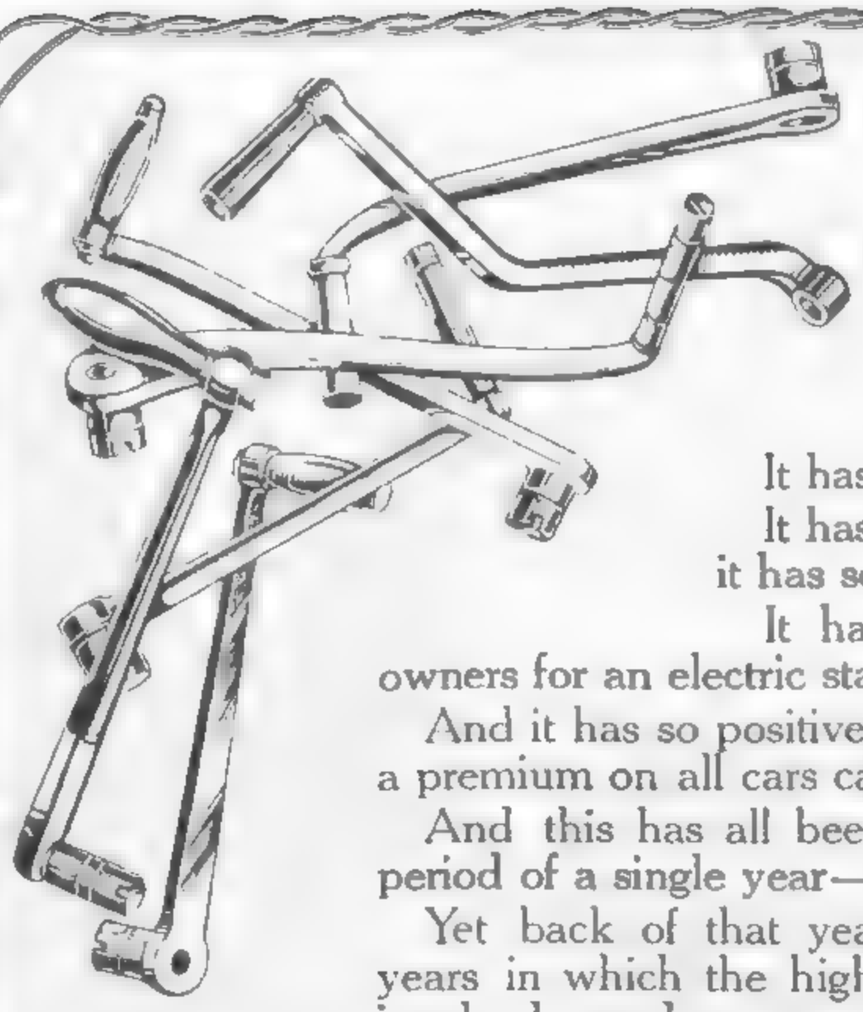

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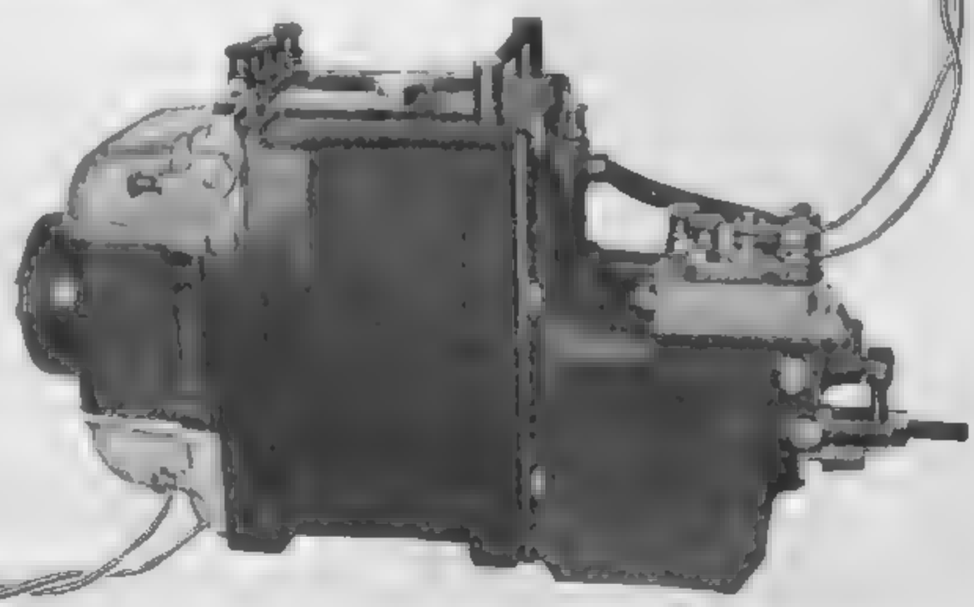

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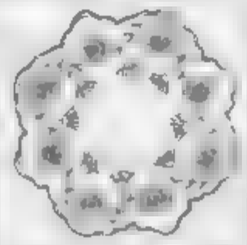

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Makers of

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Hosiery for the whole family

Send for catalogue showing Iron Clads for the whole family!

THE INFALLIBLE GODAHL

(Continued from Page 11)

"If that ruby really exists," Armiston said, "I don't know whether I shall write the story or steal the ruby for myself. Benson is right. Godahl should not steal any more for mere money. He is after rare, unique things now. And I am Godahl. I feel the same way myself."

A valet appeared, attired in a gorgeous livery. Armiston wondered why any self-respecting American would consent to don such raiment, even though it was the livery of the great Benson family.

"Mr. Armiston, sir," said the valet, looking at the author's card he held in his hand. "Mr. Benson sailed for Europe yesterday morning. He is spending the summer in Norway. I am to follow on the next steamer. Is there any message I can take to him, sir? I have heard him speak of you, sir."

Armiston took the card and wrote on it in pencil:

"I called to apologize. I am Martin Brown. The chance was too good to miss. You will pardon me, won't you?"

For the next two weeks Armiston gave himself over to his dissipation, which was accompanying Godahl on this adventure. It was a formidable task. The secret room he placed in a Hungarian castle, as he had promised. A beautiful countess was his heroine. She had seen the world, mostly in man's attire, and her escapades had furnished vivacious reading for two continents. No one could possibly connect her with Mrs. Billy Wentworth. So far it was easy. But how was Godahl to get into this wonderful room where the countess had hidden this wonderful rare white ruby? The room was lined with chilled steel. Even the door—this he had noted when he was examining that peculiar portal—was lined with layers of steel. It could withstand any known tool.

However, Armiston was Armiston, and Godahl was Godahl. He got into that room. He got the white ruby!

The manuscript went to the printers, and the publishers said that Armiston had never done anything like it since he started Godahl on his astonishing career.

He banked the check for his tale, and as he did so he said: "Gad! I would a hundred times rather possess that white ruby. Confound the thing! I feel as if I had not heard the last of it."

Armiston and his wife went to Maine for the summer without leaving their address. Along in the early fall he received by registered mail, forwarded by his trusted servant at the town house, a package containing the envelope he had addressed to J. Borden Benson, The Towers. Furthermore it contained the dollar bills he had dispatched to that individual, together with his note which he had signed "Martin Brown." And across the note, in the most insulting manner, was written in coarse, greasy blue-pencil lines:

"Damnable impertinence. I'll cane you the first time I see you."

And no more. That was enough of course—quite sufficient.

In the same mail came a note from Armiston's publishers, saying that his story, The White Ruby, was scheduled for publication in the October number, out September twenty-fifth. This cheered him up. He was anxious to see it in print. Late in September they started back to town.

"Aha!" he said as he sat reading his paper in the parlor car. He had caught this train by the veriest tip of its tail and upset the running schedule in the act. "Aha! I see my genial friend, J. Borden Benson, is in town, contrary to custom at this time of year. Life must be a great bore to that snob."

A few days after arriving in town he received a package of advance copies of the magazine containing his story, and he read the tale of The White Ruby as if he had never seen it before. On the cover of one copy, which he was to dispatch to his grumpy benefactor, J. Borden Benson, he wrote:

"Charmed to be caned. Call any time. See contents. OLIVER ARMISTON.

On another he wrote:

Dear Mrs. Wentworth: See how simple it is to pierce your fancied security!

He dispatched these two magazines with a feeling of glee. No sooner had he done so, however, than he learned that the Wentworths had not yet returned from Newport. The magazine would be forwarded to them no doubt. The Wentworths' absence made the tale all the better, in fact, for in his story Armiston had insisted on Godahl's breaking into the castle and solving the mystery of the keyless door during the season when the château was closed and strung with a perfect network of burglar alarms connecting with the *gendarmerie* in the near-by village.

That was the twenty-fifth day of September. The magazine was put on sale that morning.

On the twenty-sixth day of September Armiston bought a late edition of an afternoon paper from a leather-lunged boy who was hawking "Extra!" in the street. Across the first page the headlines met his eye:

ROBBERY AND MURDER IN THE WENTWORTH MANSION!

Private watchmen, summoned by burglar alarm at ten o'clock this morning, find servant with skull crushed on floor of mysterious steel-doored room. Murdered man's pockets filled with rare jewels. Police believe he was murdered by a confederate who escaped.

THE WENTWORTH BUTLER, STONE DEAF, HAD JUST RETURNED FROM NEWPORT TO OPEN HOUSE AT TIME OF MURDER

. . . . . .

It was ten o'clock that night when an automobile drew up at Armiston's door, and a tall man with a square jaw, square shoes and a square mustache alighted. This was Deputy Police Commissioner Byrnes, a professional detective whom the new administration had drafted into the city's service from the government secret service.

Byrnes was admitted and as he advanced to the middle of the drawing room, without so much as a nod to the ghostlike Armiston who stood shivering before him, he drew a package of papers from his pocket.

"I presume you have seen all the evening papers," he said, spitting his words through his half-closed teeth with so much show of personal malice that Armiston—never a brave man in spite of his Godahl—cowered before him.

Armiston shook his head dumbly at first, but at length he managed to say: "Not all; no."

The deputy commissioner with much deliberation drew out the latest extra and handed it to Armiston without a word.

It was the Evening News. The first page was divided down its entire length by a black line. On one side, and occupying four columns, was a word-for-word reprint of Armiston's story, The White Ruby.

On the other, the facts in deadly parallel, was a graphic account of the robbery and murder at the home of Billy Wentworth. The parallel was glaring in the intensity of its dumb accusation. On the one side was the theoretical Godahl, working his masterly way of crime, step by step; and on the other was the plagiarism of Armiston's story, following the intricacies of the master mind with copybook accuracy.

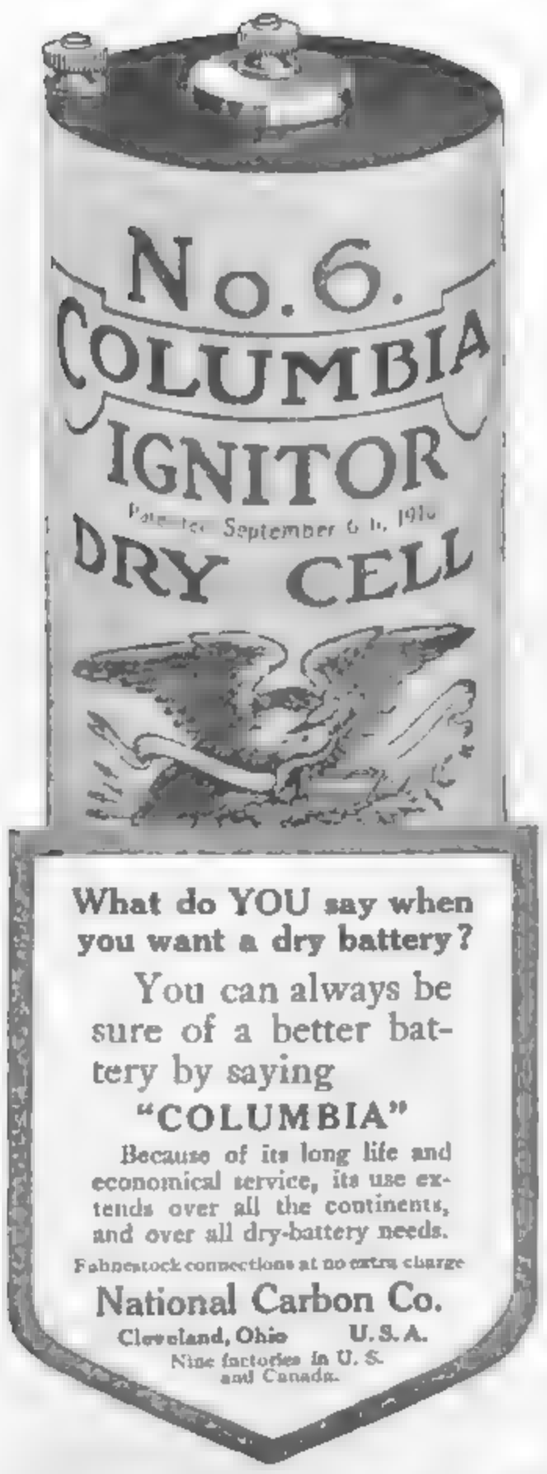
The editor, who must have been a genius in his way, did not accuse. He simply placed the fiction and the fact side by side and let the reader judge for himself. It was masterly. If, as the law says, the mind that conceives, the intelligence that directs, a crime is more guilty than the very hand that acts, then Armiston here was both thief and murderer. Thief, because the white ruby had actually been stolen. Mrs. Billy Wentworth, rushed to the city by special train, attended by doctors and nurses, now confirmed the story of the theft of the ruby. Murderer, because in the story Godahl had for once in his career stooped to murder as the means, and had triumphed over the dead body of his confederate, scorning, in his joy at possessing the white ruby, the paltry diamonds, pearls and red rubies with which his confederate had crammed his pockets.

Armiston seized the police official by his lapels.

"The butler!" he screamed. "The butler! Yes, the butler. Quick, or he will have flown."

Byrnes gently disengaged the hands that had grasped him.

"Too late," he said. "He has already flown. Sit down and quiet your nerves.



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When Armiston was himself again he told the whole tale, beginning with his strange meeting with J. Borden Benson on the train, and ending with his accepting Mrs. Wentworth's challenge to have Godahl break into the room and steal the white ruby. Byrnes nodded over the last part. He had already heard that from Mrs. Wentworth, and there was the autographed copy of the magazine to show for it.

"You say that J. Borden Benson told you of this white ruby in the first place."

Armiston again told, in great detail, the circumstances, all the humor now turned into grim tragedy.

"That is strange," said the ex-secret-service chief. "Did you leave your purse at home or was your pocket picked?"

"I thought at first that I had absent-mindedly left it at home. Then I remembered having paid the chauffeur out of the roll of bills, so my pocket must have been picked."

"What kind of a looking man was this Benson?"

"You must know him," said Armiston.

"Yes, I know him; but I want to know what he looked like to you. I want to find out how he happened to be so handy when you were in need of money."

Armiston described the man minutely.

The deputy sprang to his feet. "Come with me," he said; and they hurried into the automobile and soon drew up in front of The Towers.

Five minutes later they were ushered into the magnificent apartment of J. Borden Benson. That worthy was in his bath preparing to retire for the night.

"I don't catch the name," Armiston and the deputy heard him cry through the bathroom door to his valet.

"Mr. Oliver Armiston, sir."

"Ah, he has come for his caning, I expect. I'll be there directly."

He did not wait to complete his toilet, so eager was he to see the author. He strode out in a brilliant bathrobe and in one hand he carried an alpenstock. His eyes glowed in anger. But the sight of Byrnes surprised as well as halted him.

"Do you mean to say this is J. Borden Benson?" cried Armiston to Byrnes, rising to his feet and pointing at the man.

"The same," said the deputy; "I swear to it. I know him well! I take it he is not the gentleman who paid your carfare to New Haven."

"Not by a hundred pounds!" exclaimed Armiston as he surveyed the huge bulk of the elephantine clubman.

The forced realization that the stranger he had hitherto regarded as a benefactor was not J. Borden Benson at all, but some one who had merely assumed that worthy's name while he was playing the conceited author as an easy dupe, did more to quiet Armiston's nerves than all the sedatives his doctor had given him. It was a badly dashed popular author who sat down with the deputy commissioner in his library an hour later. He would gladly have consigned Godahl to the bottom of the sea; but it was too late. Godahl had taken the trick.

"How do you figure it?" Armiston asked, turning to the deputy.

"The beginning is simple enough. It is the end that bothers me," said the official. "Your bogus J. Borden Benson is, of course, the brains of the whole combination. Your infernal Godahl has told us just exactly how this crime was committed. Now your infernal Godahl must bring the guilty parties to justice."

It was plain to be seen that the police official hated Godahl worse than poison, and feared him too.

"Why not look in the Rogues' Gallery for this man who befriended me on the train?"

The chief laughed.

"For the love of Heaven, Armiston, do you, who pretend to know all about scientific thievery, think for a moment that the man who took your measure so easily is of the class of crooks who get their pictures in the Rogues' Gallery? Talk sense!"

"I can't believe you when you say he picked my pocket."

"I don't care whether you believe me or not; he did, or one of his pals did. It all amounts to the same thing, don't you see? First, he wanted to get acquainted with you. Now the best way to get into your good graces was to put you unsuspectingly under obligation to him. So he robs you of your money. From what I have seen of you in the last few hours it must have been

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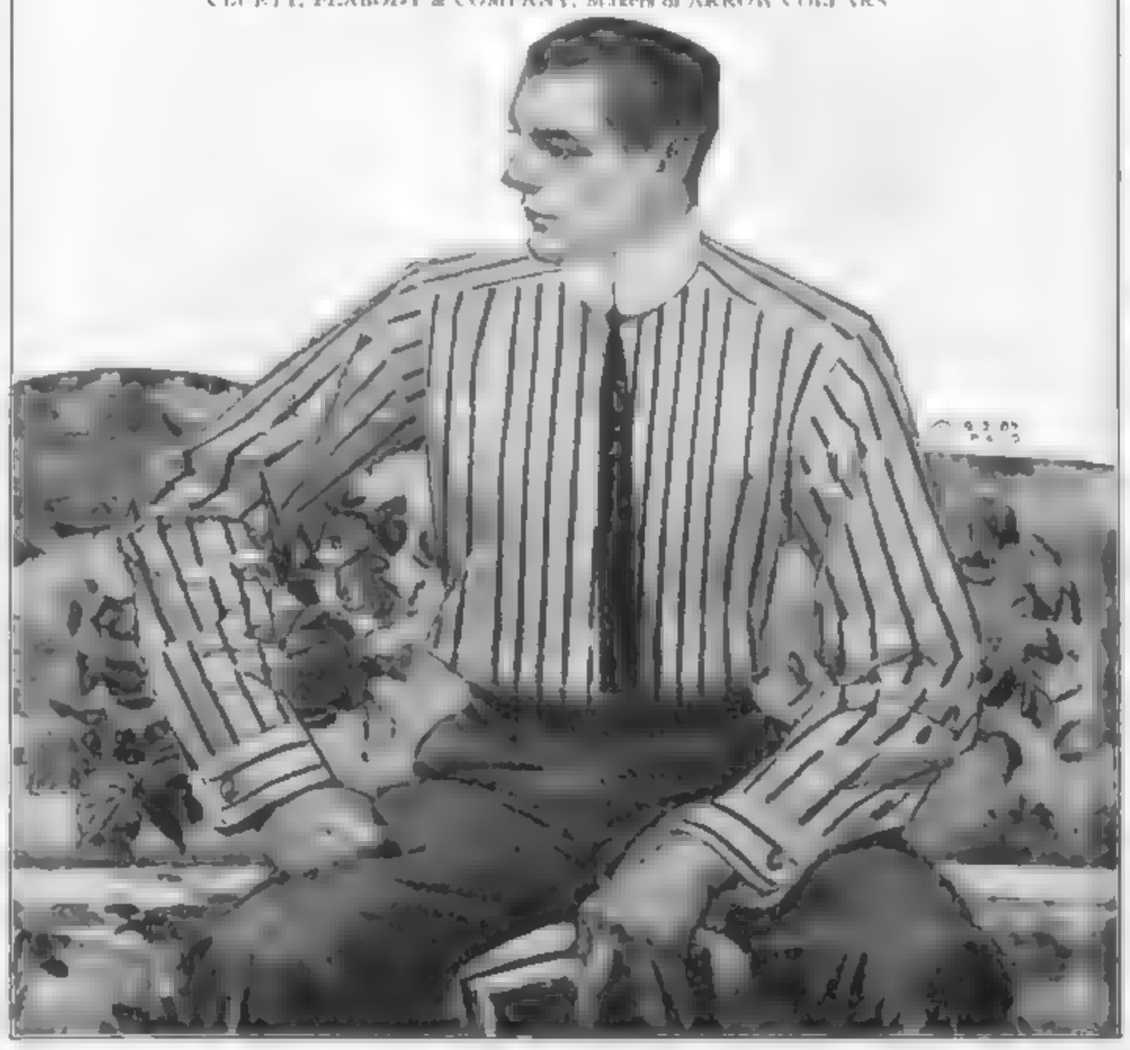

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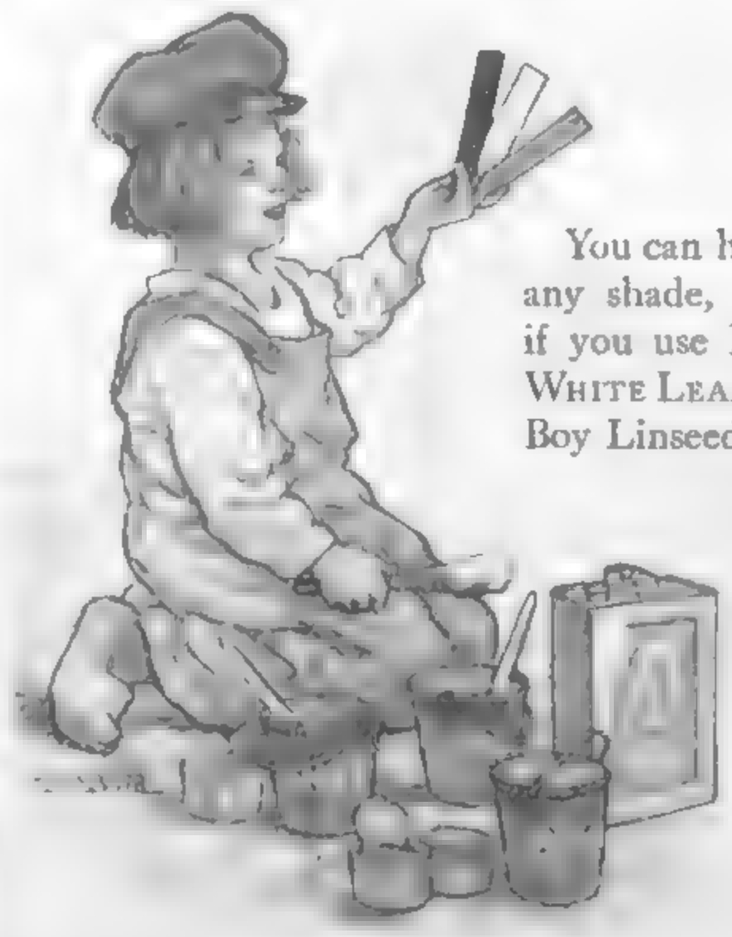

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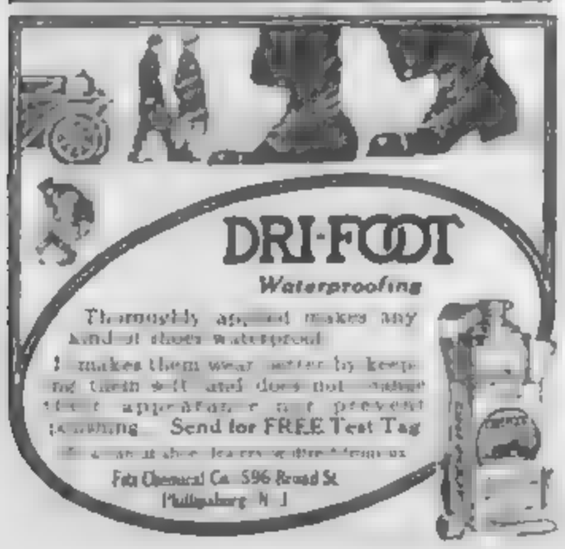

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like taking candy from a child. Then he gets next to you in line. He pretends that you are merely some troublesome toad in his path. He gives you money for your ticket, to get you out of his way so he won't miss his train. His train! Of course his train is your train. He puts you in a position where you have to make advances to him. And then, grinning to himself all the time at your conceit and gullibility, he plays you through your pride, your Godahl. Think of the creator of the great Godahl falling for a trick like that!"

Byrnes' last words were the acme of biting sarcasm.

"You admit yourself that he is too clever for you to put your hands on."

"And then," went on Byrnes, not heeding the interruption, "he invites you to lunch and tells you what he wants you to do for him. And you follow his lead like a sheep at the tail of the bellwether! Great Scott, Armiston! I would give a year's salary for one hour's conversation with that man."

Armiston was beginning to see the part this queer character had played; but he was in a semi-hysterical state, and, like a woman in such a position, he wanted a calm mind to tell him the whole thing in words of one syllable, to verify his own dread.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I don't quite follow. You say he tells me what he wants me to do."

Byrnes shrugged his shoulders in disgust; then, as if resigned to the task before him, he began his explanation:

"Here, man, I will draw a diagram for you. This gentleman friend of yours—we will call him John Smith for convenience—wants to get possession of this white ruby. He knows that it is in the keeping of Mrs. Billy Wentworth. He knows you know Mrs. Wentworth and have access to her house. He knows that she stole this bauble and is frightened to death all the time. Now John Smith is a pretty clever chap. He handled the great Armiston like hot putty. He had exhausted his resources. He is baffled and needs help. What does he do? He reads the stories about the great Godahl. Confidentially, Mr. Armiston, I will tell you that I think your great Godahl is mush. But that is neither here nor there. If you can sell him as a gold brick, all right. But Mr. John Smith is struck by the wonderful ingenuity of this Godahl. He says: 'Ha! I will get Godahl to tell me how to get this gem!'

"So he gets hold of yourself, sir, and persuades you that you are playing a joke on him by getting him to rant and rave about the great Godahl. Then—and here the villain enters—he says: 'Here is a thing the great Godahl cannot do. I dare him to do it.' He tells you about the gem, whose very existence is quite fantastic enough to excite the imagination of the wonderful Armiston. And by clever suggestion he persuades you to lay the plot at the home of Mrs. Wentworth. And all the time you are chuckling to yourself, thinking what a rare joke you are going to have on J. Borden Benson when you send him an autographed copy and show him that he was talking to the distinguished genius all the time and didn't know it. That's the whole story, sir. Now wake up!"

Byrnes sat back in his chair and regarded Armiston with the smile a pedagogue bestows on a refractory boy whom he has just flogged soundly.

"I will explain further," he continued. "You haven't visited the house yet. You can't. Mrs. Wentworth, for all she is in bed with four dozen hot-water bottles, would tear you limb from limb if you went there. And don't you think for a minute she isn't able to. That woman is a vixen."

Armiston nodded gloomily. The very thought of her now sent him into a cold sweat.

"Mr. Godahl, the obliging," continued the deputy, "notes one thing to begin with: The house cannot be entered from the outside. So it must be an inside job. How can this be accomplished? Well, there is the deaf butler. Why is he deaf? Godahl ponders. Ha! He has it! The Wentworths are so dependent on servants that they must have them round at all times. This butler is the one who is constantly about them. They are worried to death by their possession of this white ruby. Their house has been raided from the inside a dozen times. Nothing is taken, mind you. They suspect their servants. This thing haunts them, but the woman will not give up this foolish bauble. So she has as her major domo a man who cannot understand a word in any language unless he is looking at the speaker and is in a bright light. He can only understand the lips. Handy, isn't it? In a dull light or with their backs turned they can talk about anything they want to. This is a jewel of a butler.

"But," added Byrnes, "one day a man calls. He is a lawyer. He tells the butler he is heir to a fortune—fifty thousand dollars. He must go to Ireland to claim it. Your friend on the train—he is the man of course—sends your butler to Ireland. So this precious butler is lost. They must have another. Only a deaf one will do. And they find just the man they want—quite accidentally, you understand. Of course it is Godahl, with forged letters saying he has been in service in great houses. Presto! The great Godahl himself is now the butler. It is simple enough to play deaf. You say this is fiction. Let me tell you this: Six weeks ago the Wentworths actually changed butlers. That hasn't come out in the papers yet."

Armiston, who had listened to the deputy's review of his story listlessly, now sat up with a start. He suddenly exclaimed gleefully:

"But my story didn't come out till two days ago!"

"Ah, yes; but you forget that it has been in the hands of your publishers for three months. A man who was clever enough to dupe the great Armiston wouldn't shirk the task of getting hold of a proof of that story."

Armiston sank deeper into his chair.

"Once Godahl got inside the house the rest was simple. He corrupted one of the servants. He opened the steel-lined door with the flame of an oxyacetylene blast. As you say in your story that flame cuts steel like wax; he didn't have to bother about the lock. He simply cut the door down. Then he put his confederate in good humor by telling him to fill his pockets with the diamonds and other junk in the safe, which he obligingly opens. One thing bothers me, Armiston. How did you find out about that infernal contraption that killed the confederate?"

Armiston buried his face in his hands. Byrnes rudely shook him.

"Come," he said; "you murdered that man, though you are innocent. Tell me how."

"Is this the third degree?" said Armiston.

"It looks like it," said the deputy grimly as he gnawed at his stubby mustache. Armiston drew a long breath, like one who realizes how hopeless is his situation. He began to speak in a low tone. All the while the deputy glared at Godahl's inventor with his accusing eye.

"When I was sitting in the treasure room with the Wentworths and my wife, playing auction bridge, I dismissed the puzzle of the door as easily solved by means of the brazing flame. The problem was not to get into the house, or into this room, but to find the ruby. It was not in the safe."

"No, of course not. I suppose your friend on the train was kind enough to tell you that. He had probably looked there himself."

"Gad! He did tell me that, come to think of it. Well, I studied that room. I was sure the white ruby, if it really existed, was within ten feet of me. I examined the floor, the ceiling, the walls. No result. But," he said, shivering as if in a draft of cold air, "there was a chest in that room made of Lombardy oak." The harassed author buried his face in his hands. "Oh, this is terrible!" he moaned.

"Go on," said the deputy in his colorless voice.

"I can't. I tell it all in the story, Heaven help me!"

"I know you tell it all in the story," came the rasping voice of Byrnes; "but I want you to tell it to me. I want to hear it from your own lips—as Armiston, you understand, whose deviltry has just killed a man; not as your damnable Godahl."

"The chest was not solid oak," went on Armiston. "It was solid steel covered with oak to disguise it."

"How did you know that?"

"I had seen it before."

"Where?"

"In Italy fifteen years ago, in a decayed castle, back through the Soldini pass from Lugano. It was the possession of an old nobleman, a friend of a friend of mine."

"Humph!" grunted the deputy. And then: "Well, how did you know it was the same one?"

"By the inscription carved on the front. It was—but I have told all this in print already. Why need I go over it all again?"

"I want to hear it again from your own lips. Maybe there are some points you did not tell in print. Go on!"

"The inscription was '*Sanctus Dominus.*'"

The deputy smiled grimly.

"Very fitting, I should say. Praise the Lord with the most diabolical engine of destruction I have ever seen."

"And then," said Armiston, "there was the owner's name—'Arno Petronii.' Queer name that."

"Yes," said the deputy dryly. "How did you hit on this as the receptacle for the white ruby?"

"If it were the same one I saw in Lugano—and I felt sure it was—it was certain death to attempt to open it—that is, for one who did not know how. Such machines were common enough in the Middle Ages. There was an obvious way to open it. It was meant to be obvious. To open it that way was inevitable death. It released tremendous springs that crushed anything within a radius of five feet. You saw that?"

"I did," said the deputy, and he shuddered as he spoke. Then, bringing his fierce face within an inch of the cowering Armiston, he said:

"You knew the secret spring by which that safe could be opened as simply as a shoebox, eh?"

Armiston nodded his head.

"But Godahl did not," he said. "Having recognized this terrible chest," went on the author, "I guessed it must be the hiding-place of the jewel—for two reasons: In the first place Mrs. Wentworth had avoided showing it to us. She passed it by as a mere bit of curious furniture. Second, it was too big to go through the door or any one of the windows. They must have gone to the trouble of taking down the wall to get that thing in there. Something of a task, too, considering it weighs about two tons."

"You didn't bring out that point in your story."

"Didn't I? I fully intended to."

"Maybe," said the deputy, watching his man sharply, "it so impressed your friend who paid your carfare to New Haven that he clipped it out of the manuscript when he borrowed it."

"There is no humor in this affair, sir, if you will pardon me," said Armiston.

"That is quite true. Go ahead."

"The rest you know. Godahl, in my story—the thief in real life—had to sacrifice a life to open that chest. So he corrupted a small kitchen servant, filling his pockets with these other jewels, and told him to touch the spring."

"You murdered that man in cold blood," said the deputy, rising and pacing the floor. "The poor deluded devil, from the looks of what's left of him, never let out a whimper, never knew what hit him. Here, take some more of this brandy. Your nerves are in a bad way."

"What I can't make out is this," said Armiston after a time. "There was a million dollars' worth of stuff in that room that could have been put into a quart measure. Why did not this thief, who was willing to go to all the trouble to get the white ruby, take some of the jewels? Nothing is missing besides the white ruby, as I understand it. Is there?"

"No," said the deputy. "Not a thing. Here comes a messenger boy."

"For Mr. Armiston? Yes," he said to the entering maid. The boy handed him a package for which the deputy signed.

"This is for you," he said, turning to Armiston as he closed the door. "Open it."

When the package was opened the first object to greet their eyes was a roll of bills.

"This grows interesting," said Byrnes. He counted the money. "Thirty-nine dollars. Your friend evidently is returning the money he stole from you at the station. What does he have to say for himself? I see there is a note."

He reached over and took the paper out of Armiston's hands. It was ordinary bond stationery, with no identifying marks of any consequence. The note was written in bronze ink, in a careful copperplate hand, very small and precise. It read:

"*Most Excellency Sir:* Herewith, most honored dollars I am dispatching complete. Regretful extremely of sad blood being not to be prevented. Accept trifle from true friend."

That was all.

"There's a jeweler's box," said Byrnes. "Open it."

Inside the box was a lozenge-shaped diamond about the size of a little fingernail. It hung from a tiny bar of silver, highly polished and devoid of ornament. On the back under the clasp-pin were several microscopic characters.

There were several obvious clues to be followed—the messenger boy, the lawyers who induced the deaf butler to go to Ireland on what later proved to be a wild-goose chase, the employment agency through which the new butler had been secured, and so on. But all of these avenues proved too respectable to yield results. Deputy Byrnes had early arrived at his own conclusions, by virtue of the knowledge he had gained as government agent, yet to appease the popular indignation he kept up a desultory search for the criminal.

It was natural that Armiston should think of his friend Johanssen at this juncture. Johanssen possessed that wonderful oriental capacity of aloofness which we Westerners are so ready to term indifference or lack of curiosity.

"No, I thank you," said Johanssen. "I'd rather not mix in."

The pleadings of the author were in vain. His words fell on deaf ears.

"If you will not lift a hand because of your friendship for me," said Armiston bitterly, "then think of the law. Surely there is something due justice, when both robbery and bloody murder have been committed!"

"Justice!" cried Johanssen in scorn. "Justice, you say! My friend, if you steal from me, and I reclaim by force that which is mine, is that injustice? If you cannot see the idea behind that, surely, then, I cannot explain it to you."

"Answer one question," said Armiston. "Have you any idea who the man was I met on the train?"

"For your own peace of mind—yes. As a clue leading to what you so glibly term justice—pshaw! Tonight's sundown would be easier for you to catch than this man if I know him. Mind you, Armiston, I do not know. But I believe. Here is what I believe:

"In a dozen courts of kings and petty princelings that I know of in the East there are Westerners retained as advisers—fiscal agents they usually call them. Usually they are American or English, or occasionally German.

"Now I ask you a question. Say that you were in the hire of a heathen prince, and a grievous wrong were done that prince, say, by a thoughtless woman who had not the least conception of the beauty of an idea she had outraged. Merely for the possession of a bauble, valueless to her except to appease vanity, she ruthlessly rode down a superstition that was as holy to this prince as your own belief in Christ is to you. What would you do?"

Without waiting for Armiston to answer, Johanssen went on:

"I know a man —— You say this man you met on the train had wonderful hands, did he not? Yes, I thought so. Armiston, I know a man who would not sit idly by and smile to himself over the ridiculous fuss occasioned by the loss of an imperfect stone—off color, badly cut, and everything else. Neither would he laugh at the superstition behind it. He would say to himself: 'This superstition is older by several thousand years than I or my people.' And this man, whom I know, is brave enough to right that wrong himself if his underlings failed."

"I follow," said Armiston dully.

"But," said Johanssen, leaning forward and tapping the author on the knee—"but the task proves too big for him. What did he do? He asked the cleverest man in the world to help him. And Godahl helped him. That," said Johanssen, interrupting Armiston with a raised finger, "is the story of the white ruby. The Story of the White Ruby, you see, is something infinitely finer than mere vulgar robbery and murder, as the author of Godahl the Infallible conceived it."

Johanssen said a great deal more. In the end he took the lozenge-shaped diamond pendant and put the glass on the silver bar, that his friend might see the inscription on the back. He told him what the inscription signified—"Brother of a King," and, furthermore, how few men alive possessed the capacity for brotherhood.

"I think," said Armiston as he was about to take his leave, "that I will travel in the Straits this winter."

"If you do," said Johanssen, "I earnestly advise you to leave your Godahl and his decoration at home."

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THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 15)

This place is marked in my memory, too, by my first lie—at least the first that I remember. And it was not a real one either. I was buying valentines. Other children had learned to get theirs cheaper. "May I have this five-cent one for three cents?" I heard one ask. And she got it. I must try it too, I thought. I had only three cents of my own left, but a playmate had given me five cents to get one for her. I picked out a five-cent one. "May I have this for three cents?" I asked.

"Is it all you have?" the clerk asked me. She was an uncompromising spinster who went to our church and I was afraid of her.

"Yes," I answered truthfully.

Then, utterly unheeding the effect of circumstantial evidence, I picked out another for my playmate. "May I have this ten-cent one for five cents?"

The vials of her wrath poured down upon me. She stopped then and there before all the children, righteous determination in her eyes.

"You told me a lie!" she said. I tried to explain, but she wouldn't let me.

"You told me a lie—and you a Methodist minister's daughter!"

I couldn't explain; she wouldn't believe me. Shame overcame me. I dropped my head and fled like a guilty thing.

Sobbing, I sought my mother.

"I am a liar!" I announced. My mother seemed unbothered. "Are you?" she asked. I looked at her in amazement. No denunciation? No punishment? Then I could tell her the truth.

But for a long time after that I would run no risk. I discovered that one could pin one's colors to the fence by the simple expedient of making a statement and then following it with the phrase: "Perhaps it is and perhaps it isn't—perhaps." Never would I commit myself, not even on the most axiomatic thing. It was amusing and annoying to all; but to me it was a soul-serious thing. They would frequently try to trap me. "Is it raining?" they would ask when the heavens were disposing of torrents. "P'rhaps it is, and p'rhaps it isn't—p'rhaps," I would answer.

To many this may seem absurd. I wasn't a goody-goody child. I wasn't afraid of hell fire and damnation; but never, never again would I chance being so shamed in public as I was in that store before all my playmates. And once having discovered the rail to ride, I rode it hard. No one understood and I didn't care. I knew they laughed but I didn't care. I knew I was safe!

The Unpaid Salary

It was here too that my real tangle began, for it was here that I first suffered under the social problems that attack a Methodist minister's daughter. We lived in the midst of a fruit-growing community; and during one year there had been a frost that had killed practically all the fruit and many of the trees. Now this affected us profoundly, for although the church minutes recorded a good salary for this position the money didn't come in. The people had little, and of course the minister and the presiding elder were among the last to be paid.

I was in the grammar school at this time and all my friends were getting new dresses for graduation. It never occurred to me that I too was not to be clothed in different raiment. When I announced my desire in regard to the color and fashion of my graduating dress, it was explained to me that my old one with some new ribbons must do.

"But father has a good salary," I sobbed.

"Yes," my mother told me; "but he doesn't get it all this year, because the collections are very small."

Now it was just at this time that I began to notice on the part of my dearest friends that "collection-box" attitude. As the minister's daughter I had naturally a good many friends. I was accepted unquestionably just because I was a minister's daughter. At that time the minister's family was expected to keep up a certain social position and to do it in a dignified and adequate way. The minister's wife and children were expected to appear well in manner and dress at social as well as church functions, and if they didn't they were criticised and the minister was criticised. Moreover, they were expected to do this on very limited means—on a salary that was somewhat uncertain and had many drains on its resources.

So when I tried to explain to my classmates, who would gather in groups at recess and after school to discuss their graduating dresses and sashes and slippers, that I really didn't care about having a new dress just to graduate from the grammar school, that I thought it was nice to wait and have the first real graduating dress in the high school, they knew I wasn't telling the truth. And I knew that they knew it! They weren't mean about it. They were sympathetic—unbearingly sympathetic—in their manner, and when I overheard one of them explain to another: "Well, you know, I heard my father say that the Methodist church is awfully poor this year," I could have died with mortification.

It took bribing and coaxing on the part of the family to get me to go to school on graduation day. And it took more than that! It took all the courage I could muster to face that school and my gayly attired classmates in an old dress. And, somehow, never again was I quite unconscious of that explanation that I knew dwelt in the minds of my friends. "Oh, well, she's the minister's daughter; and, you know—the collection!"

Many of my friends—most of them in fact—belonged to other churches. They went to dancing school, and to the matinée, and to card parties—all, all forbidden by the Methodist church and denounced by the Methodist Discipline.

A Prayer for a Dance

One day an invitation came to me for a dancing party to be given the next Saturday afternoon. I felt that permission would be denied me, but never have I so wanted to attend any gathering. Somehow I felt that it would be a blot on my escutcheon if I were not there, that I should be eternally ostracized from the pleasure of my friends. I felt that that shadow of pity and alien regard would cease to be a shadow and begin to stalk into a reality. I would use all of my power to get there, I determined, so I went to my mother. She was sorry, but she said:

"You can't go, you know."

"Oh, why not, mother? Why not?"

"Why, you know, because you are a Methodist minister's daughter, and ——"

"Oh, mother, mother," I cried pleadingly, "don't ever say that to me again. Don't ever say that to me again!"

My mother tried to comfort me by saying: "Well, you wouldn't have a good time anyway, because you don't know how to dance."

"Yes, I do; yes, I do! I learned at Molly's." Molly was my playmate. "And I'm going to dance. There's nothing wrong in it. My friends are just as nice as any one in our church; and their fathers and mothers are too, you know, because they are your friends. Oh, how I loathe being a Methodist minister's daughter! I wish my father were a groceryman, or a butcher, or a baker—anything but a minister!" And I flung myself down in a very real agony.

Then a thought came to me. I'll pray for it, I said to myself, and I did. The efficacy of prayer had been the subject of our last Sunday-school lesson and it had been dinned in our ears at many church services. Again I sought my mother. "Mother," I said, "I have prayed to go." I really was hopeful then. I had some idea that in order to keep my faith in prayer she would help to fulfil my petition. But back came that everlastingly unanswerable argument: "You should not pray for what isn't right."

So I couldn't go to that party, and in my distress I felt like the leper outside the gates.

I was so much concerned about my own problem that I hadn't noticed my father's preoccupation until the last year of our stay here. It was just before conference. With sixty ministers under him, their fate hanging on the decision of the conference, and most of the responsibility for it attributed to him, it was a harrowing time. He used to walk the floor at nights, and I can see him clearly now, sitting at the table with his fork—the food still on it—poised between his plate and his mouth, forgotten, while he pondered as to what was the best thing he could do for this minister and for that church.

Had it not been for a never-failing sense of humor, he would have succumbed many

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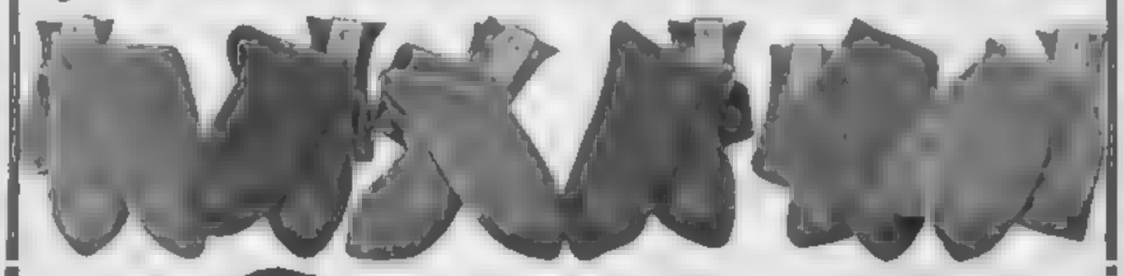

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times to a depression concerning the many adjustments that the presiding elder must make. Whenever he seemed to feel his own inadequacy we recalled to him an item that appeared in one of the local papers of his district. It read:

"Quarterly meeting in the interests of the M. E. Church was held in the church edifice last Saturday and Sunday. Rev. John Williams, D. D., known to fame as a conqueror of sin and victor in the interests of Christianity, occupied the desk in the M. E. Church last Sabbath morning, and did regale, feast and delight our people with pearly streams of divine eloquence."

Any reference to the "pearly streams" would humorously dispel mountains of gloom.

It was under the weight of these burdens that he preached in our church one Sunday. In the course of his sermon he had reason to refer to Samuel Wesley, the father of John and Charles and some seventeen other offspring.

"Think of Samuel Wesley and his nineteen hundred children!" It was an impressive thought. But its effect on the audience was rather different from what he had expected, and no memory of the substitution of nineteen hundred for nineteen helped him to an explanation of their seeming irreverence.

It was with relief, therefore, that he looked forward to having a church rather than a district to shepherd. My parents had talked very frankly with me about our new appointment. I was a presiding elder's daughter no longer, they pointed out, but a minister's daughter. Therefore I must go regularly to Sunday-school now; and I must go to prayer meeting. My Sunday-school teacher was a pudgy man who used to assert that he was just as good as the president of the United States and much more spiritual. He followed up this remark one Sunday, in his class, by saying: "Of course you know it isn't necessary to say the Lord's Prayer—it is quite possible to become so spiritual that one needn't ask forgiveness, for there is nothing to forgive. Now I never ask the Lord to forgive me, I don't have to."

Not Like Other Girls

"I don't believe it," I said. I was thinking of the first part of what he said; he thought I was referring to his qualifications. I started to explain, but when I looked at his beefy hands and the fat rolling off the back of his collar it was difficult to see his spiritual aura, and I let it go—and he never forgave me!

It developed afterward that he belonged to a group in the church known as Sanctificationists. With them I was not at all popular. This served to increase the tangle in which I found myself enmeshed. Compared with me, Theseus had an easy job to get through the maze. At the time we moved to this new place I was at the age when I was very self-conscious. I was conscious of being different from the other girls by reason of the fact that I was a minister's daughter. I used to come home from the high school and beg not to have to go back. It was a tiny thing, too, that bothered me the most. One boy who sat back of me in recitation used to amuse himself by sticking pieces of pencil in the two braids that hung down my back, and then I heard him explaining to the other boys that he was "having lots of fun with the minister's daughter." It was that everlasting tag again!

In spite of self-consciousness, however, I gradually discovered many friends; but discovering them only took me deeper into the mystical maze. It was the fad at that time for the girls to go every Saturday afternoon to the matinée, and then afterward to stop in somewhere for a cup of chocolate or ice cream. Altogether it was the event of the week. They discussed it for half of the week and anticipated it for the rest of the week. And I couldn't go! The Sanctificationists were not predisposed toward my father, for they were waiting for just such an opportunity to find fault—and with him! Always I was invited. Always I had to decline with ever-increasing bitterness of soul. Saturday afternoons were lonely horrors to me, and their acidity lasted quite over Sunday.

But one day some of my friends came to me. "We are going to have a Girls' German," they explained enthusiastically; "and only girls are to be there, so of course you can come to that." I thought so too. But when I inquired from my mother I found that it would "hurt my father." It was hard to tell the girls, and the mystification on the different faces didn't make it any easier. They couldn't understand. I couldn't understand. Oh, they were nice to me, but they were nice to me with a difference. That was the rub! I spent a good many hours thinking about this and finally I went to my father. "I'm in a tangle," I said to him, "and I'm afraid you'll just have to help me out. I can't understand it at all. I may not do this, and I may not do that, because I am a minister's daughter. Now there's Clara Judson. Her father is a drygoods merchant and they belong to our church, but she doesn't have to do things or keep from doing them because her father is a merchant."

My father nodded back at me. He seemed to understand.

"And there's Irma Roberts. Her father is in the electric works. But she doesn't have to do things just because of that."

"No," answered my father.

"Well," I continued, and I was very earnest about it, for I truly wanted to know; "I don't see why I have to. Why is it that the minister's family is singled out? I don't think there is anything wrong in dancing and going to the theater. I don't keep from it because of any conviction. Why, if I lived at home until I was forty years old, should I still be kept from doing these things just because I am a minister's daughter? Because if I should be prevented then I'm not free, I'm not leading my own life at all! I'm just leading a life that's thrust upon me!" My father did not answer. His head was bowed.

"I don't want to hurt you," I said, "but why, oh, why are you a Methodist minister?"

It was very wrong of me, but my father understood it and met my questions honestly.

"Daughter," he said, "I have been thinking about this, too, a good deal. It is true that a minister is not so free as men in other professions. He is not so free himself, and more than that—very much more than that—his family is not so free. When I entered the ministry it was in answer to what seemed to me to be an imperative need to serve. No man when he enters knows what sacrifices it means for his family. You are at the age when you question my right to ask these of you. Perhaps I have no right; I am not sure myself. If you do these things—if you go to the matinée, let us say—it will hurt me, but I think I am strong enough to stand it. Hereafter you must make your own decisions and do as you think best."

Away to College

Well, if this were a fiction story I should record that I "thought best" to stay at home and help my father. But it is a true story. I did not stay home. I went to the matinée in all the glow of freedom, and to this day I am not sure whether I did right or wrong. Undoubtedly it had its effect, for we moved in two years. The Sanctificationists found another evidence of lack of spirituality in my father. He had been elected to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a delegate from his conference. And there he had made a plea—the first plea ever voiced from the floor of the General Conference—that the rules in regard to popular pleasure be struck from the Discipline of the church. It amounted almost to heresy. These rules are still in the Discipline, but no General Conference convenes without a heated discussion of this subject, and their life is short, I believe, as a part of the creed of the Methodist church.

My father went back on the district and I went to college. The expense of moving was very heavy and it seemed almost impossible to secure means to send me; but that was the one great passion of my father's life, that all his children should have a college education. It seemed to me that when I got to college some of my troubles were at an end. Not every person that I met would recognize me as a Methodist minister's daughter. And I wouldn't tell them! I was always careful to refer to my father as "Doctor" Williams. Of course if they questioned me I called up the vision of Peter and told the truth; but I offered no gratuitous information. What I considered as an ill-fated tag was more than overbalanced by the economic pressure that resulted from my education.

Don't think that I didn't have a good time. I doubt if there was any one that

had a better time than I did. And I loved my father too well to have my good time at the expense of my studies. They came first, for I realized what a sacrifice had to be made for them. But how I did have to scheme, to lie awake at nights thinking how I could rig up some dress that would look as if it were a French importation, yet cost next to nothing.

As proof of this great pressure I recall one incident particularly. I had been invited to a coaching party to the great football game of the season between our university and a neighboring university. After the game we were going to dinner and then to the theater. It was to be the event of the season and I had to have a "stunning costume." I stood over a sewing woman, telling her just how to make my suit. It was at the time when white wool suits first began to be worn. Truly I felt quite satisfied when I climbed into the back seat in the coach dressed in a white French crêpe suit with a big black hat. As the coachman drew up his horses at the end of the game one of them reared. We were backed in among a lot of teams and the people at once became frightened. This increased when the rearing and plunging of the horses continued. Immediately every one in the coach began to get out as best he or she could. I thought it over very deliberately. I looked at the ground. I was a long way from it and the wheels were muddy. I looked at my suit, immaculate in its whiteness. Then I looked at the horses. The suit won! I decided to stay. Not of my own accord would I have risked my costume; but the judgment was not left to me for I was pulled overboard and so rescued.

As I look back on it now, this insane economic pressure seems to have had widespreading effects and more meaning than appeared at that time. Then it was entirely personal. I thought I was the only one who really knew about it and suffered from it—I and my family. It was during one of my vacations that I accompanied my father when he went to a church fifteen miles in the country, and I can remember how he told me on the way there that of the fifty-five ministers under his supervision only twenty had what could be called a living wage! So I listened the more intently when I went into this conference. It was a small charge and held its meetings in a schoolhouse. As it was the last quarterly meeting, they were to discuss the return of their minister. This minister had three churches to look after, and he preached in the schoolhouse every other week and held prayer meeting every other Thursday.

A Dollar Lost

After the general business had been transacted the chief business was brought forward. One old man, who always sat in the Amen corner, got up.

"Well," he said, "we don't think much of the minister, but thin we might git worse, so I recommen' that we keep him and cut his salary."

"And his salary is?" my father asked.

"Forty dollars, sir." It was a woman who spoke.

"Yep," continued the old man, "forty dollars—an' he only preaches ev'ry two weeks in the afternoons, and I fer one won't pay so much to support him."

I liked the woman the minute I saw her get up. "I think it would be a disgrace if we couldn't pay our minister forty dollars," she said, "and I move that he be returned at the same salary."

"Then you won't get any of my money!" And the old man thumped the desk with his fist.

"I guess we can get along without it," she answered.

After the minister had been returned at the same salary, I heard my father on his way out ask this woman: "How much does Brother Cox pay toward the support of the minister?"

"One dollar a year, Doctor Williams, one dollar a year!"

On our way home I pondered much over the practical living of this preacher. "But how does he live?" I asked my father. He shook his head, but offered as a partial explanation: "Fortunately he has no family."

A few days later I answered the doorbell, to find a great, bulky, gawky fellow standing before me. "Has Doctor Williams gone?" he asked. Neither his manner nor his face denoted a high grade of intelligence I thought as I ushered him into my father's study. After he left my father came in looking somewhat baffled.

"What did that man want?" I asked.

"He said the Lord had called him to be a preacher," was the answer.

"Preacher!" I exclaimed. "Preacher?" I paused for lack of words to express myself.

"Well, what did you say to him?"

My father's eyes twinkled. "What can you say to a man who insists that the Lord has called him to preach?"

I opened my lips to speak—then closed them again. What could you say?

At that time it seemed like a coincidence that this question should keep reasserting itself during the short time that I was home. For, the day before I left, Mr. Lea came to see my father. Mr. Lea was the pastor of the largest church in the district. He was a man of ability, and was the most companionable among my father's associates. He brought his troubles to my father, and his problems, and together they worked out the solution. It took but a glance to see that Mr. Lea was suffering. His face was white and his lips were set. After dinner they went into my father's study, but they left the door open between that and the next room, so I heard part of their conversation.

"Doctor Williams," finally said Mr. Lea, "I am going to leave the ministry."

Why Men Leave the Ministry

My father said nothing, but I judged he conveyed a question or sympathy by a look, for Mr. Lea continued:

"I have thought it over very carefully, Doctor Williams; I have got to leave the ministry. I've got to leave on account of my family. A man can make many sacrifices for himself, but a man cannot, day by day, hour by hour, sacrifice his family. I want to serve. I need to serve. But there are other means of serving humanity besides the ministry. My family is growing up. They want a college education. They have a right to a college education, and I cannot afford to give it to them. Every year it takes more money to live, yet my salary does not increase to meet this demand. Sometimes even I do not get all or nearly all of my salary. And as I grow older I shall be put in smaller churches, so that the young men may have their opportunity. Now if I had to pay for this myself that would be one thing, but my family has to pay, and I don't believe I have the right to ask them to do this. I have watched their discontent; I have watched the growing bitterness among the children. And out of it all, it seems to me, has grown a certain warping of their characters. Doctor Williams, I can't stand that.

"I have been offered the chairmanship of a large charitable organization in New York City. There I shall have an opportunity to serve, which will fill my great need; there I shall have an opportunity to fill the great needs of my children. I am about to send a telegram of acceptance, but I couldn't do it without first talking to you."

As I listened to him I knew that I wasn't the only minister's daughter in a mental and financial tangle. I was glad he was going. But I forgot my joy when I heard the sorrow in my father's voice:

"Mr. Lea, I am sorry. However, I think that you did right—I can't help but feel you did right. But the greatest sorrow I shall have when I put off the armor of my ministration will be to see men like you going out of the ministry and men of less ability coming in."

I thought about this many times after my father's death. Particularly one day when a stranger, hearing my name, turned back to me.

"Could you, by any chance, be Doctor Williams' daughter?" he asked me.

"I have that honor," I replied with the deep feeling that always came at any reference to my father.

"Then let me shake your hand," he said. This was not an unusual experience for me. Hardly a week passed that I didn't in some such way recognize that the fruits of my father's spiritual life had not ceased to ripen. And it always thrilled me.

"I loved your father," the stranger said as he took my hand. "We don't have many such men in the church today. I wonder often what is the reason."

My mind went back to that bulky fellow who came that day to announce that the Lord had "called" him to preach; my mind went back to Mr. Lea and his farewell. As in a flash I seemed to review my own rebellion as a minister's daughter, and I answered:

"Look at me. I'm one of the reasons!"

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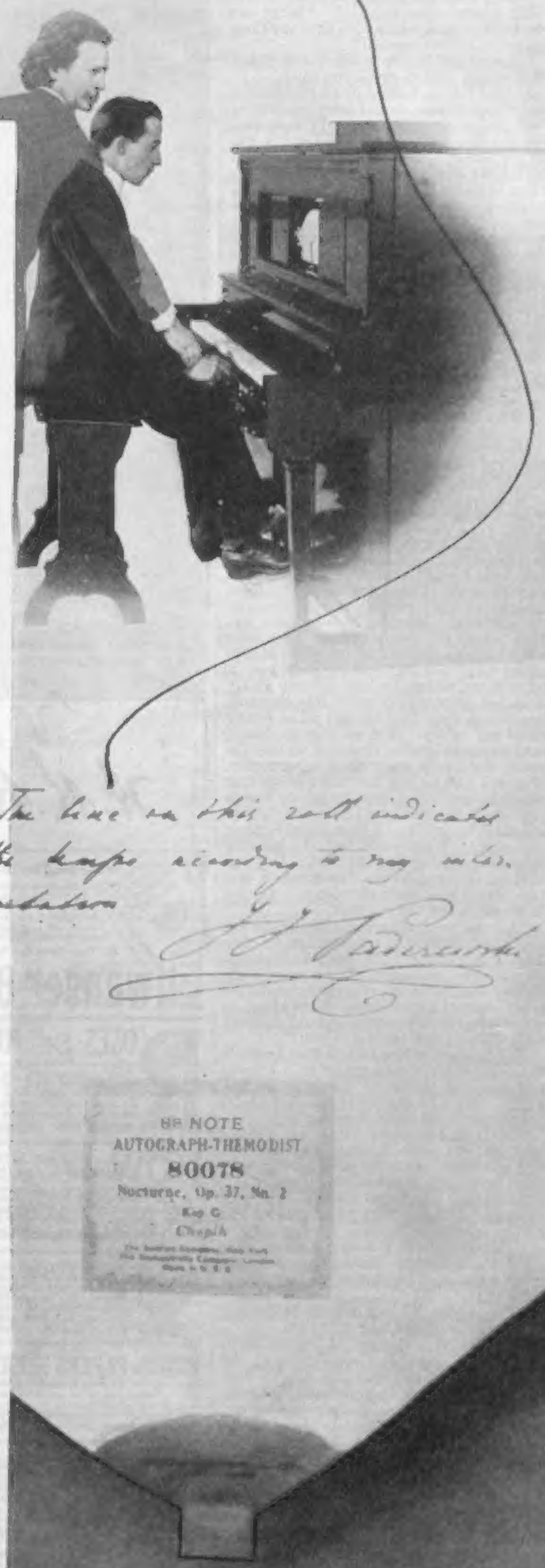

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Living Room

Charmingviews of Aladdin interiors are shown by many photographs received from customers. Built-in furniture, beamed ceilings and odd door and window designs are pictured in the catalog.

Dining Room

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Another Dining Room

If you have worked out a plan that is particularly pleasing to you, either exterior or interior, we will be pleased to give you a price on it complete—built by the Aladdin System.

Summer Cottages, Garages, Sleeping Porches

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